

NO.
27

10¢

CAPTAIN AMERICA

JUNE

COMICS



THE HUMAN TORCH
IN THIS
ISSUE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

NEW! DIFFERENT! EXCITING!

Vince Fago,
Managing Editor

Number 27

Syd Shores
Associate Editor



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CAPTAIN AMERICA in
NORTH OF THE BORDER

THE HUMAN TORCH in
THE MAN-HOLE OF DEATH

CAPTAIN AMERICA in
BLITZKREIG TO BERLIN

THE SECRET STAMP in
RODDY COLE STEPS OUT

The Greatest
COMIC
MAGAZINE
in America!



CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS is published monthly at Meriden, Conn., by Complete Photo Story Corp. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Meriden, Conn., under Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright 1942 by Complete Photo Story Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Martin Goodman, Pres. Vol. 2, No. 27, June, 1943 issue. Yearly subscription \$1.00 in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

"NORTH OF THE BORDER"

BEHIND THE LAUGHTER AND GAIETY OF THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC, IN QUAIN OLD QUEBEC, LURKED A DANGEROUS THREAT TO THE ALLIED WAR PLANS! BUT THE BARON VON HARTMANN, MADE ONE FATAL MISTAKE WHEN HE TANGLED WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!

Drawn By
SYD SHORES
Rendered By
VINCE ALASCIA



IN THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING OF QUEBEC CITY, UP IN QUEBEC, IMPORTANT WAR PLANS ARE BEING DISCUSSED! GENERAL BEDOIN OF THE CANADIAN ARMY, IS SUBMITTING A PLAN OF EUROPEAN WAR STRATEGY--

I'M CONVINCED IT WOULD TAKE HITLER COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE!

TONIGHT--WE WILL PRESENT IT TO THE PREMIER MACKENZIE KING, IF HE THINKS WELL OF IT, WE WILL TAKE IT TO WASHINGTON TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT!

BUT OUTSIDE THAT PARLIAMENT--THE MURDEROUS ENEMY LURKS!

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO GET HIM! AS HE LEAVES THE BUILDING--

HERE COMES THE BARON!

BARON VON HARTMANN, FORMER GERMAN CONSULAR ATTACHE IN QUEBEC, AWAITING SAFE-CONDUCT PASSAGE TO GERMANY! HE HAS HIS FREEDOM AS A DIPLOMAT--

HEIL-- HITLER!

NOT SO LOUD, YOU FOOL! YOU WILL SEIZE THE GENERAL NOW! KILL ANY GUARDS IF YOU HAVE TO! WE SHALL MEET ACCORDING TO PLANS!

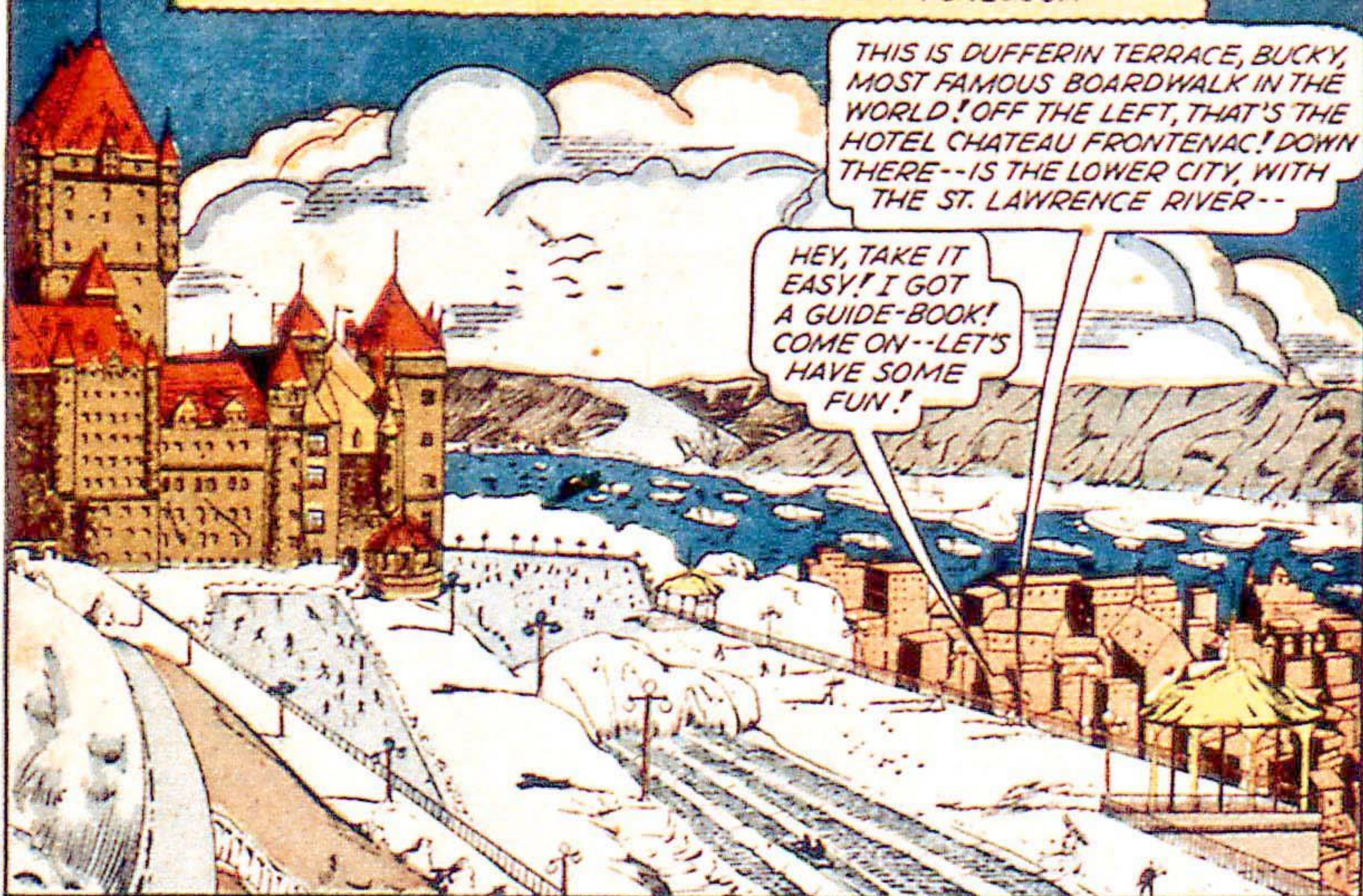
DER FUEHRER WILL PROMOTE ME FOR DIS! AND I CAN TRICK THE GIRL-- KEEP THE MONEY FOR MYSELF! HA! HA! BARON, YOU'RE A CLEVER FELLOW! I LIKE YOU!

HALF AN HOUR LATER--THE SIDE ENTRANCE OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING--

GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN!

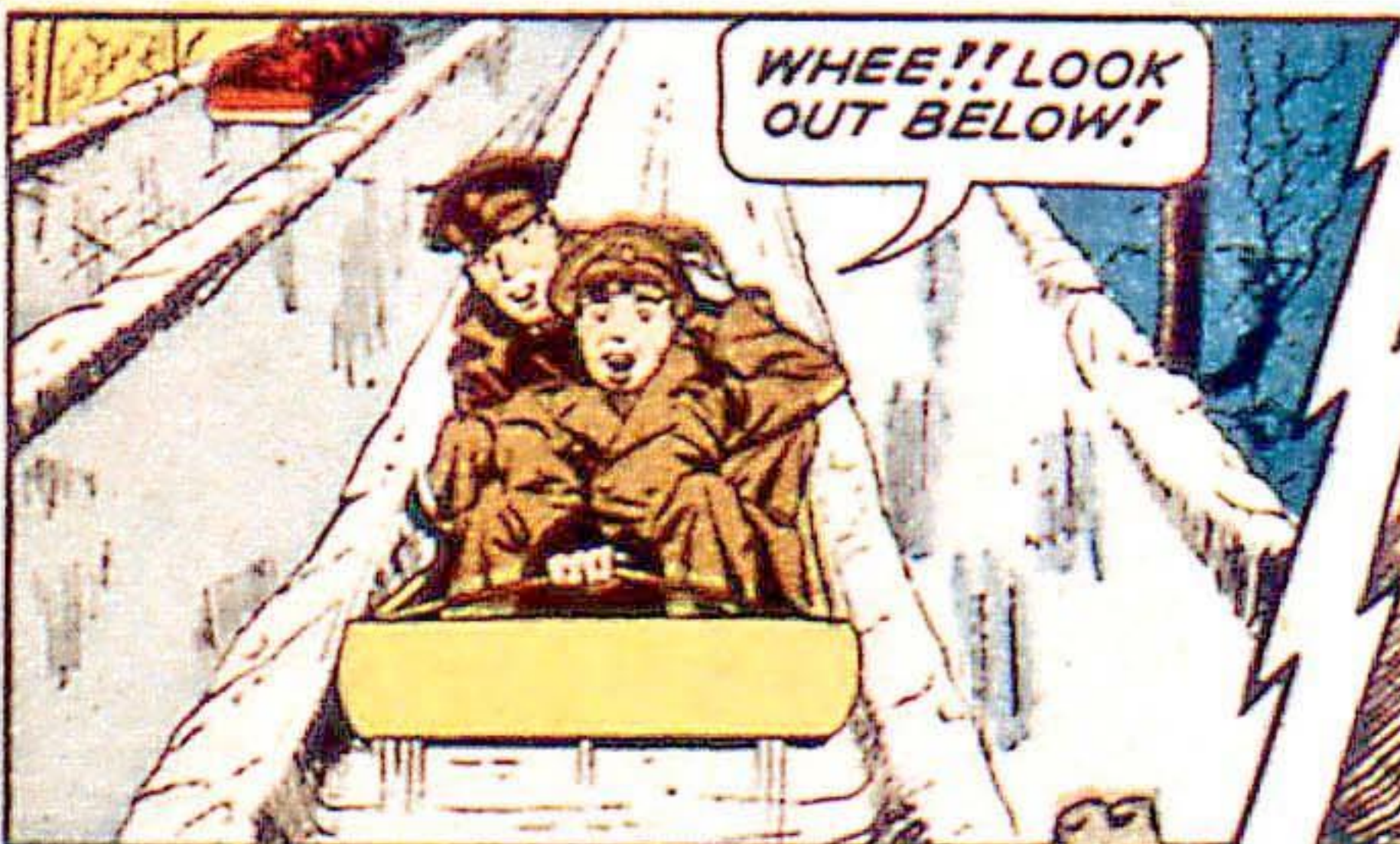
SUDDENLY!

AND THE NEXT AFTERNOON, HERE IN HISTORIC OLD QUEBEC CITY, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES ARE ENJOYING A WEEK-END FURLOUGH ---



THIS IS DUFFERIN TERRACE, BUCKY, MOST FAMOUS BOARDWALK IN THE WORLD! OFF THE LEFT, THAT'S THE HOTEL CHATEAU FRONTENAC! DOWN THERE--IS THE LOWER CITY, WITH THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER--

HEY, TAKE IT EASY! I GOT A GUIDE-BOOK! COME ON--LET'S HAVE SOME FUN!



WHEE!! LOOK OUT BELOW!



AT THE END OF THE RUN -- STEVE SUDDENLY APPLIES THE BRAKE AND-- HEY! FOR PETE'S SAKE! WHERE AM I?

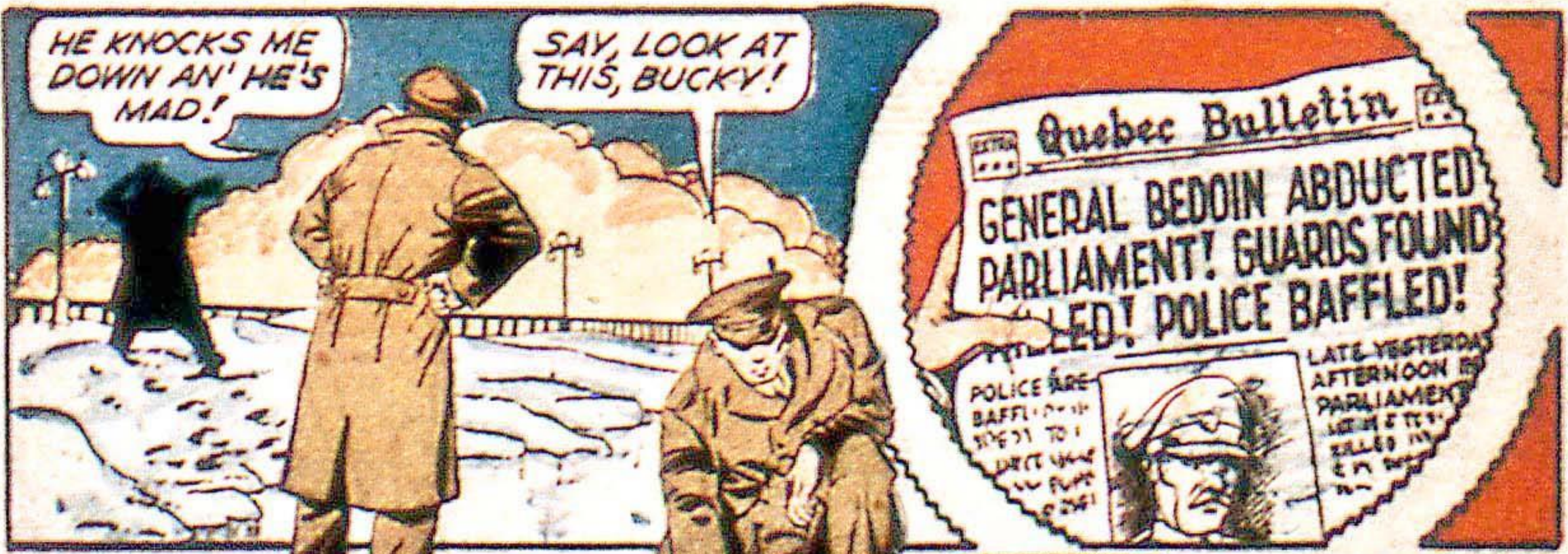


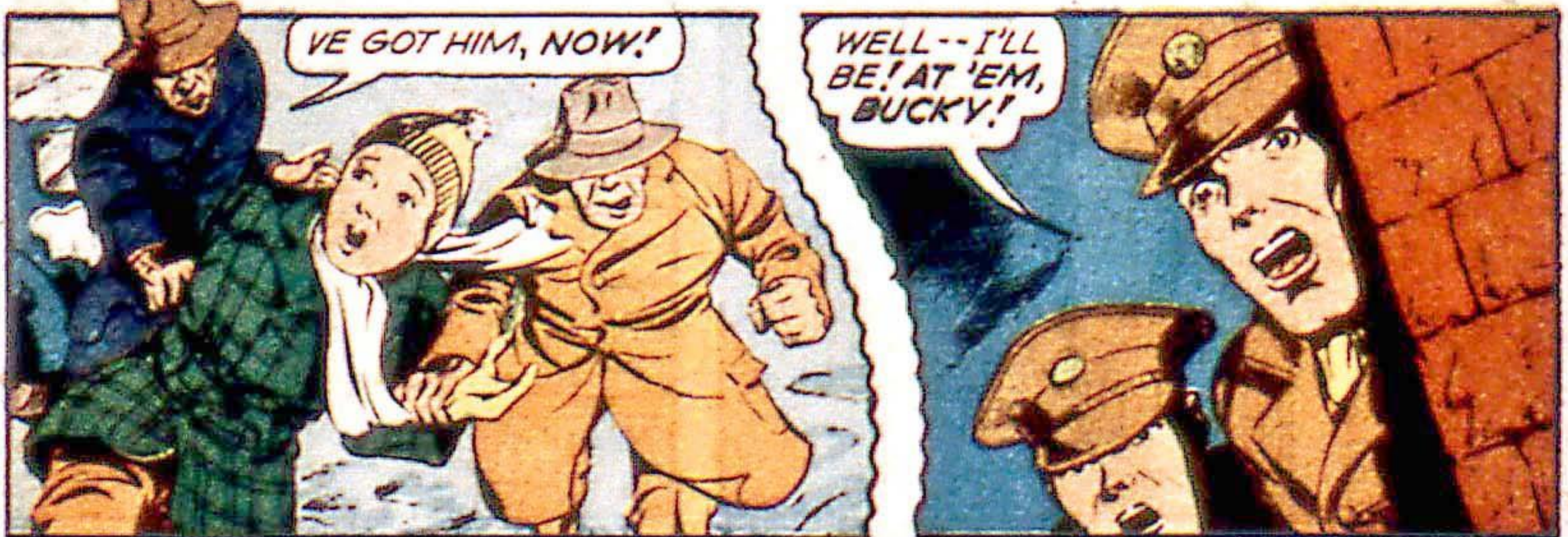
OH, I LOOK NICE, UPON THE ICE, I'M A SKATER WHICH CAN'T BE BEAT!



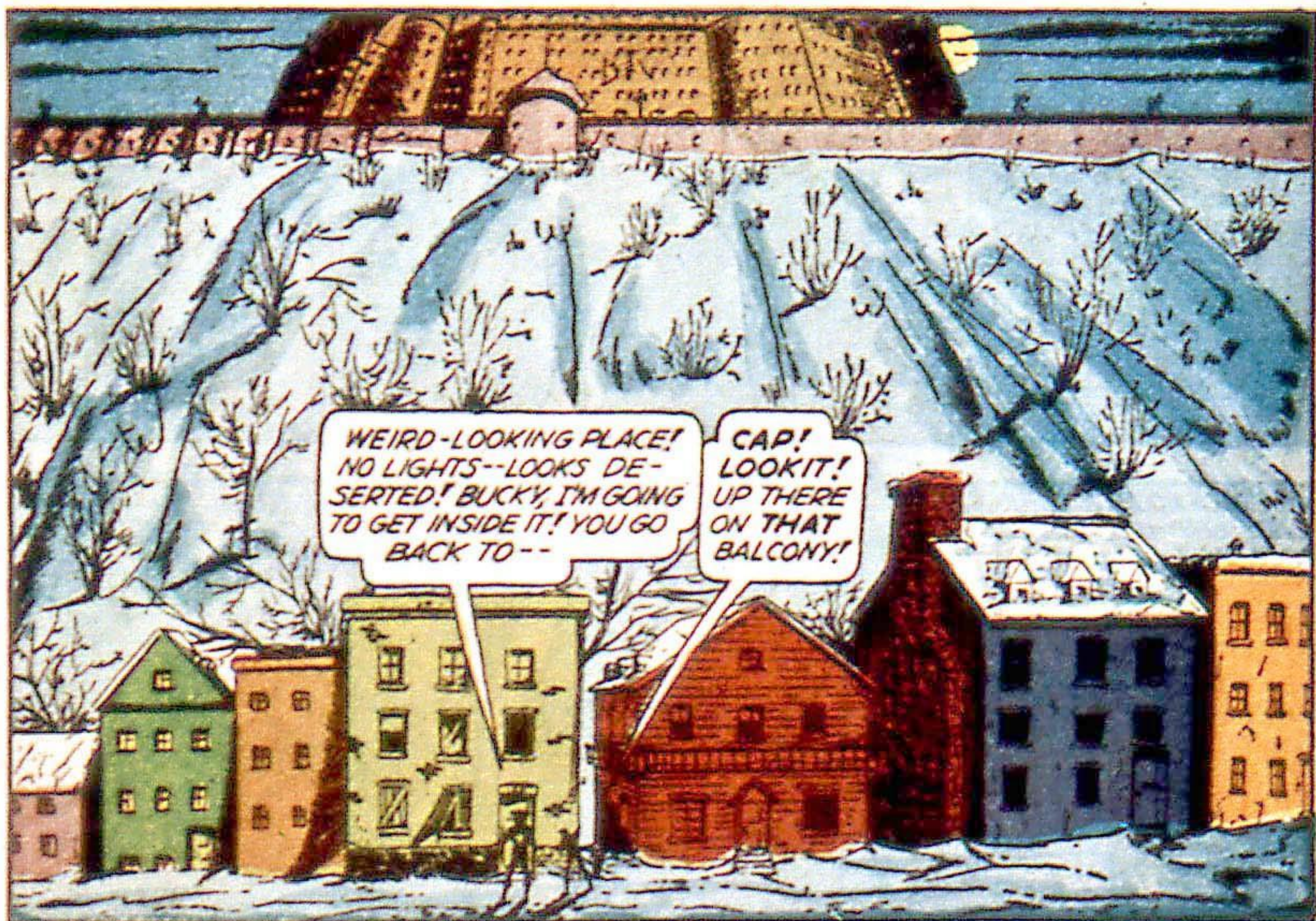
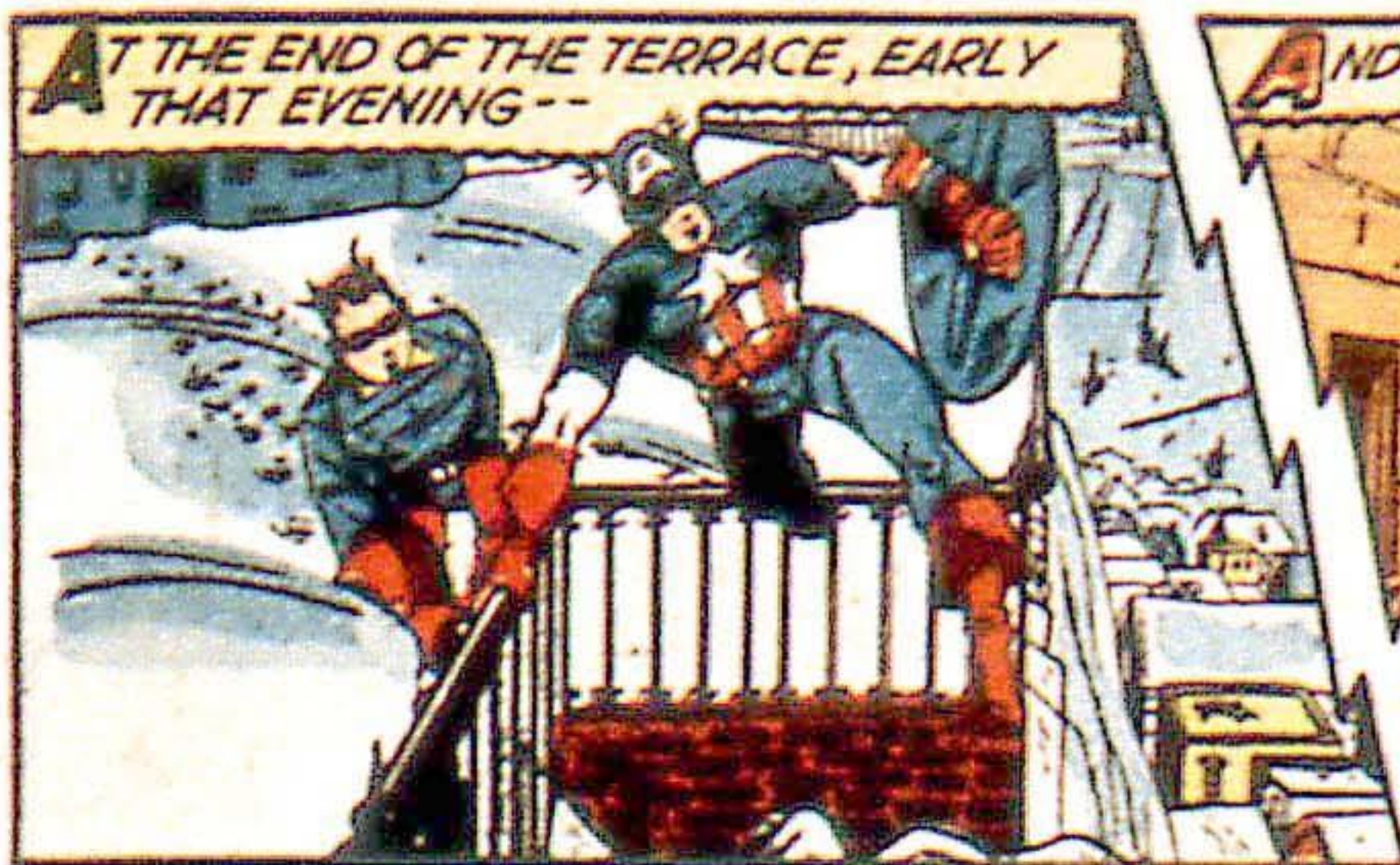
SACRE BLEU! DIABLE! L'ENFANT TERRIBLE!

SAME TO YOU-- WITH NUTS!











I DON'T LIKE THIS! WISH CAP WOULDN'T TAKE SUCH CHANCES!



WORRIED OVER CAP, BUCKY NEVER THINKS OF THE POSSIBLE DANGER TO HIMSELF!

FRITZ-VE CAN DO AWAY WID DIS YANKEE, YOUNGSTER NOW! VE'LL TRAIL HIM VARE HE GOES!

MEANYWHILE, CAPTAIN AMERICA PROCEEDS TO UNWIND THE MYSTERY OF THE RECENT EVENTS--

YOU SPEAK ENGLISH? ROOM-FOR ME--ONE NIGHT!



ENTREZ, M'SIEU'!



VER' NICE ROOM M'SIEU'- ONE NIGHT--ONE DOLLAR!

GOOD! I'LL TAKE IT!



AFTER THE OLD WOMAN HAS LEFT--



SAY! YOU'RE WATCHING THAT HOUSE--NUMBER 133 CARTERET! WHY? WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?



STILL THE MYSTERIOUS FRENCH CANADIAN BOY REFUSES TO TALK--

YOU'VE GOT TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS ON YOU--AND YOU'VE BEEN TOLD TO BRING WAR PLANS! YOU'RE NOT A NAZI SPY WORKING WITH BARON VON HARTMANN? OR ARE YOU?

SUDDENLY, AFTER BEING SHAKEN QUITE THOROUGHLY BY CAPTAIN AMERICA, RAMON'S KNITTED CAP FALLS OFF!



GOOD HEAVENS! A GIRL! WHY--YOU-- YOU ARE ---

RAMONA BEDOIN, M'SIEUR! MY FATHER GENERAL BEDOIN --



AND NOW CAPTAIN AMERICA LEARNS AT LEAST A PORTION OF THE DIABOLIC NAZI PLOT! TRICKED BY THE WILY BARON VON HARTMANN, RAMONA THINKS THAT BY PAYING \$20,000 SECRETLY TO THE KIDNAPPERS, SHE CAN RELEASE HER FATHER ---

SO I GOT THE MONEY, M'SIER! THEY TOLD ME TO TAKE IT TO 133 CARTERET! BUT I AM SO FRIGHTENED--

THAT'S JUST THE BARON'S TRICKERY TO GET RICH! HE'S AFTER YOUR FATHER'S WAR PLANS!

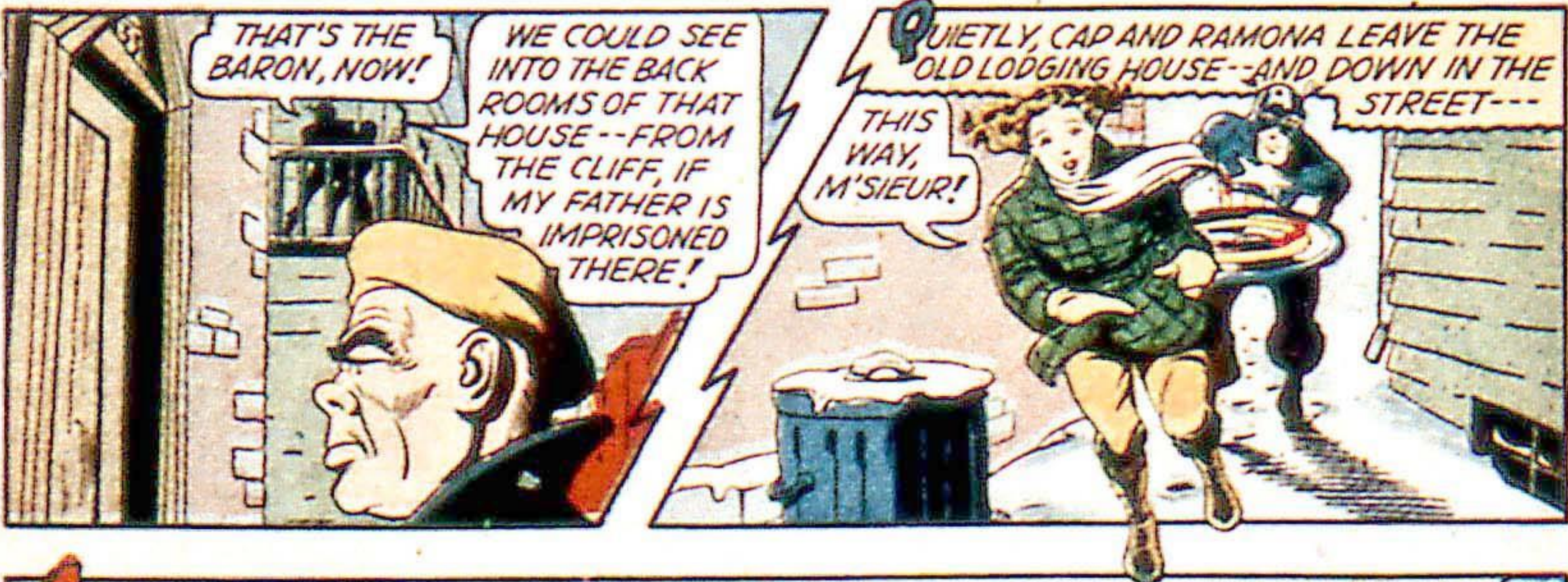


THAT'S THE BARON, NOW!

WE COULD SEE INTO THE BACK ROOMS OF THAT HOUSE--FROM THE CLIFF, IF MY FATHER IS IMPRISONED THERE!

QUIETLY, CAP AND RAMONA LEAVE THE OLD LODGING HOUSE--AND DOWN IN THE STREET---

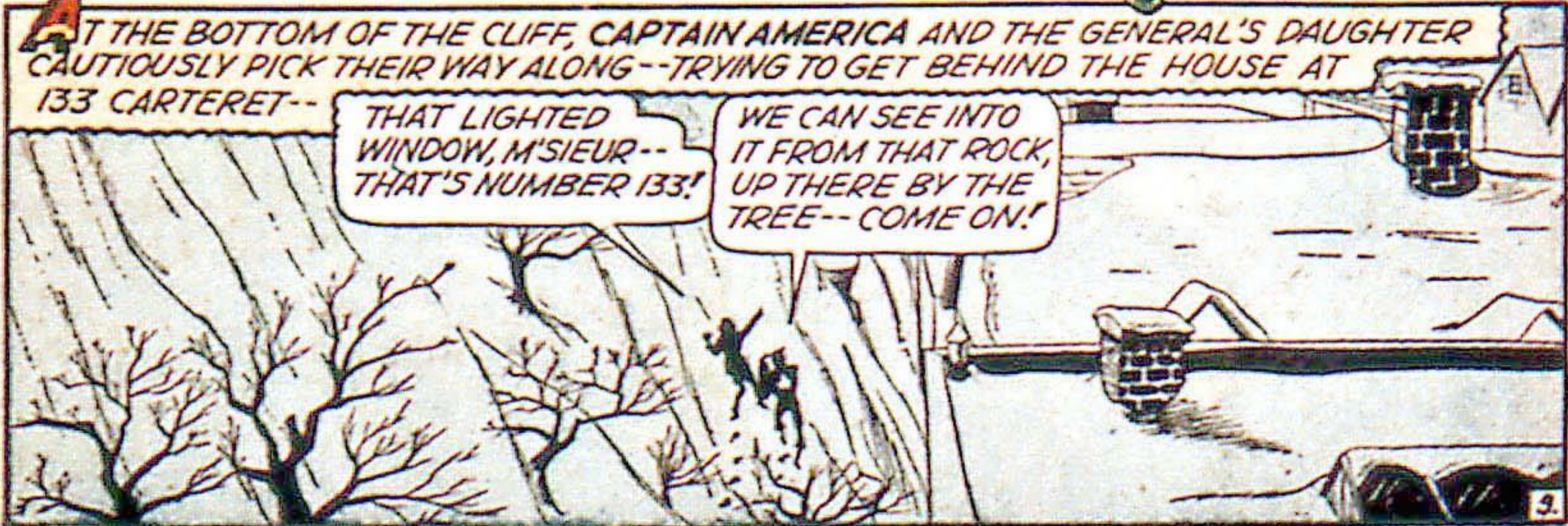
THIS WAY, M'SIEUR!



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER CAUTIOUSLY PICK THEIR WAY ALONG--TRYING TO GET BEHIND THE HOUSE AT 133 CARTERET--

THAT LIGHTED WINDOW, M'SIEUR-- THAT'S NUMBER 133!

WE CAN SEE INTO IT FROM THAT ROCK, UP THERE BY THE TREE-- COME ON!



WE CANNOT HEAR THEM!
OH, IF ONLY I
KNEW WHERE
MY FATHER
IS!

THIS TREE GIVES
ME AN IDEA! IF I
CAN GET ONTO
THAT ROOF--



AND AT THE SAME TIME--WITHIN THE ROOM--
I AM EXPECTING A FRENCH BOY VISITOR--
OR MAYBE A GIRL--
HAH! HAH! THEN
WE WILL ATTEND
THE GENERAL!



HAF OUR
GUARDS OUT-
SIDE BE
WATCHFUL!
THERE ARE
TWO AMERICANS
MIXING IN
OUR BUSINESS!
A LITTLE
ONE AND A
BIG ONE!

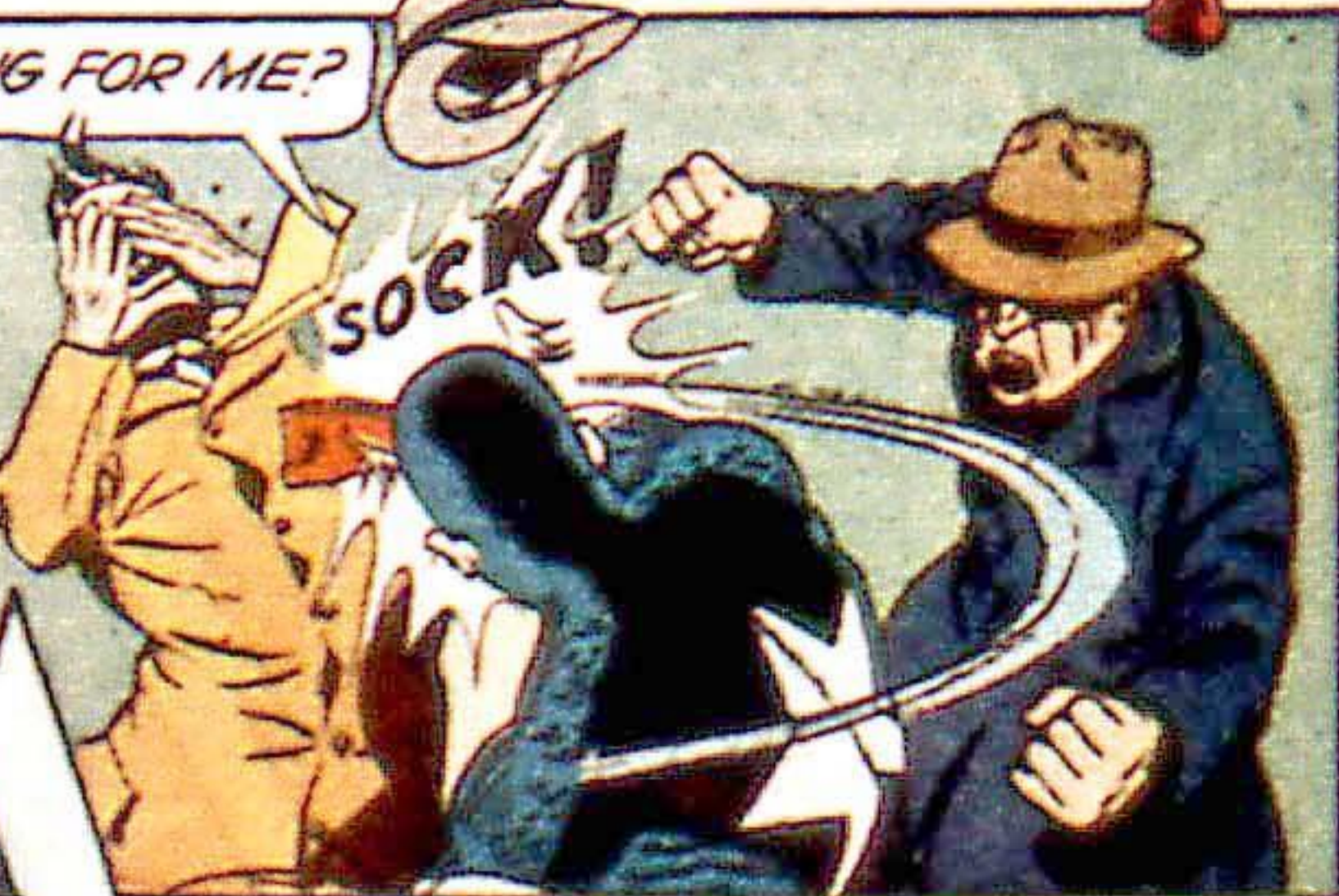


CAPTAIN AMERICA!
LOOK!

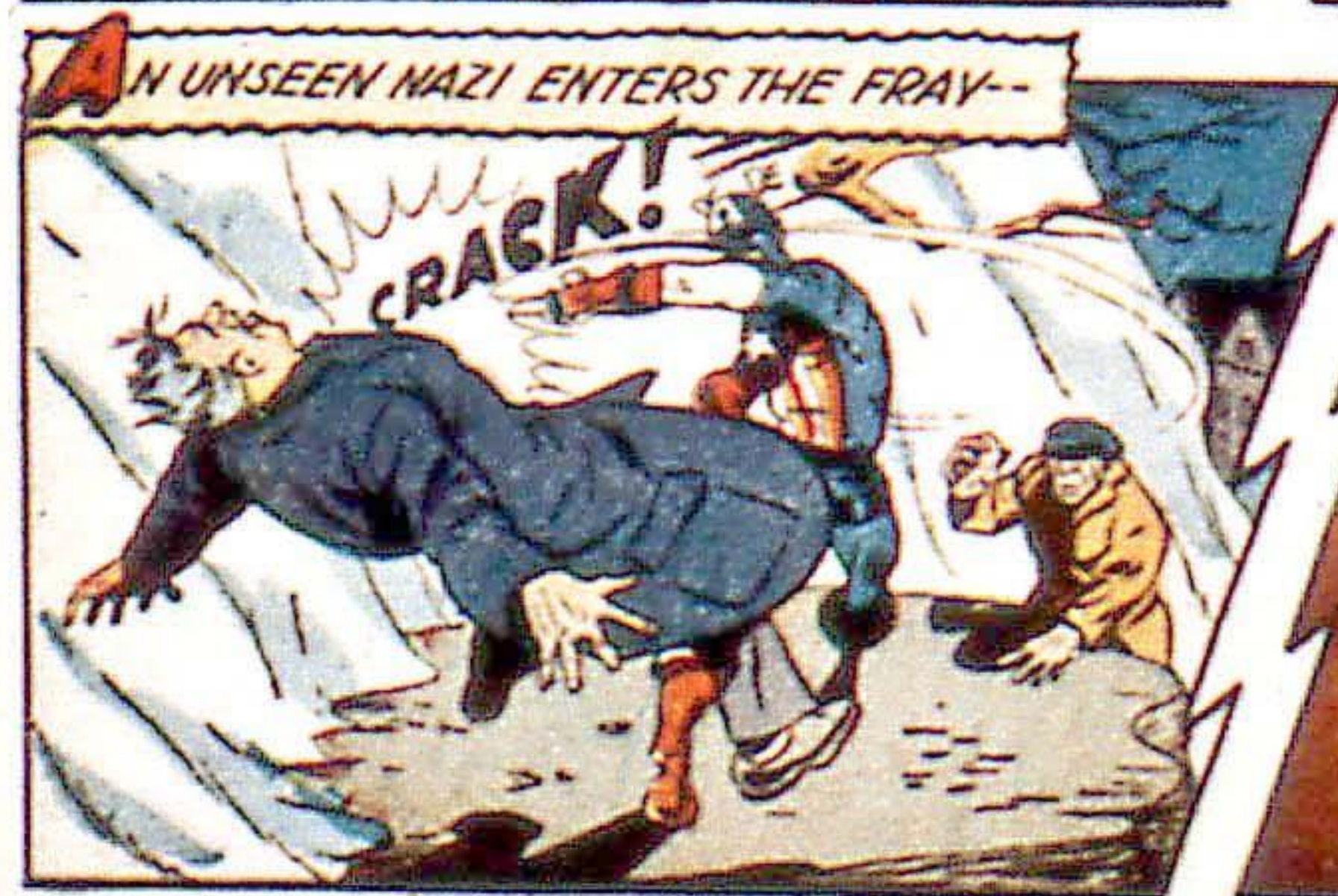


RUN, RAMONA!

LOOKING FOR ME?



SOCK!



AN UNSEEN NAZI ENTERS THE FRAY--

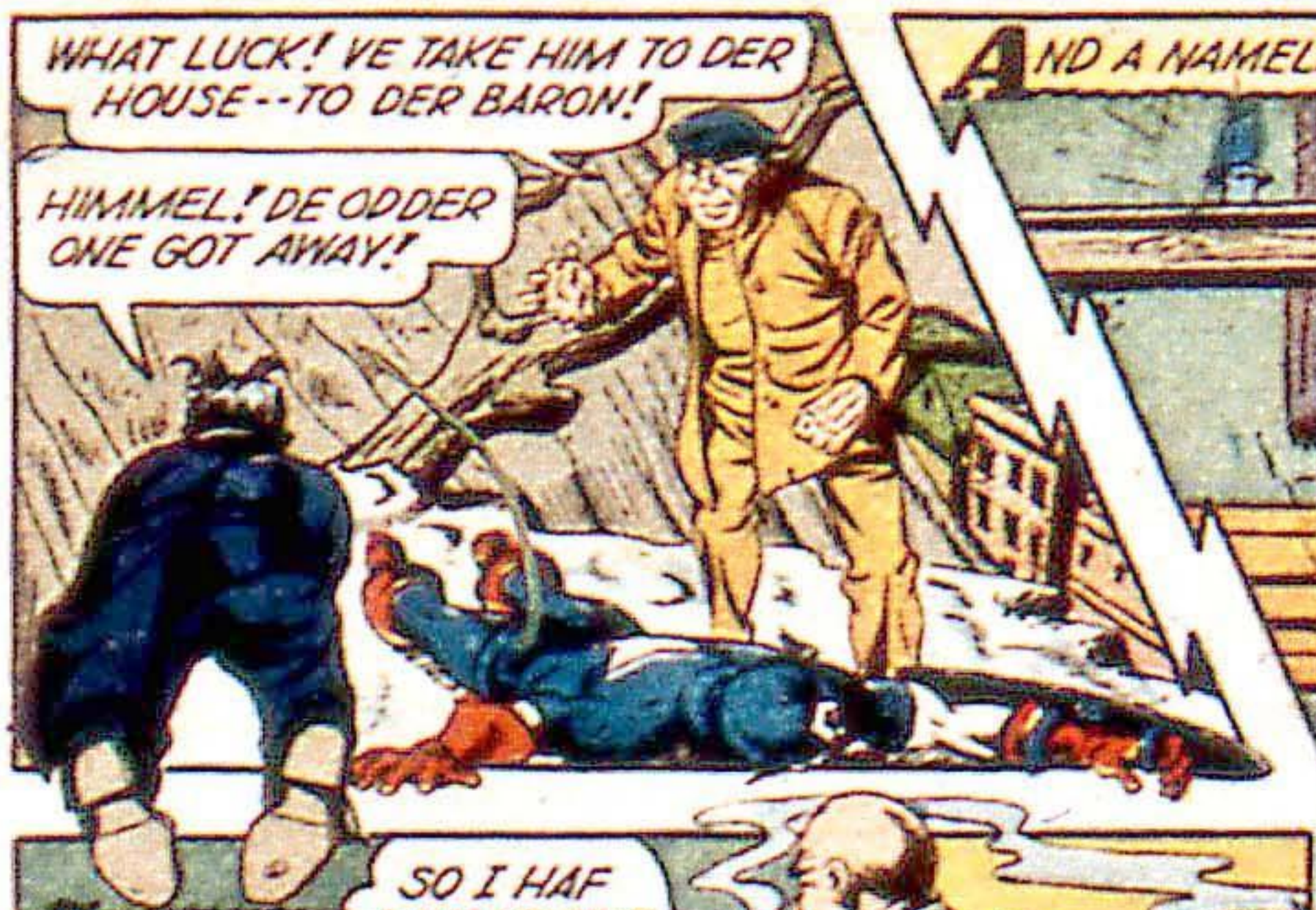
CRACK!



AND--

WHAT LUCK! VE TAKE HIM TO DER HOUSE--TO DER BARON!

HIMMEL! DE ODDER ONE GOT AWAY!



AND A NAMELESS TIME LATER---

WHERE AM I?
OWOOOO--MY HEAD!



SUDDENLY--
THE DOOR
OPENS AND--

SO I HAF
CAUGHT THE
FAMOUS CAPTAIN
AMERICA! MAYBE
I CAN COLLECT A
BIG RANSOM FOR
YOU BEFORE I
KILL YOU!

GOOD IDEA,
BARON!



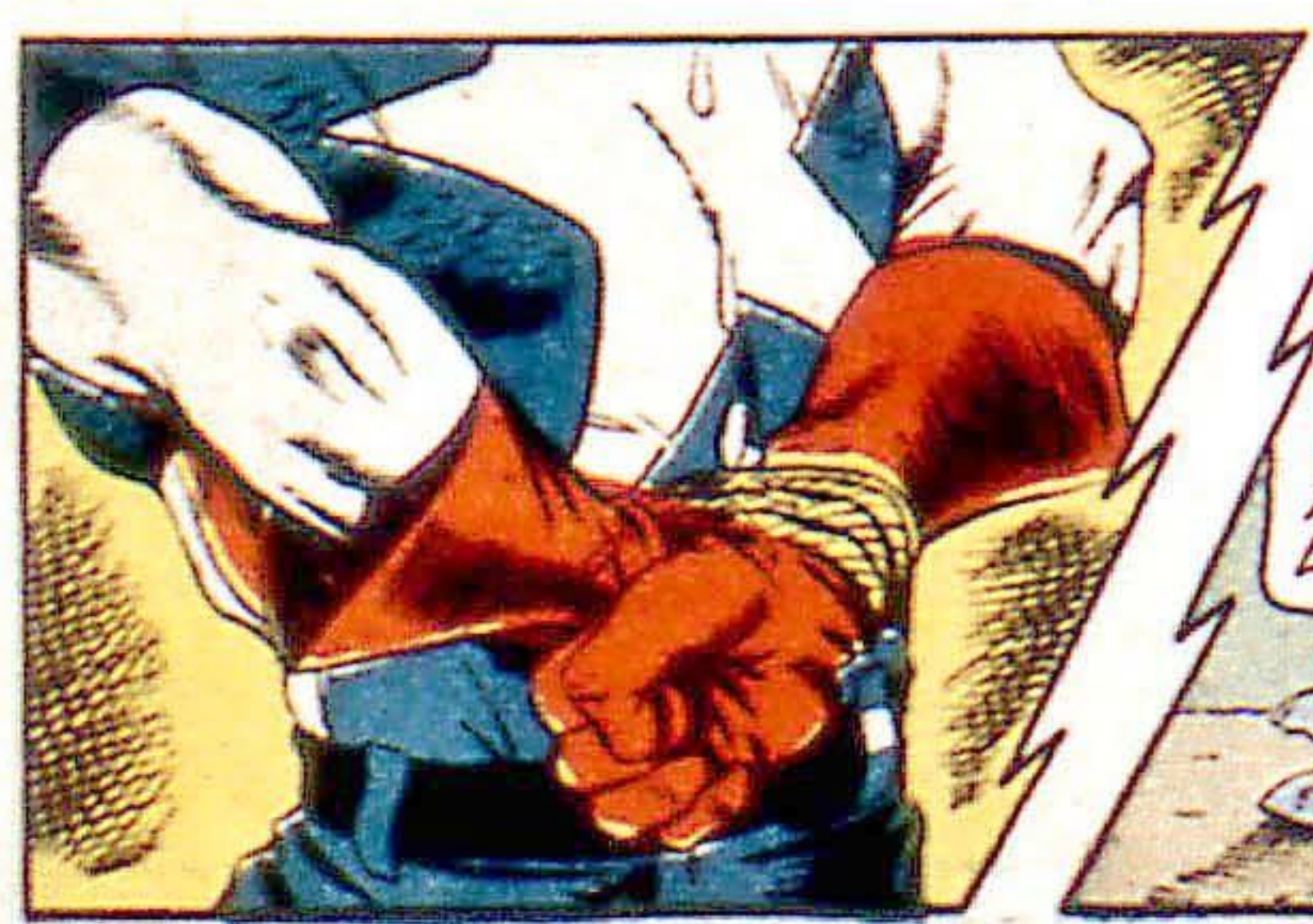
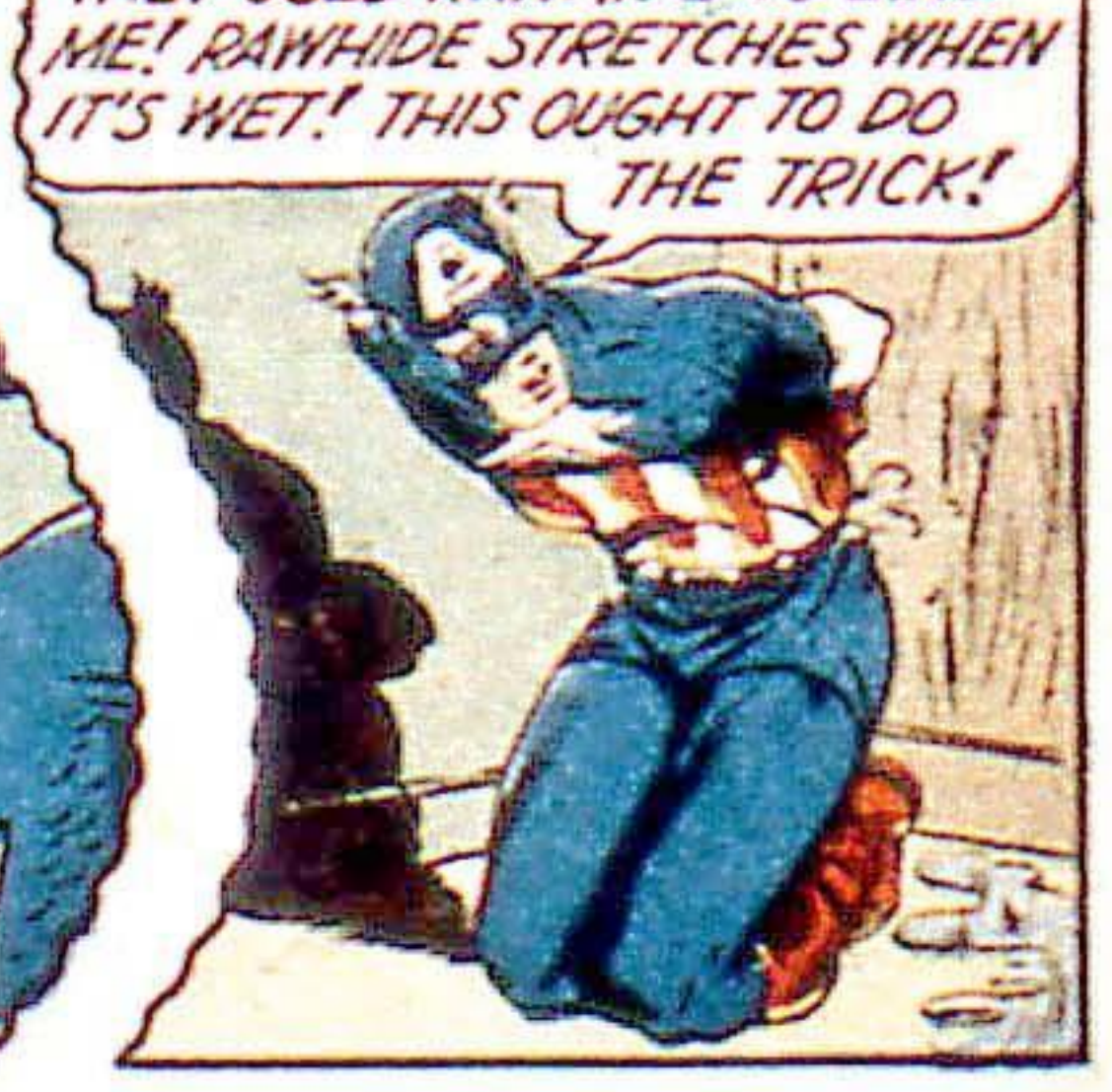
VE START SOON--
--OVER THE ICE-
BRIDGE FOR THE
ISLAND! HA!
I HAF AN
APPOINTMENT
THERE WITH
GENERAL
BEDOIN!



SO! THE ISLAND OVER THE
ICE BRIDGE, EH? IF I CAN
ONLY GET OUT OF HERE
NOW! THAT WASH
BASIN-- GIVES
ME AN
IDEA!



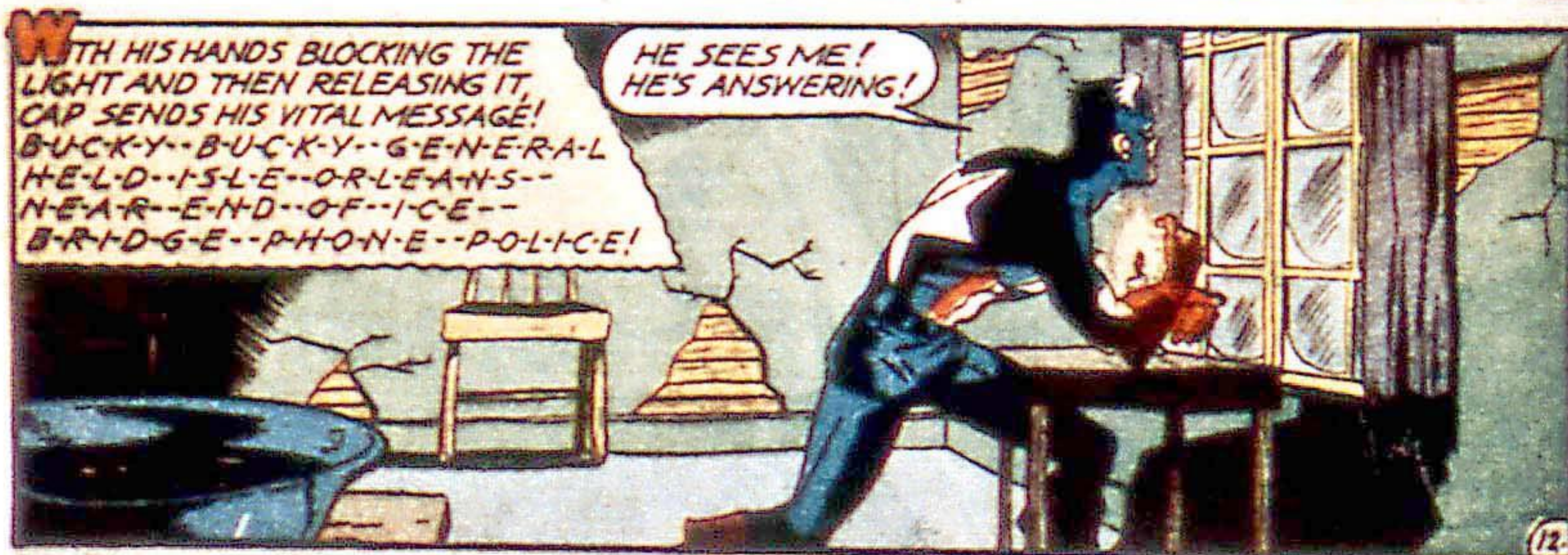
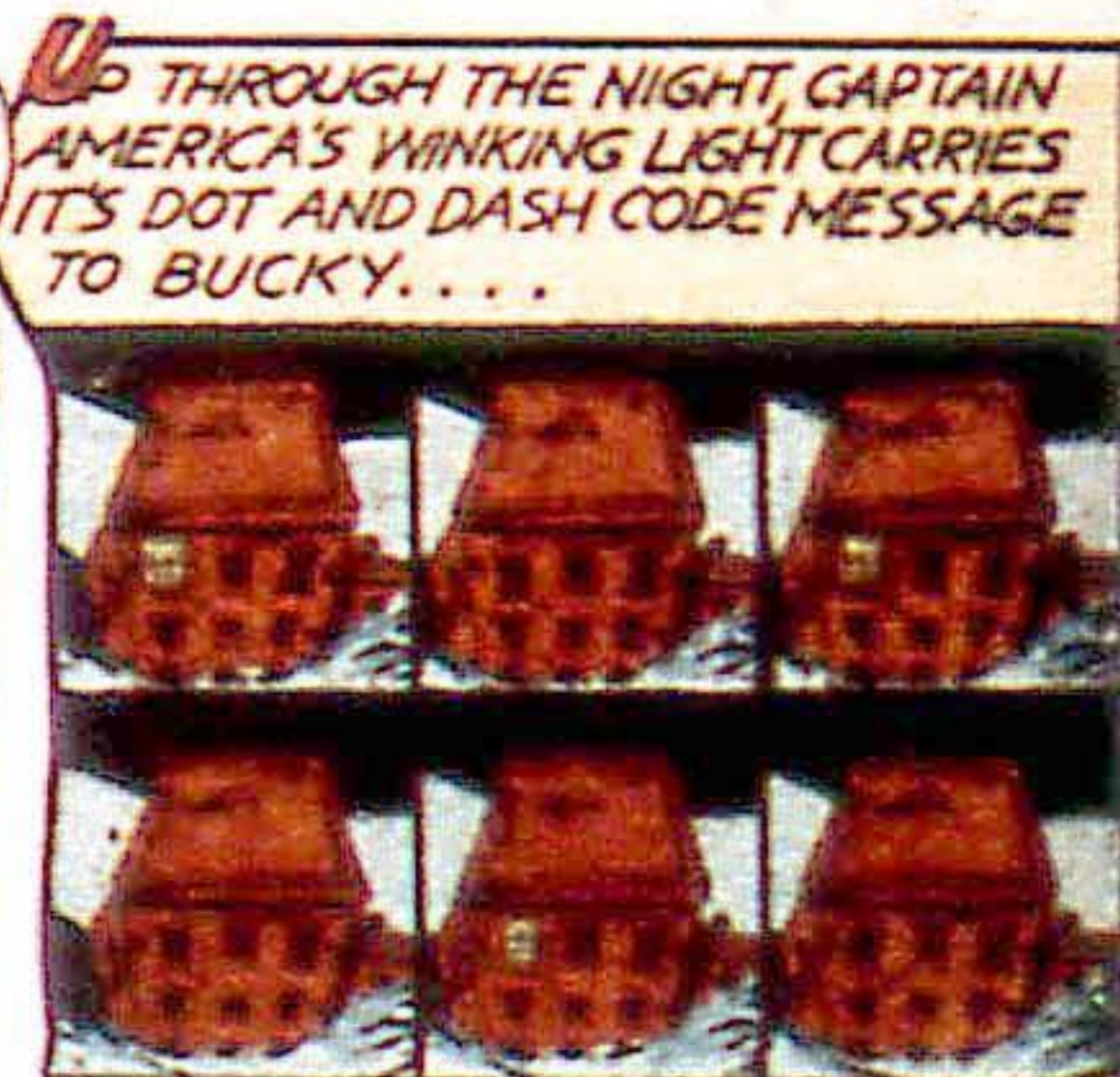
THEY USED RAWHIDE TO BIND
ME! RAWHIDE STRETCHES WHEN
IT'S WET! THIS OUGHT TO DO
THE TRICK!



FREE FROM HIS BONDS AT LAST! BUT
STILL CAP IS LOCKED IN THE ROOM!

TOO BIG A DROP
FROM HERE! IF I
COULD ONLY GET
THE INFORMATION
QUICKLY TO BUCKY!
THAT CANDLE MIGHT
DO IT! A HELIOGRAM!

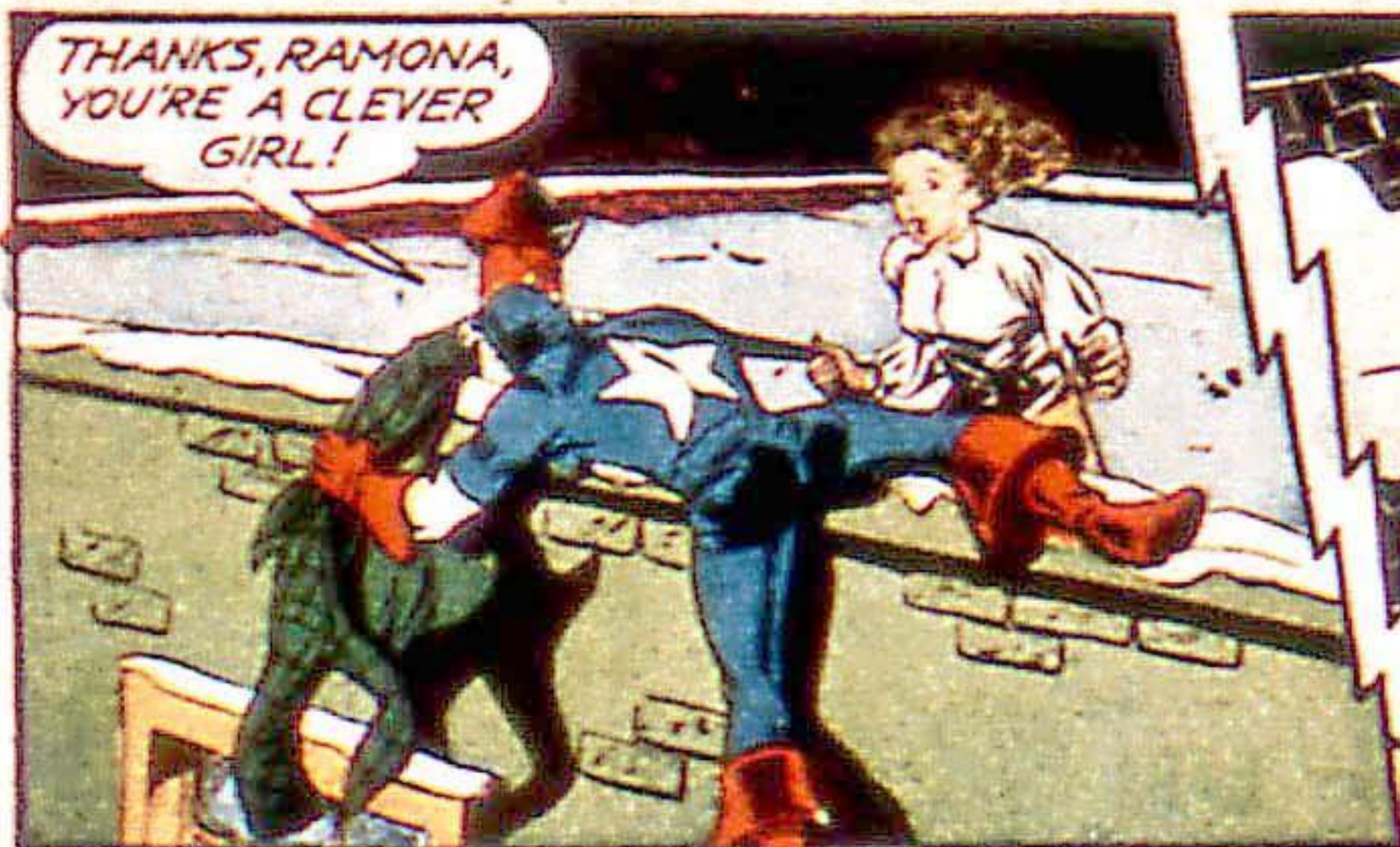






O-K-C-A-P-A-R-E-
Y-O-U-S-A-F-E





THANKS, RAMONA,
YOU'RE A CLEVER
GIRL!



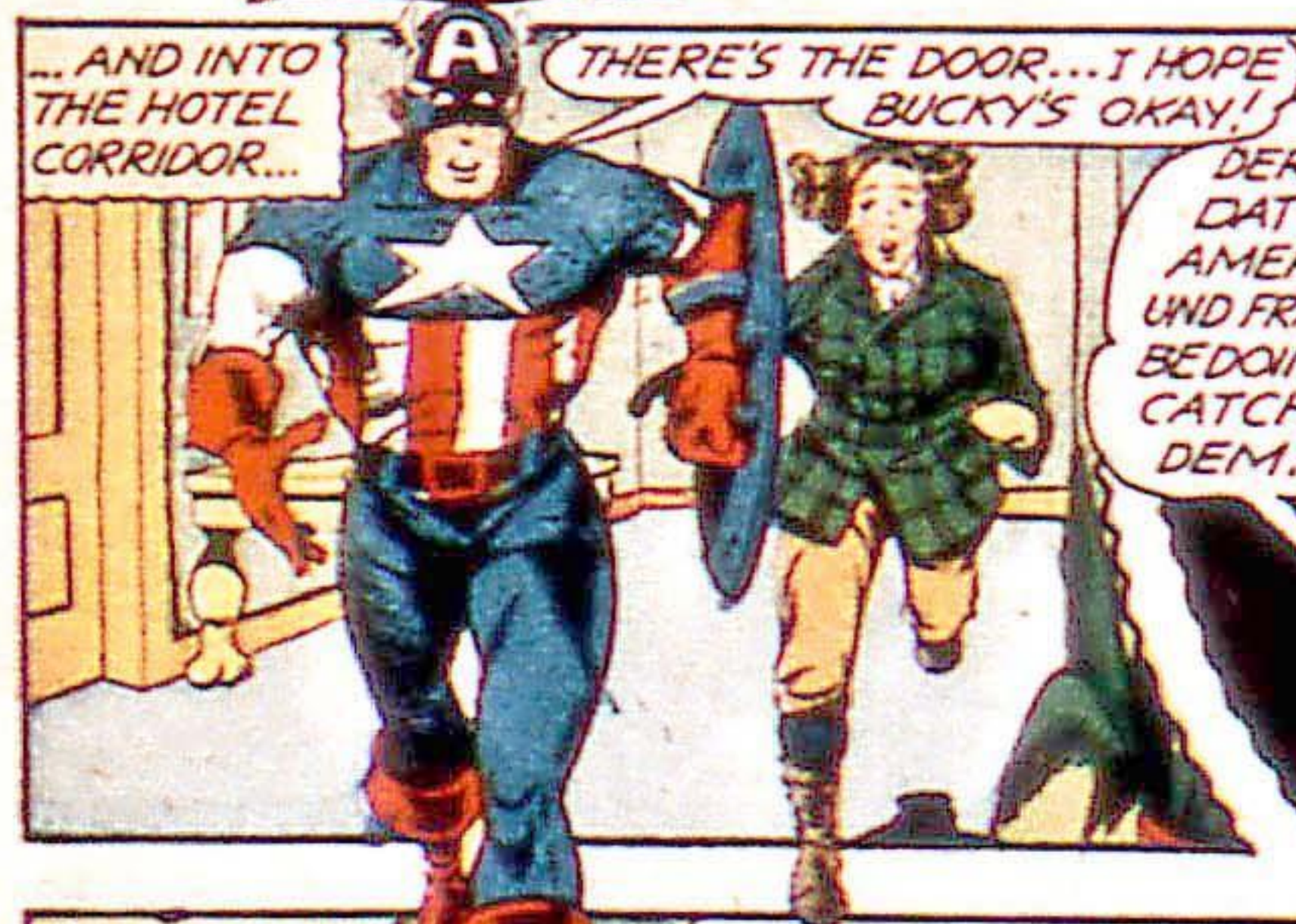
WE CAN GET DOWN
THAT WAY, CAPTAIN!



YOU SAY MY FATHER IS
PRISONER ON THE ISLAND?
OH, WHAT SHALL WE DO?

FIRST, I WANT TO
FIND OUT ABOUT
BUCKY, IF THEY'VE
CAUGHT HIM....

PLODDING THEIR WAY THRU A RAGING
BLIZZARD WHICH BEGAN SUDDENLY,
CAP AND RAMONA FURTIVELY ENTER
THE HOTEL....



... AND INTO
THE HOTEL
CORRIDOR...

THERE'S THE DOOR... I HOPE
BUCKY'S OKAY!



WHILE IN THE SHADOWS OF A SIDE
CORRIDOR!

DERE GOES
DAT BIG
AMERICAN...
UND FRAULEIN
BEDOIN! YE
CATCH
DEM!

MITT CARE!
DOT BIG ONE
ISS A NASTY
FIGHTER!



UP IN CAP'S
HOTEL ROOM!

THEY GOT HIM! POOR BUCKY!
THOSE CADS.. WHEN
I GET MY HANDS
ON THEM...

M'SIER... LOOK
THERE, ON THE
TABLE!



THEY'VE TAKEN HIM
TO THEIR ISLAND
HIDEOUT!

AND MY FATHER
IS THERE!



YOU KNOW
THE WAY,
RAMONA?

YES!
OH YES,
OVER
THE ICE
BRIDGE!

WE TAKE OUR CAR.
START AHEAD OF
DEM!

AMBUSH DEM...
OUT IN DER STORM!

A BLIZZARD
NOW, M'SIEUR!

YES, PRETTY HEAVY
GOING FOR
A CAR-
SO LET'S
START!



COME ON, OUT TO THE TERRACE!
WE'LL GET THERE QUICKER
THAN WITH
ANY AUTO!

IT IS A BAD
STORM, M'SIEUR!

...AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A BIG BLACK
LIMOUSINE SPEEDS DOWN A DESERTED SIDE
STREET HEADING TO OPEN COUNTRY....



THE DRIVER IS
PROBABLY HAVING A CUP
OF COFFEE TO WARM UP!
WE'LL BORROW HIS
OUTFIT... HOPE HE
WON'T MIND!



STEADY, BOYS! GET READY FOR A REAL RUN! YOU'VE GOT A NEW MASTER, NOW!



MUSH! MUSH!



AND THE OWNER OF THE DOG-SLED TEAM MAKES A BELATED APPEARANCE...

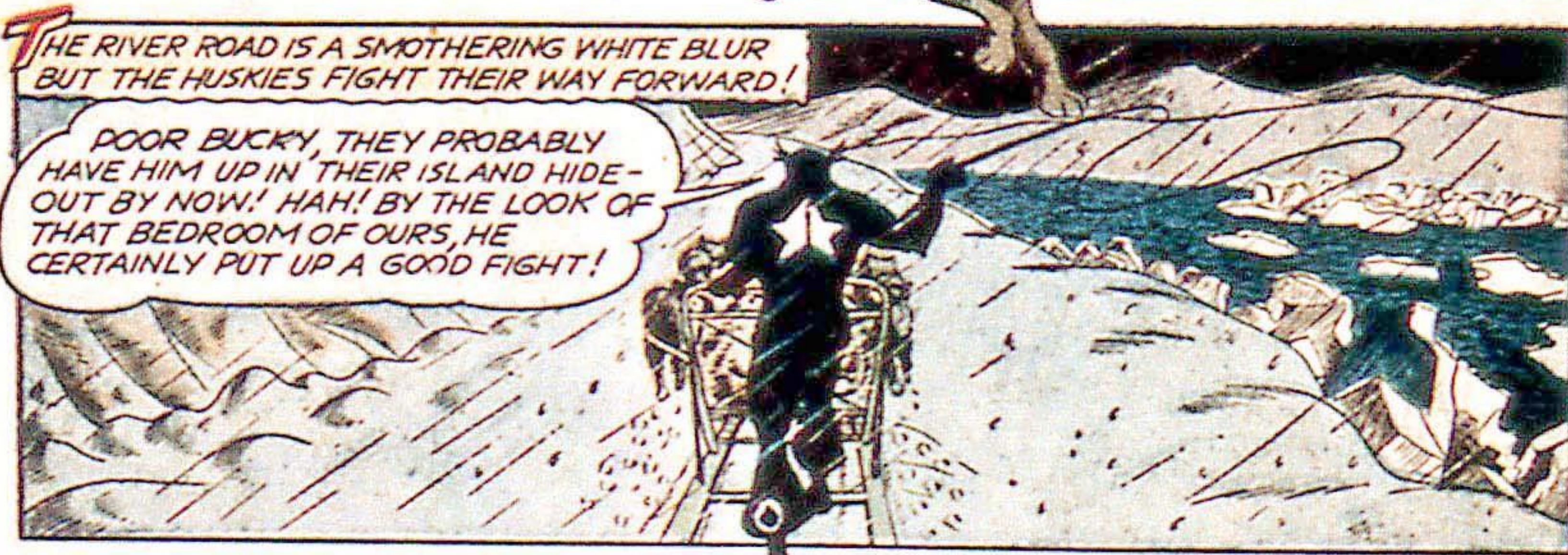
SACRE BLEU! MY SLED!



SKILLFULLY GUIDING THE HUSKIES CAPTAIN AMERICA PLUNGES THE DOG-SLED INTO THE TEETH OF THE BLIZZARD

THIS TERRIBLE STORM! WILL WE BE ABLE TO GET THRU, CAPTAIN?

WE'LL MAKE IT... WE'VE GOT TO!



THE RIVER ROAD IS A SMOTHERING WHITE BLUR BUT THE HUSKIES FIGHT THEIR WAY FORWARD!

POOR BUCKY, THEY PROBABLY HAVE HIM UP IN THEIR ISLAND HIDE-OUT BY NOW! HAH! BY THE LOOK OF THAT BEDROOM OF OURS, HE CERTAINLY PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT!

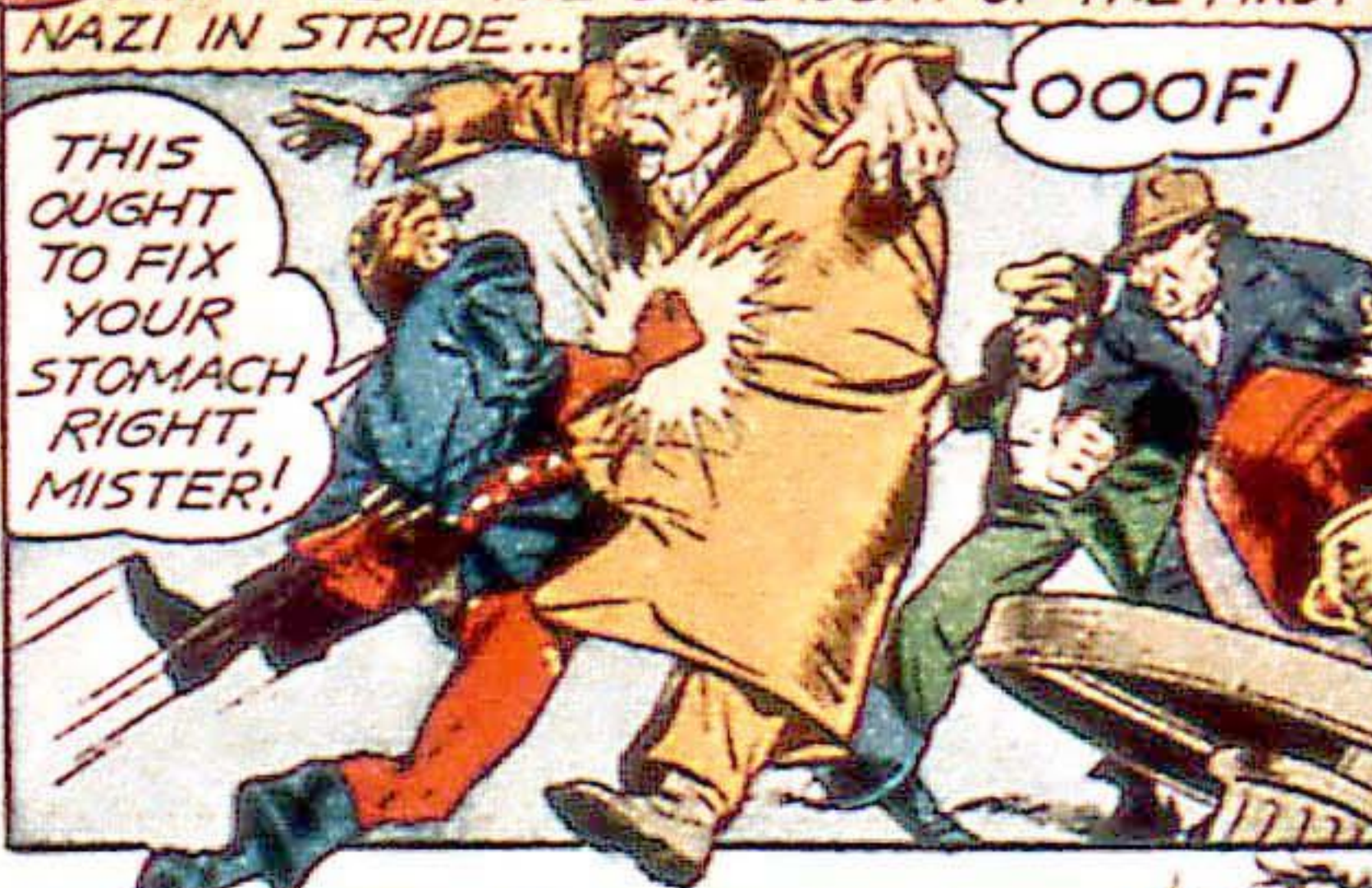


GAP IS RIGHT..... IMMEDIATELY AFTER FLASHING HIS SIGNAL TO CAPTAIN AMERICA, BUCKY TURNED AROUND AT A SOUND FROM THE DOOR AND WAS CONFRONTED BY THREE VILLAINOUS-LOOKING CHARACTERS!

WELL, WHAT-TH-? LOOKS LIKE THESE GUYS MEAN BUSINESS!

DER LEEDLE ONE! VE GOT HIM NOW!

BUCKY MEETS THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE FIRST NAZI IN STRIDE...



THIS OUGHT TO FIX YOUR STOMACH RIGHT, MISTER!

OOOF!

AND THE OTHERS ARE ALSO GREETED BY A SIMILAR BURST OF DYNAMIC ENERGY...



NICE FOOT-WORK, EH?



YOU GUYS ARE SURE GETTING TROUBLE-SOME!

POW!

IF YOU RATS WOULDN'T KEEP GETTING UP, I'D BE THROUGH WITH THIS JOB MUCH QUICKER! HERE COMES A KNOCKOUT!



HEY! WHO TRIPPED ME?

HAH, NOW VE GOT HIM, MEN! QUICK GET DER ROPE!

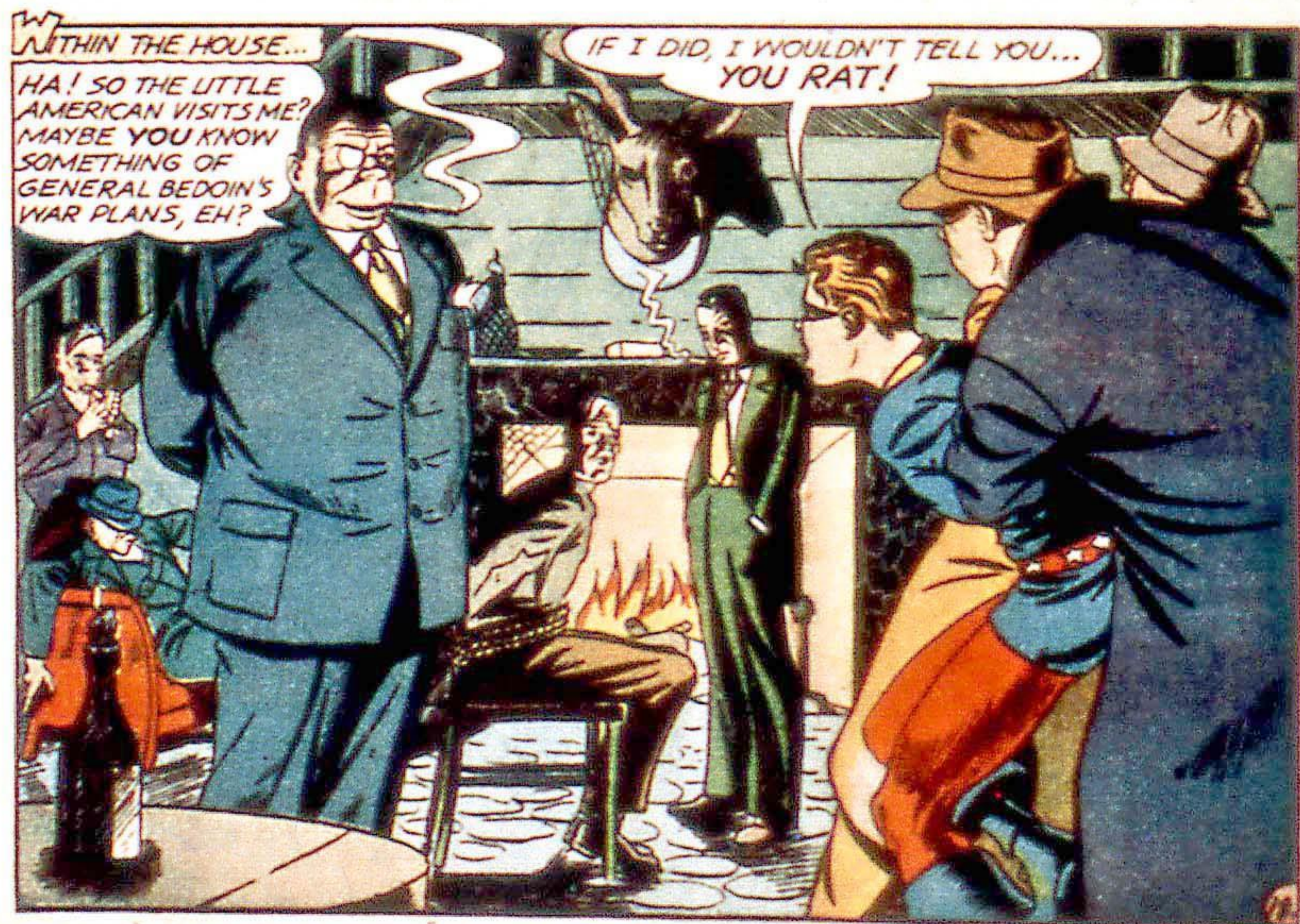
OVERWHELMED BY THE COMBINED WEIGHT OF THE THREE NAZIS, WHO SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY AFFORDED BY BUCKY'S FALL... OUR HERO GIVES IN...

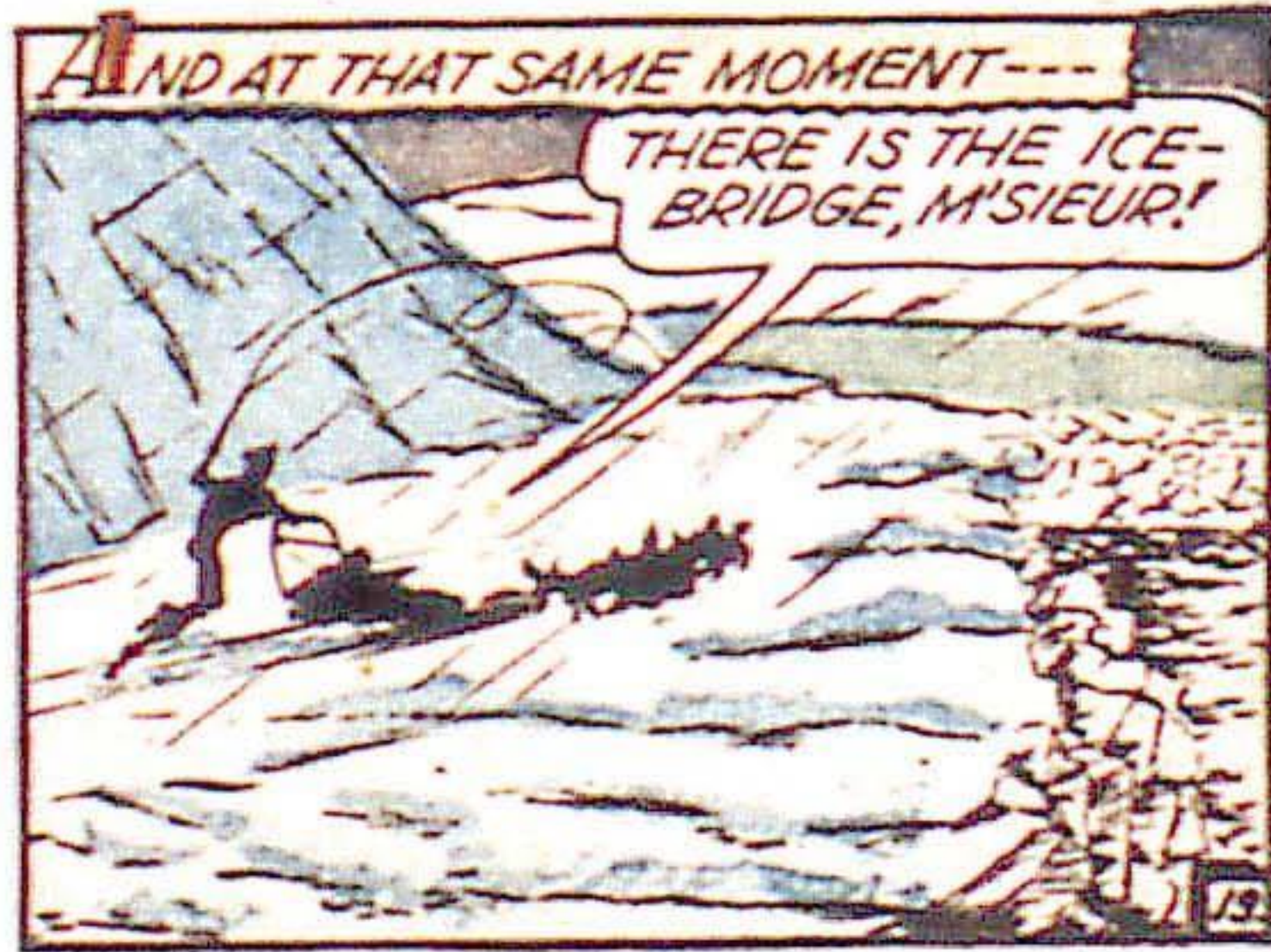
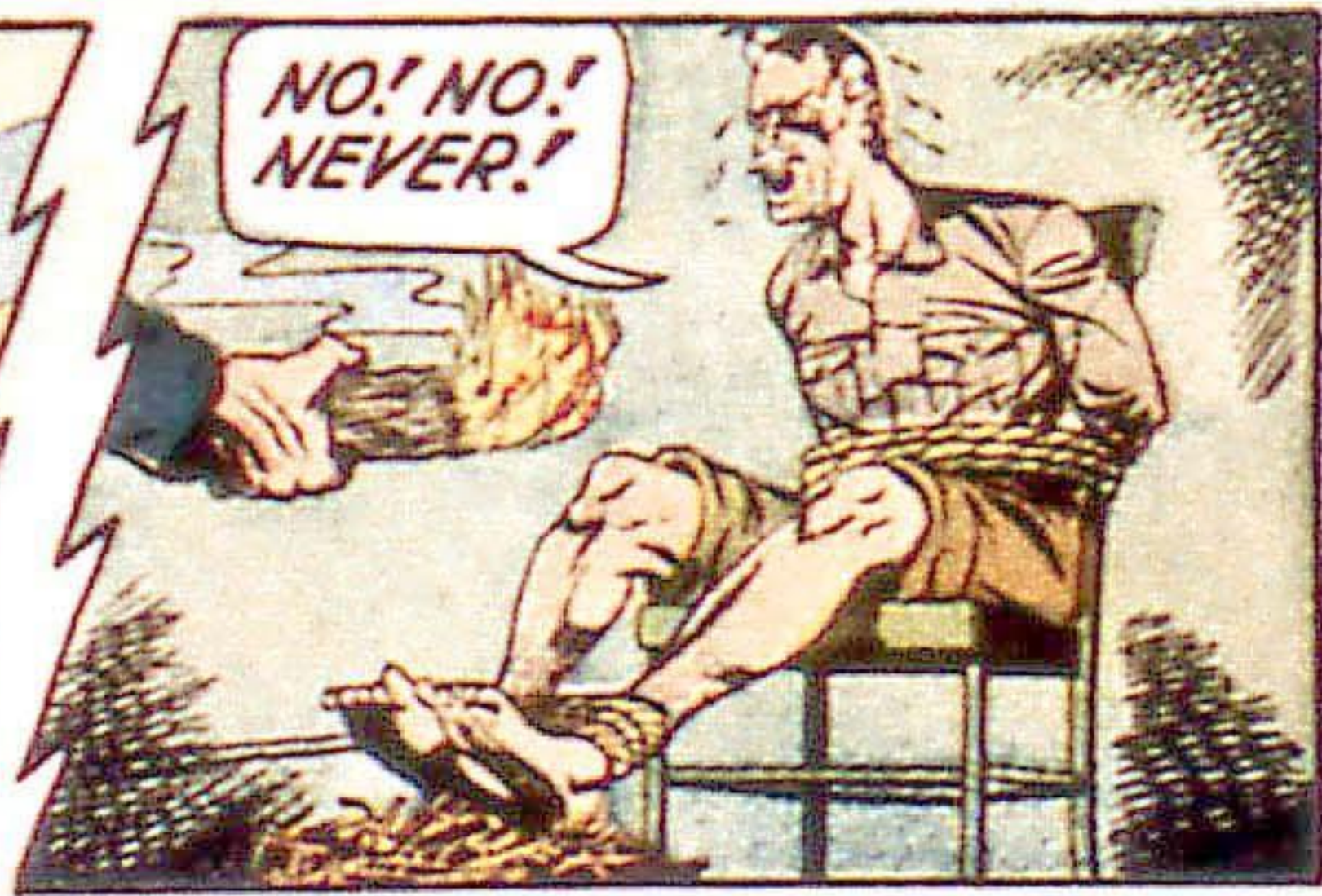
OKAY! OKAY! YOU RATS, SO YOU'VE GOT ME! NOW WHAT?



VE TAKE HIM TO DER ISLAND... HERR BARON VILL DISPOSE OF HIM!

AND CAP WILL BE AFTER US IN HALF AN HOUR!





AND AS THE DOG-SLED HEARS THE CENTER OF THE ICE BRIDGE --

LOOK! AN AUTOMOBILE IS STALLED, M'SIEUR!

THAT CAR'S NOT STALLED! IT'S STANDING EXACTLY CROSSWISE! AN AMBUSH!



KEEP DOWN-- I'LL ATTEND TO THIS!



CAPTAIN AMERICA SLIPS OVER THE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE AND SILENTLY MAKES HIS WAY ALONG THE JAMMED ICE FLOES, WHICH FORM THE SIDES OF THE NATURAL CAUSEWAY---



TURN AROUND, YOU JERRIES! YOU'VE GOT YOUR DIRECTION MIXED!



VAT DE---?

IT--IT--IT'S DOT CAPTAIN AMERICA!



MY AMBUSH IS WORKING, DON'T YOU THINK?







THAT'S THE SECOND FLOOR WINDOW! I'VE GOT TO GET IN QUIETLY! TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!

IF ONLY THEY HAVEN'T HURT BUCKY! AND, BY HEAVEN, IF THEY HAVE---

SHOD UP! YOU HAVE TOLD US NODDING! NOW, GENERAL, IT'S YOUR TURN!

NO, YOU FIEND! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME TALK!

AND WITHIN THE SAME HOUSE-- S-SO THAT WAS THE DAY THAT CHURCHILL CAME TO WASHINGTON! R-REMEMBER, I C-CONSULTED WITH HIM IN THE WHITE HOUSE GARDEN! AN' HE SEZ TO ME, BUCKY, HE SEZ-- YOU'RE

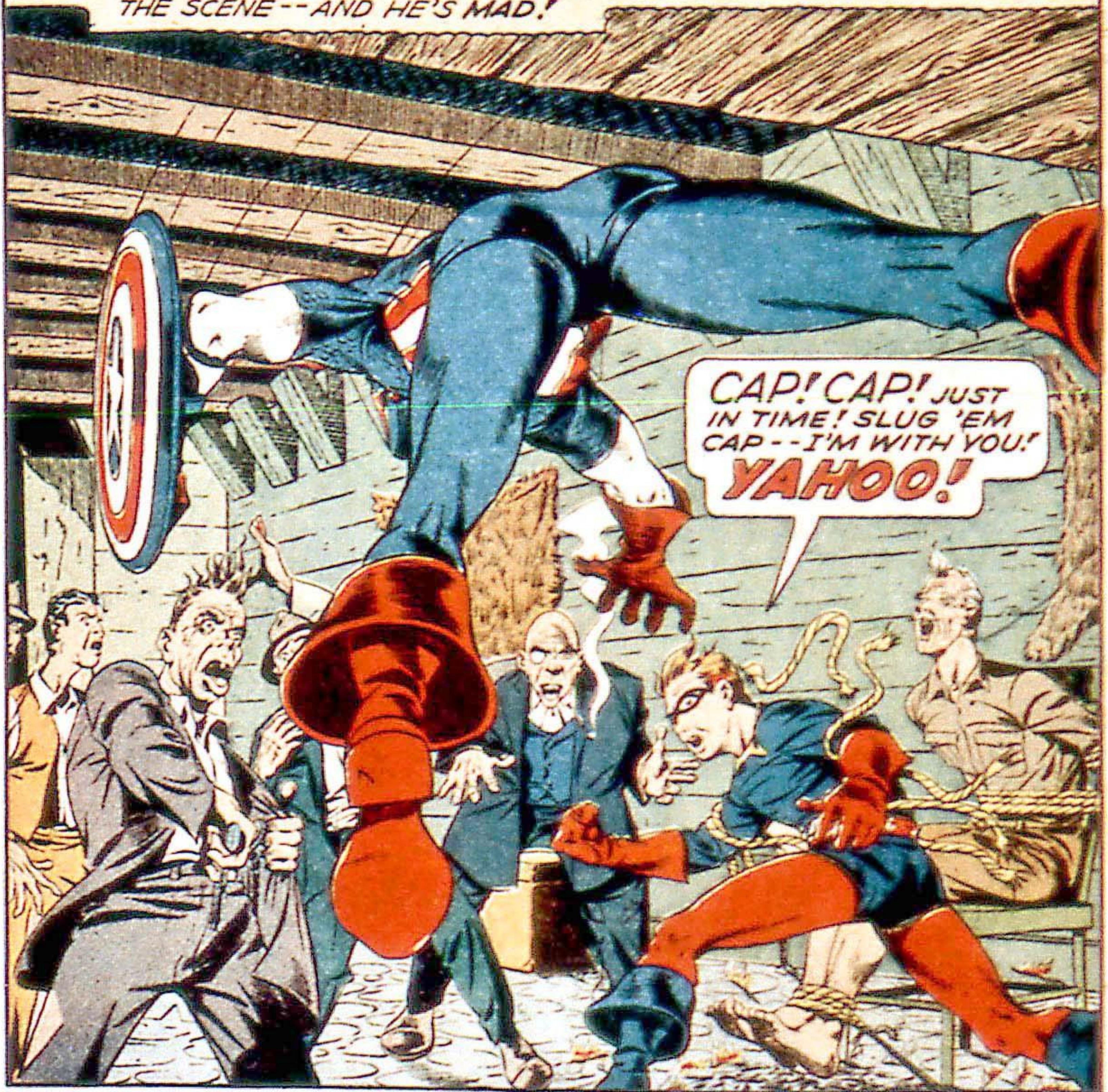
HAH! NOW YOU TALK, GENERAL!

OH-H--THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO HIM! I WON'T LET THEM! I'LL---

AND AS CAPTAIN AMERICA APPEARS ON THE BALCONY-- GOOD HEAVENS! THE KID'S THROWIN HIMSELF INTO THE FIRE!

DESPERATELY, BUCKY WRITHES, WITHSTANDING THE AGONIZING PAIN, AS THE FIRE BURNS THE ROPE THAT BINDS HIM! I GOTTA GET LOOSE! I JUST GOT TO---

BUCKY'S BONDS BURNS AWAY--HE IS FREED!--- AND THEN A LITHE MUSCULAR FIGURE HURTTLES DOWN FROM THE BALCONY! CAPTAIN AMERICA IS ON THE SCENE-- AND HE'S MAD!



SUDDENLY, CAP IS THREATENED FROM BEHIND, BUT THE EVER ALERT BUCKY DISCOVERS THE DANGER AND INSTINCTIVELY ACTS--

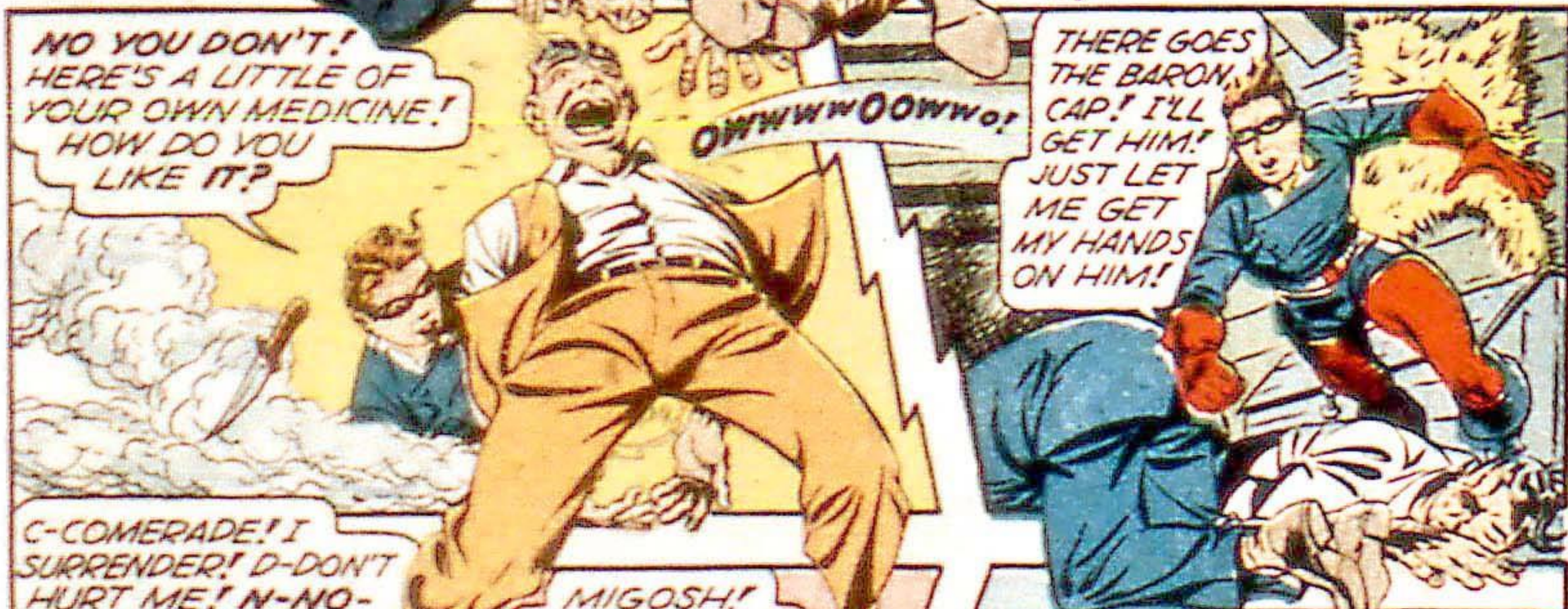
LOOK OUT, BEHIND YOU, CAP! HE'S GOT A KNIFE!



NO YOU DON'T! HERE'S A LITTLE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

OWWWWOOOWWO!

THERE GOES THE BARON, CAP! I'LL GET HIM! JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON HIM!



C-COMERADE! I SURRENDER! D-DON'T HURT ME! N-NO-NO! DON'T HURT ME!

MIGOSH! HE'S TOO YELLOW TO FIGHT!



HE'LL HANG, OR FACE A FIRING SQUAD BY CANADIAN LAW! ROPE HIM UP, BUCKY! THE REST OF THEM ARE WAITING TO BE TIED UP, TOO!



MINUTES LATER, RAMONA IS SUMMONED INTO THE HOUSE!

OH-FATHER DEAR, YOU'RE SAFE-- THANKS TO CAPTAIN AMERICA!

AND THANKS TO BUCKY, IF YOU'D HEARD WHAT HE TOLD THEM ABOUT ROOSEVELT, AND CHURCHILL--

I'M AFRAID WE MUST LEAVE YOU NOW! I'LL NOTIFY THE QUEBEC POLICE TO COME UP HERE--



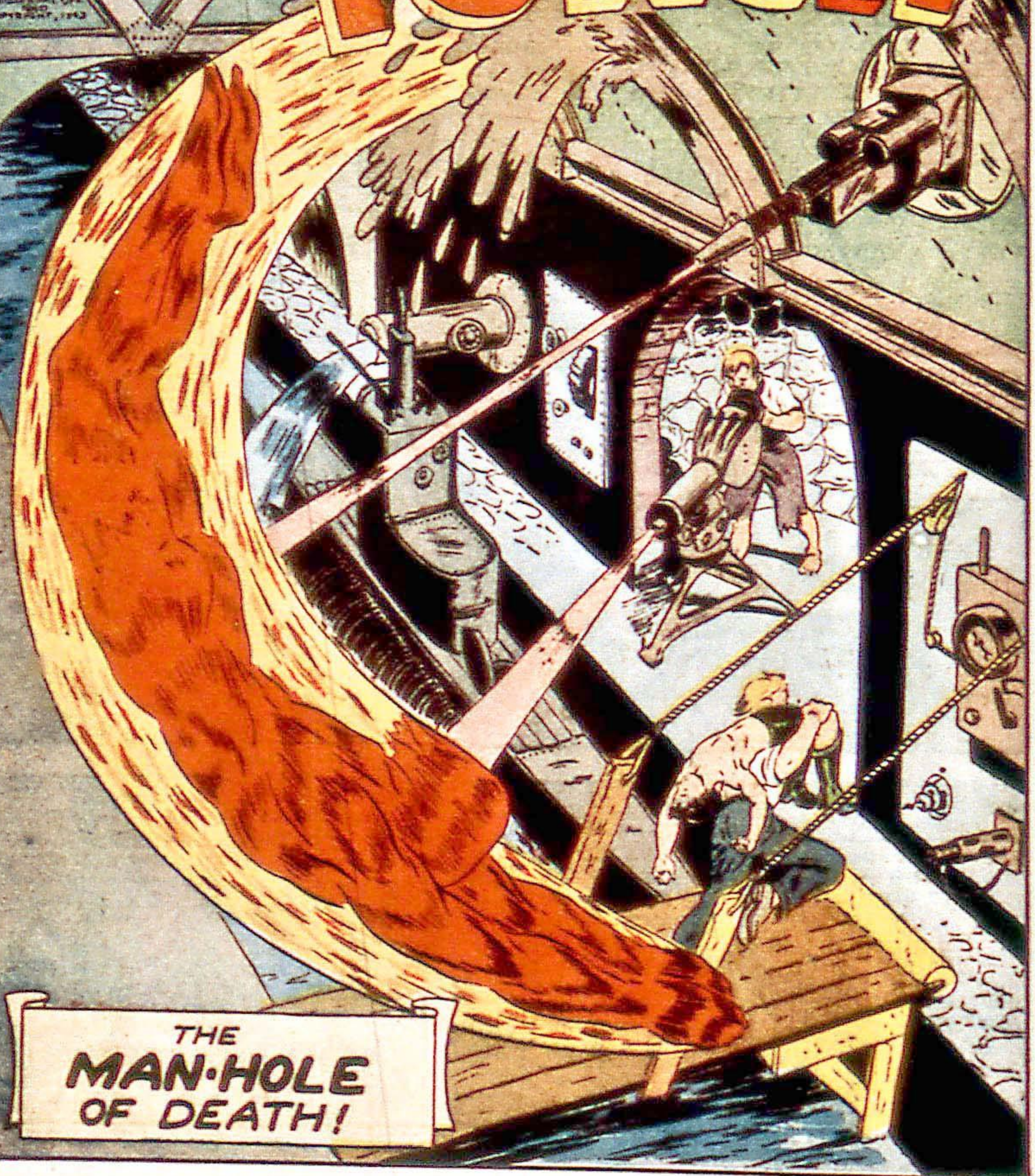
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DISAPPEAR INTO THE NIGHT--LEAVING BEHIND THEM, A WRECKED SPY RING-- AND A GRATEFUL GENERAL AND HIS DAUGHTER--



THE END

HUMAN TORCH

ILLUSTRATION
BY
JOHN
D. BROWN, 1943



THE
**MAN-HOLE
OF DEATH!**



NOTICE! ALL THE
CRIMES HAVE BEEN
COMMITTED INSIDE
THE AREA OF
TEN BLOCKS!

SO, IF
WE COMB
THAT
DISTRICT,
THE CHANCES
ARE THAT WE
MIGHT RUN INTO
THE CULPRIT?

CORRECT!... IT'S JUST A
HUNCH AND WE CAN'T GO
TO THE POLICE WITH
SUPPOSITIONS. SO, WE'LL
HAVE TO WORK THIS OUT
ALONE - TONIGHT!



THAT SAME EVENING, TORCH
AND TORO START THEIR TWO-
MAN PATROL....

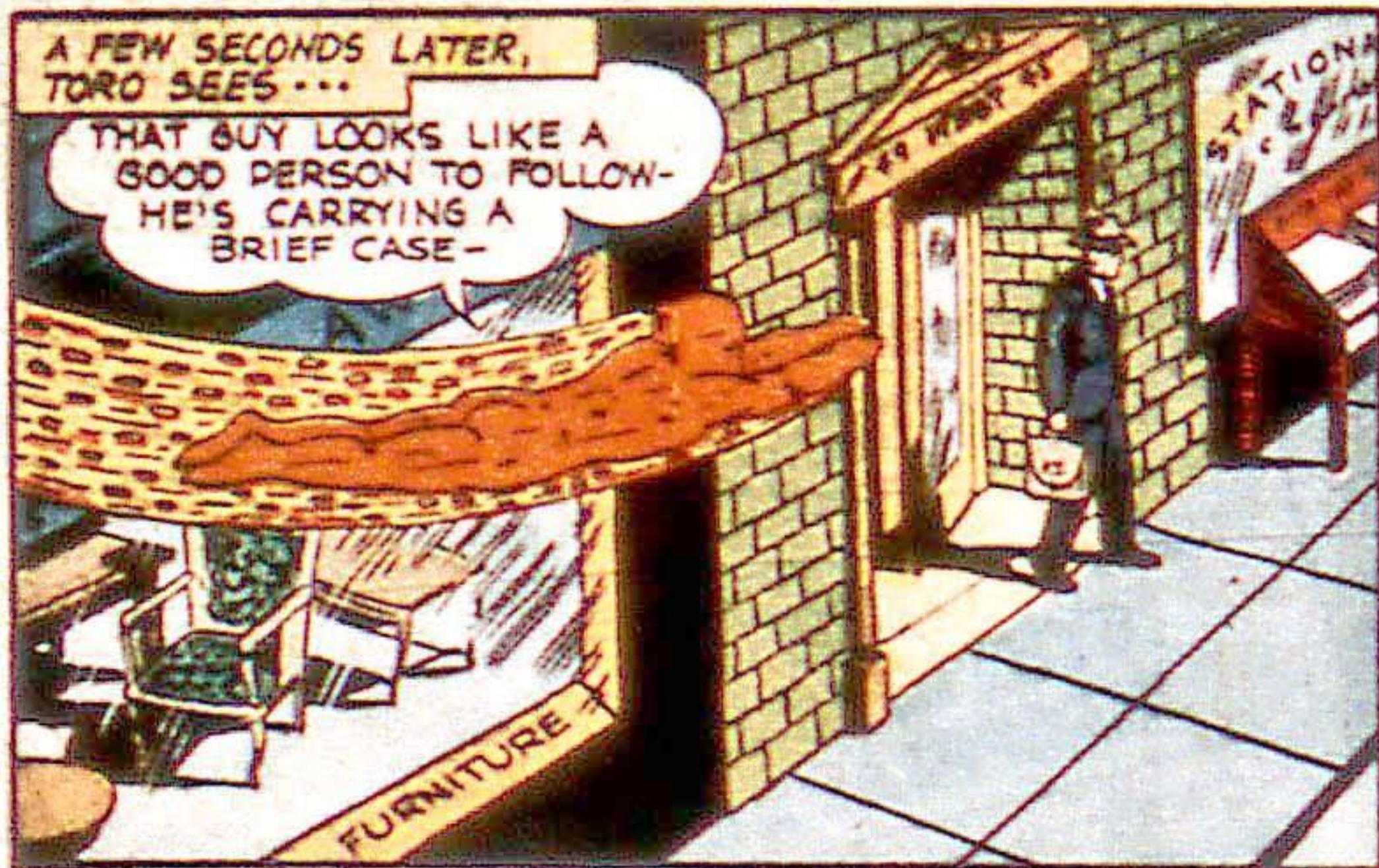
YOU COVER THIS END
OF THE AREA. I'LL
GO NORTH. WE'LL
WORK IN AND MEET
AT SPRUCE STREET!

CHEERIO,
AND HAPPY
HUNTING!



A FEW SECONDS LATER,
TORO SEES...

THAT GUY LOOKS LIKE A
GOOD PERSON TO FOLLOW-
HE'S CARRYING A
BRIEF CASE -



HEY! THAT MAN-HOLE
COVER IS OPENING...



A WEIGHTED ROPE!
SO, THAT'S HOW IT
WORKS! I'D BETTER
SEND UP A SIGNAL
FOR TORCH!

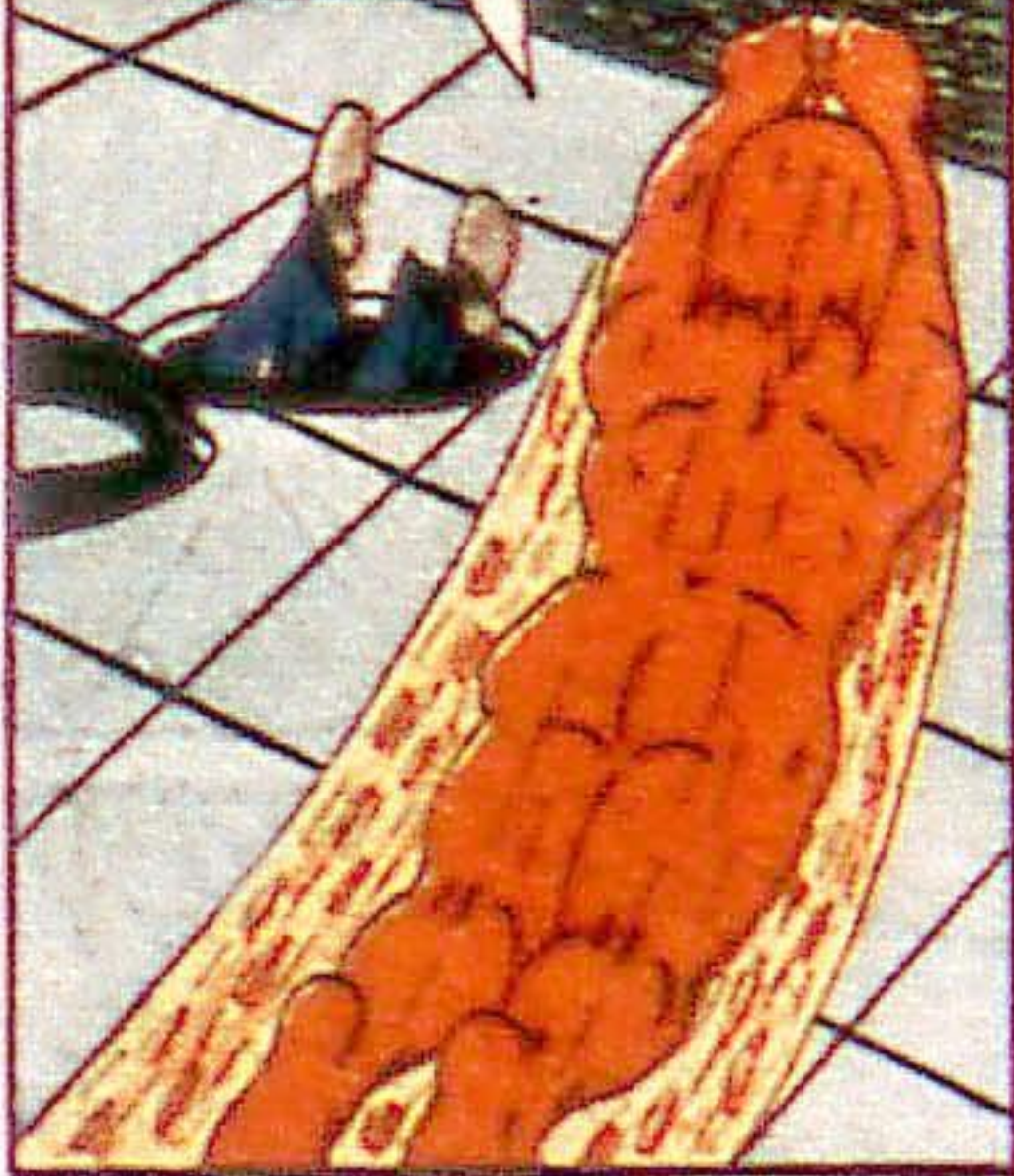


THE ROPE SNAKES AROUND THE
MESSENGER'S THROAT---AND,
SOUNDLESSLY, HE IS PULLED
DOWN!



TORO WATCHES THE VICTIM
BEING DRAGGED SWIFTLY
INTO THE SEWER....

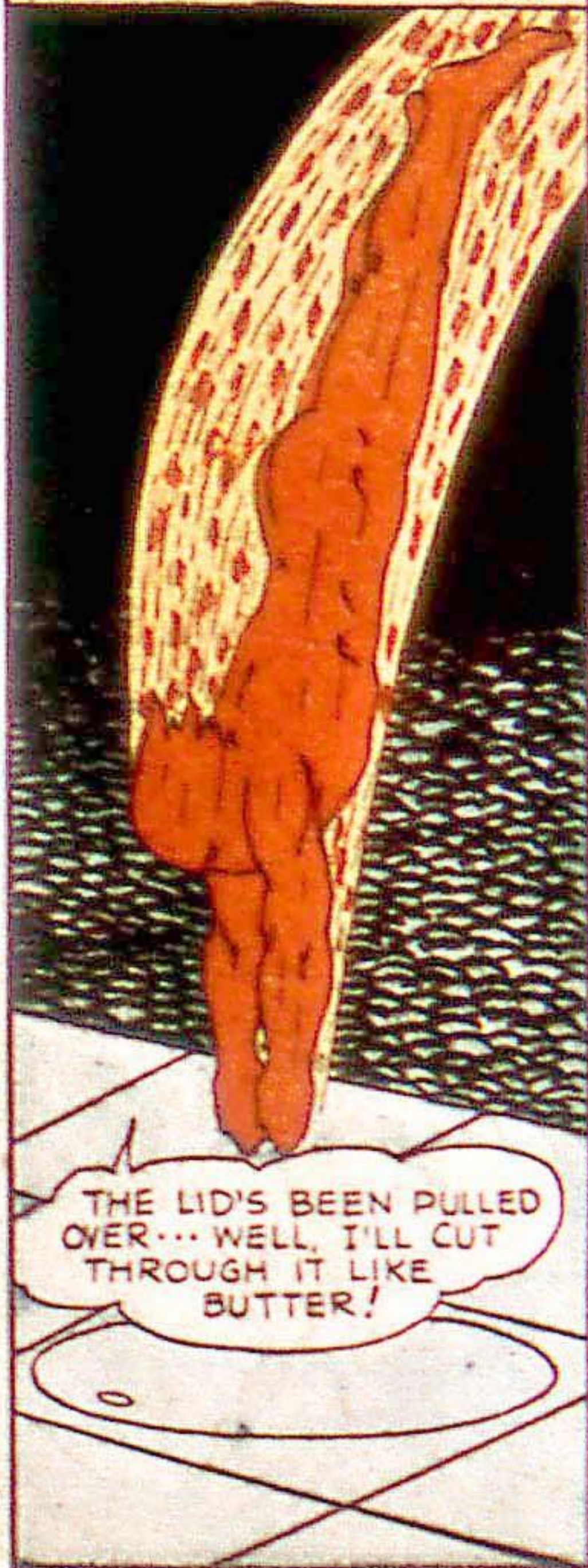
WOW! NO WONDER
THEY THINK PEOPLE
DISAPPEAR! WELL,
HERE I GO!



MEANWHILE TORCH HAS SEEN TORO'S
SIGNAL ARROW, AND HEADS IN
THAT DIRECTION....

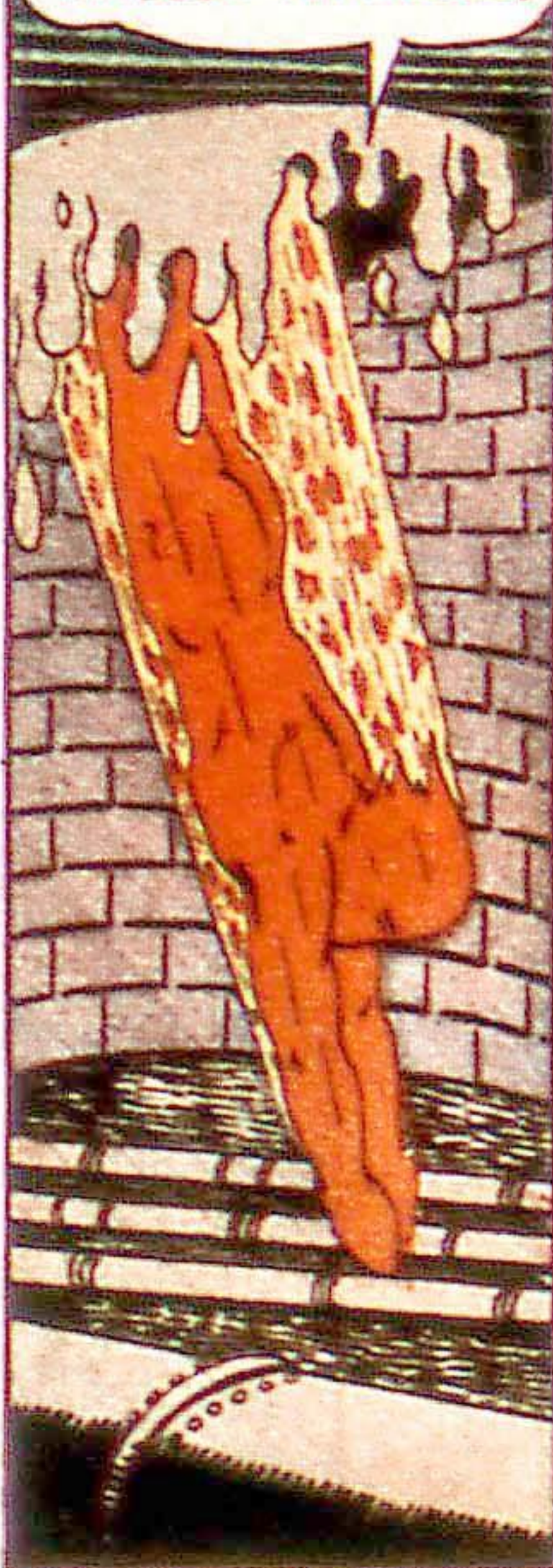


TORO DIVES FOR THE MAN-
HOLE JUST AS THE COVER
IS PULLED BACK IN PLACE!



THE METAL PLATE MELTS
AS THE FLAMING BOY
PLUNGES THROUGH IT.

PHEW!
SMELLS TERRIBLE!



BUT...

OW! MY
EYES! MY
FLAME!

THIS FLAME-
RETARDING
POWDER WILL MAKE
YOU RESPECT ME,
BRAT!



AND BRASS-CLAD KNUCKLES SMASH
INTO TORO'S CHIN!

YOU SEE... I AM
PREPARED FOR
YOU!

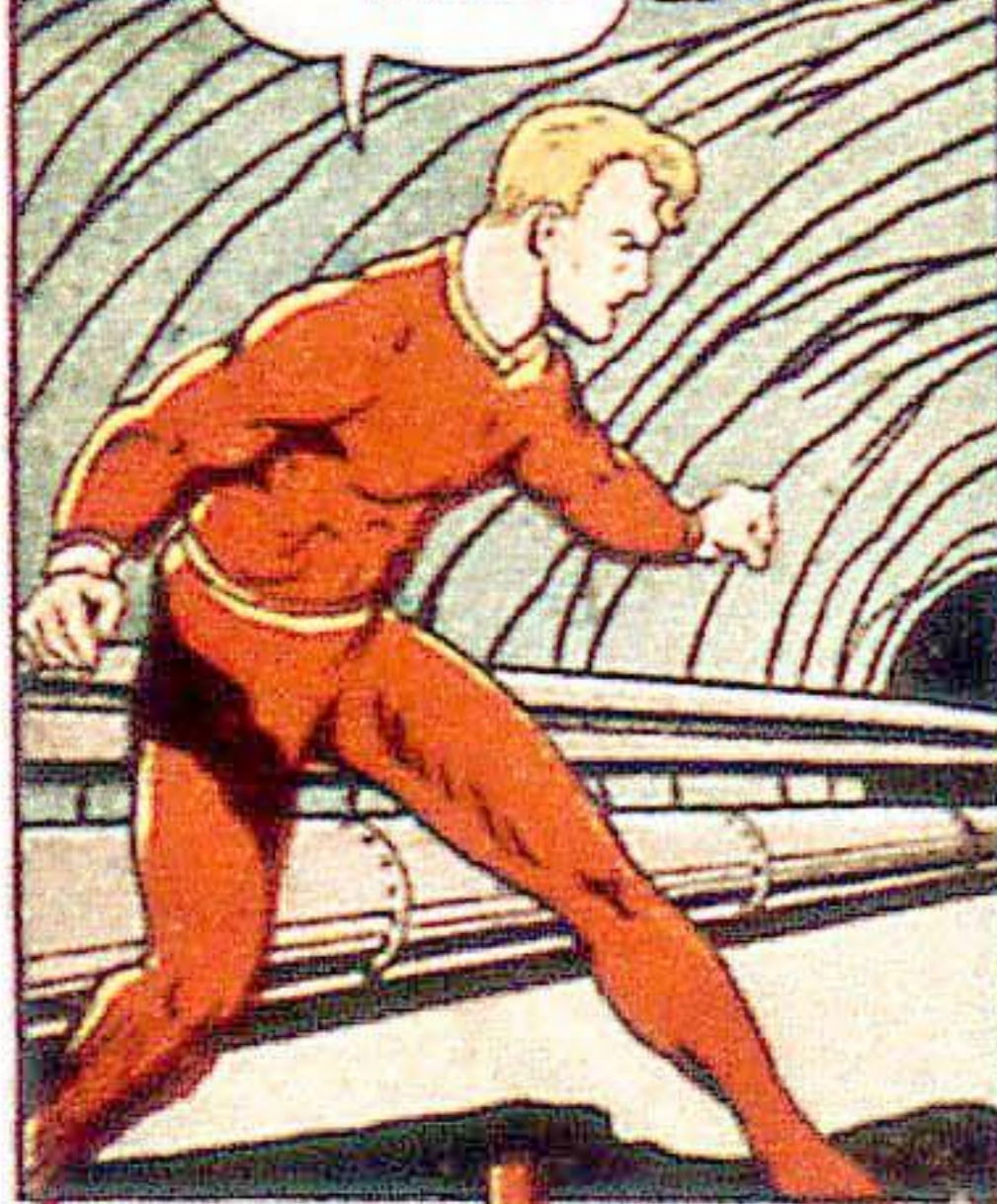


TORO'S FLAME IS COMPLETED
OFF WHEN HE SLUMPS TO
THE GROUND....

HA! I WAS SURE THE
TORCH WOULD
MEDDLER IN MY
AFFAIRS SOONER
OR LATER!



HMM... NO SIGN OF TORO
BUT HE MUST HAVE GONE
DOWN HERE ... PROBABLY
WENT ALONG THIS
MAIN!



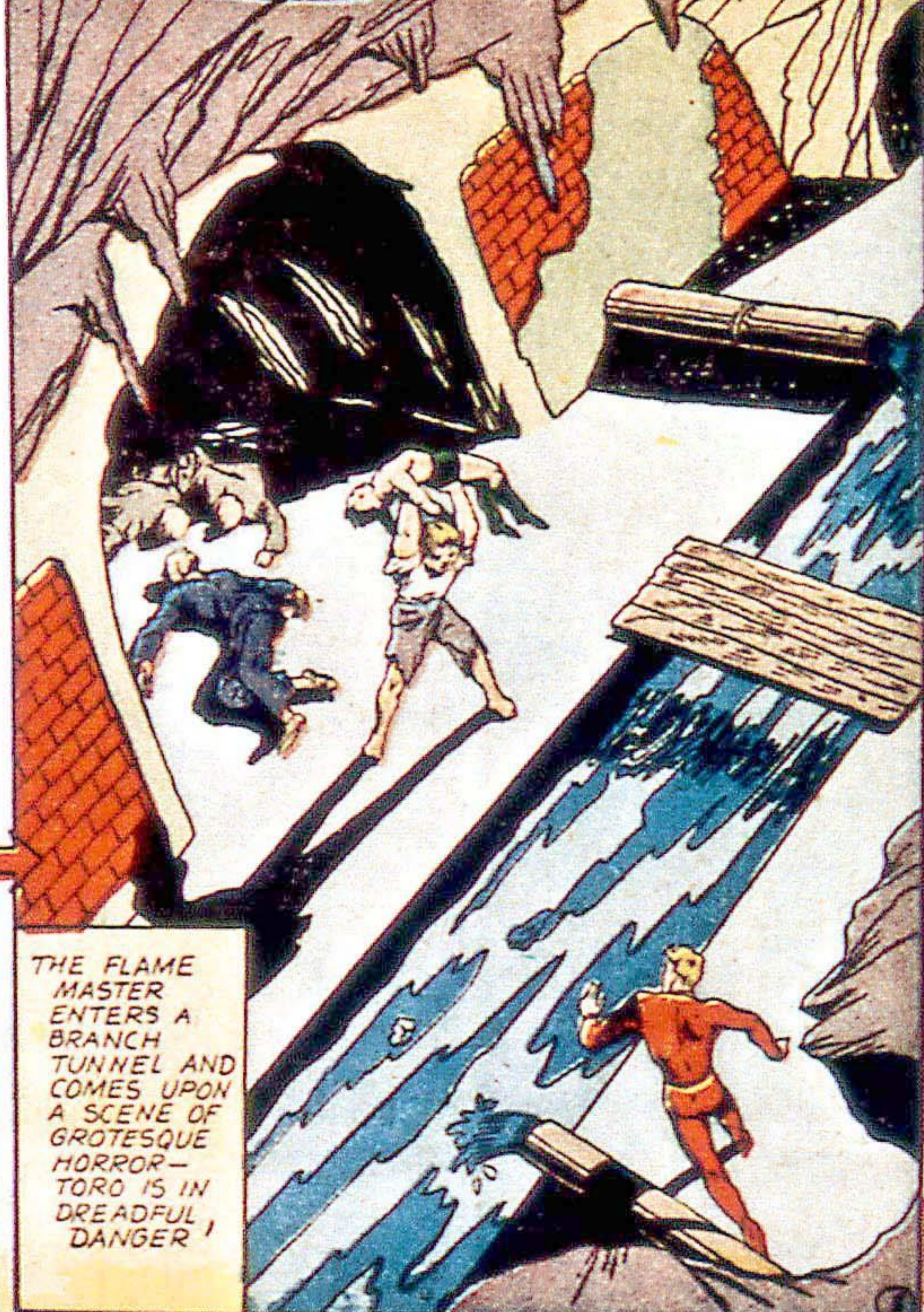
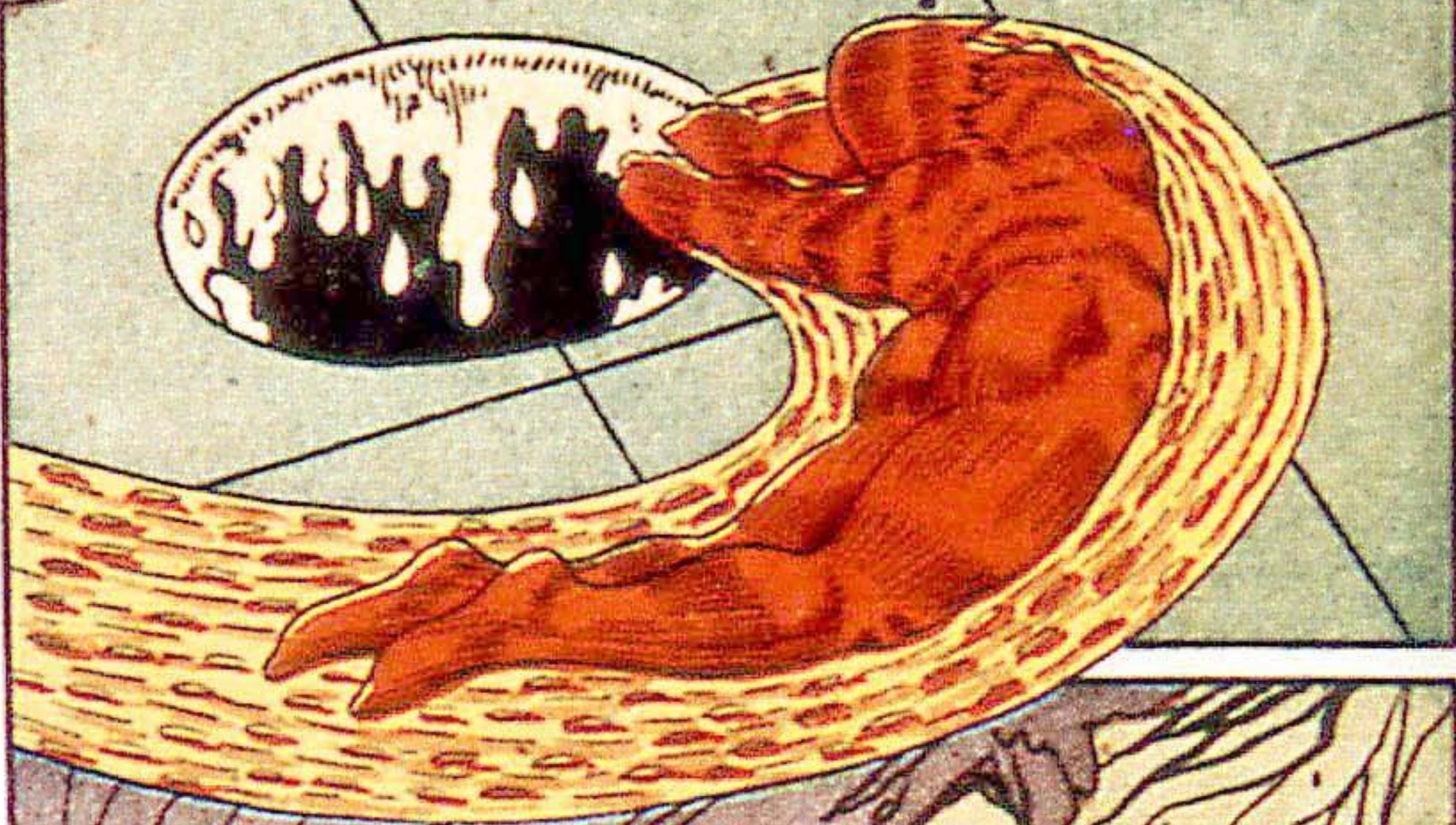
TORCH HASTENS ALONG
THE DAMP TUNNEL...

THERE'S A FAINT LIGHT
AHEAD... IT'S TOO DULL
TO BE TORO'S FLAME
THOUGH!



BUT, ABOVE.....

THE KID MUST
HAVE BURNED THROUGH
... WONDER WHY HE
WENT IN THERE?



THE FLAME
MASTER
ENTERS A
BRANCH
TUNNEL AND
COMES UPON
A SCENE OF
GROTESQUE
HORROR—
TORO IS IN
DREADFUL
DANGER!

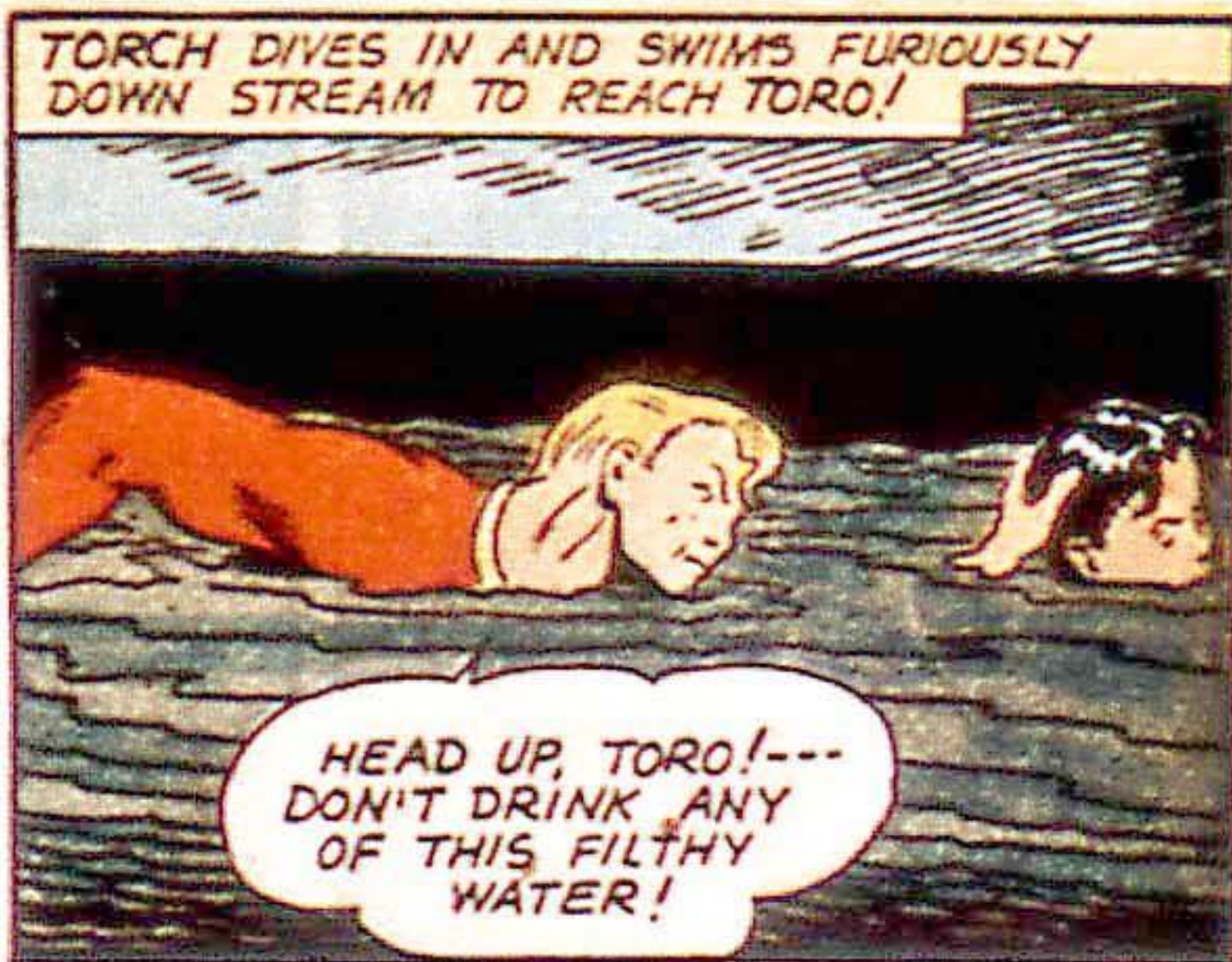
TORO'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY IS CAST INTO THE MURKY WATER AND SWEEPS PAST TORCH.

HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT! HE'LL DROWN IF I DON'T GET HIM QUICKLY!



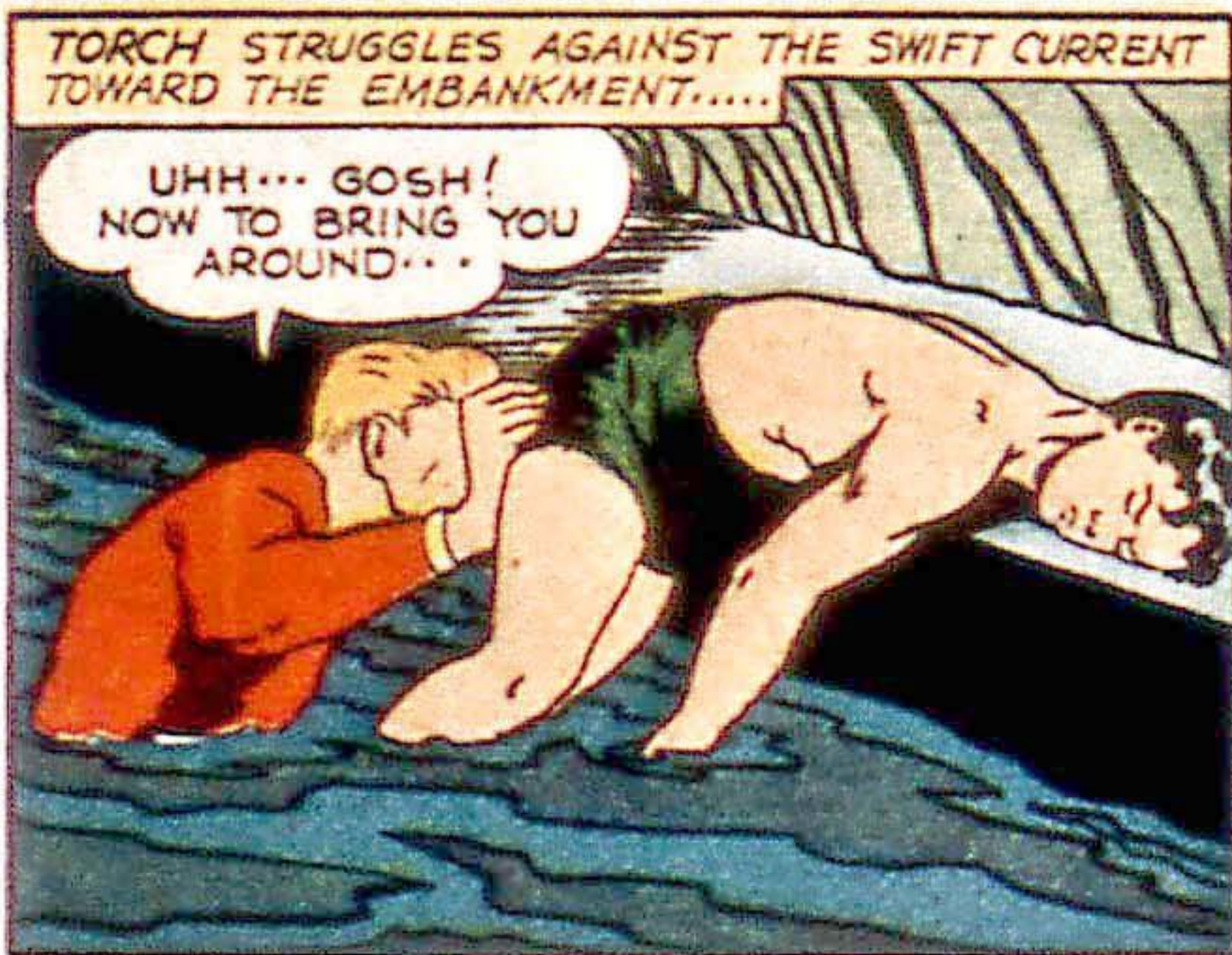
TORCH DIVES IN AND SWIMS FURIOUSLY DOWN STREAM TO REACH TORO!

HEAD UP, TORO!--- DON'T DRINK ANY OF THIS FILTHY WATER!



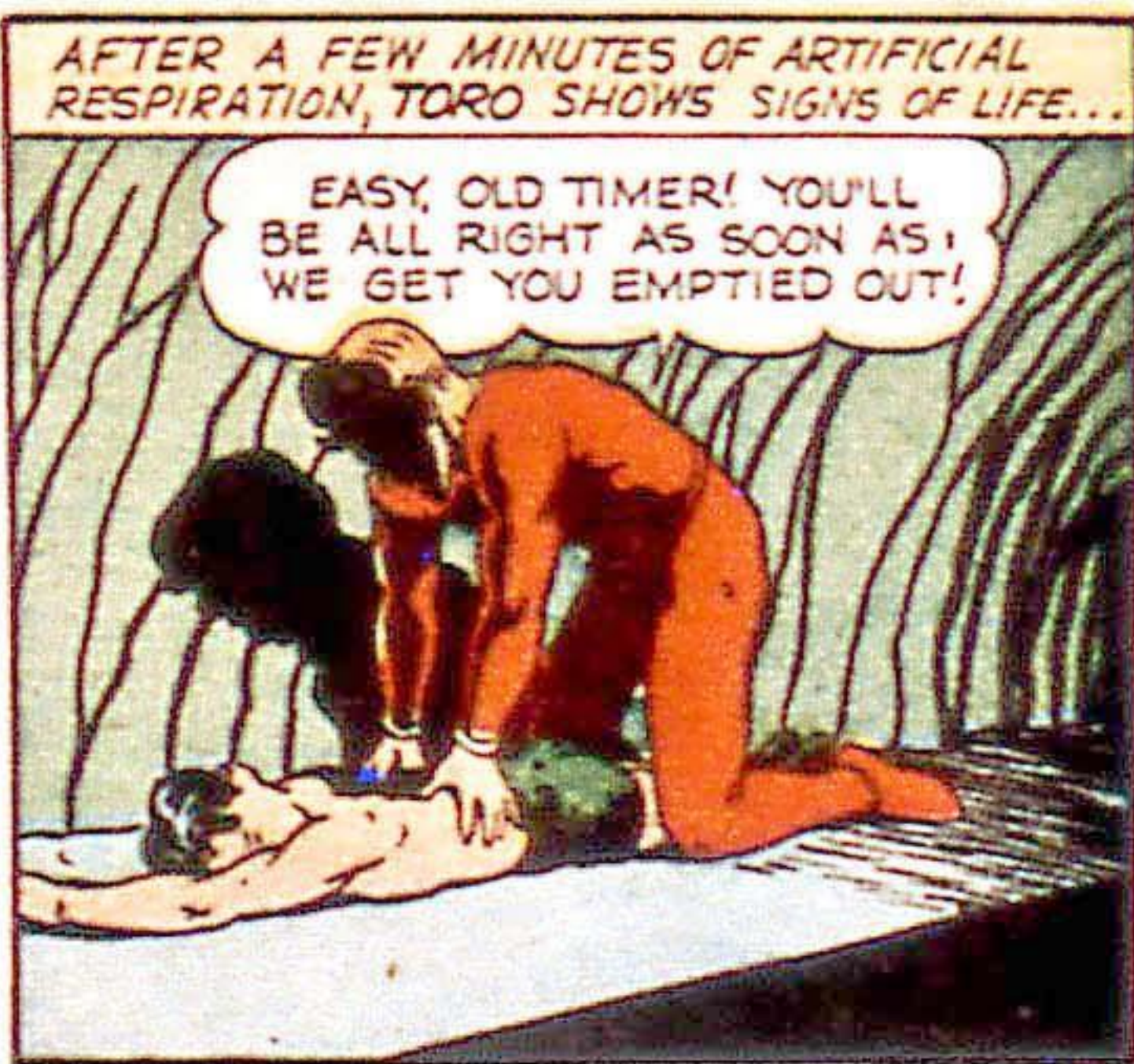
TORCH STRUGGLES AGAINST THE SWIFT CURRENT TOWARD THE EMBANKMENT.....

UHH... GOSH! NOW TO BRING YOU AROUND...



AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION, TORO SHOWS SIGNS OF LIFE...

EASY, OLD TIMER! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT AS SOON AS WE GET YOU EMPTIED OUT!



TORO RAISES HIS HEAD- TO SEE...

DUCK, TORO!

TOO BAD YOU WASTED ALL THAT EFFORT, TORCH!

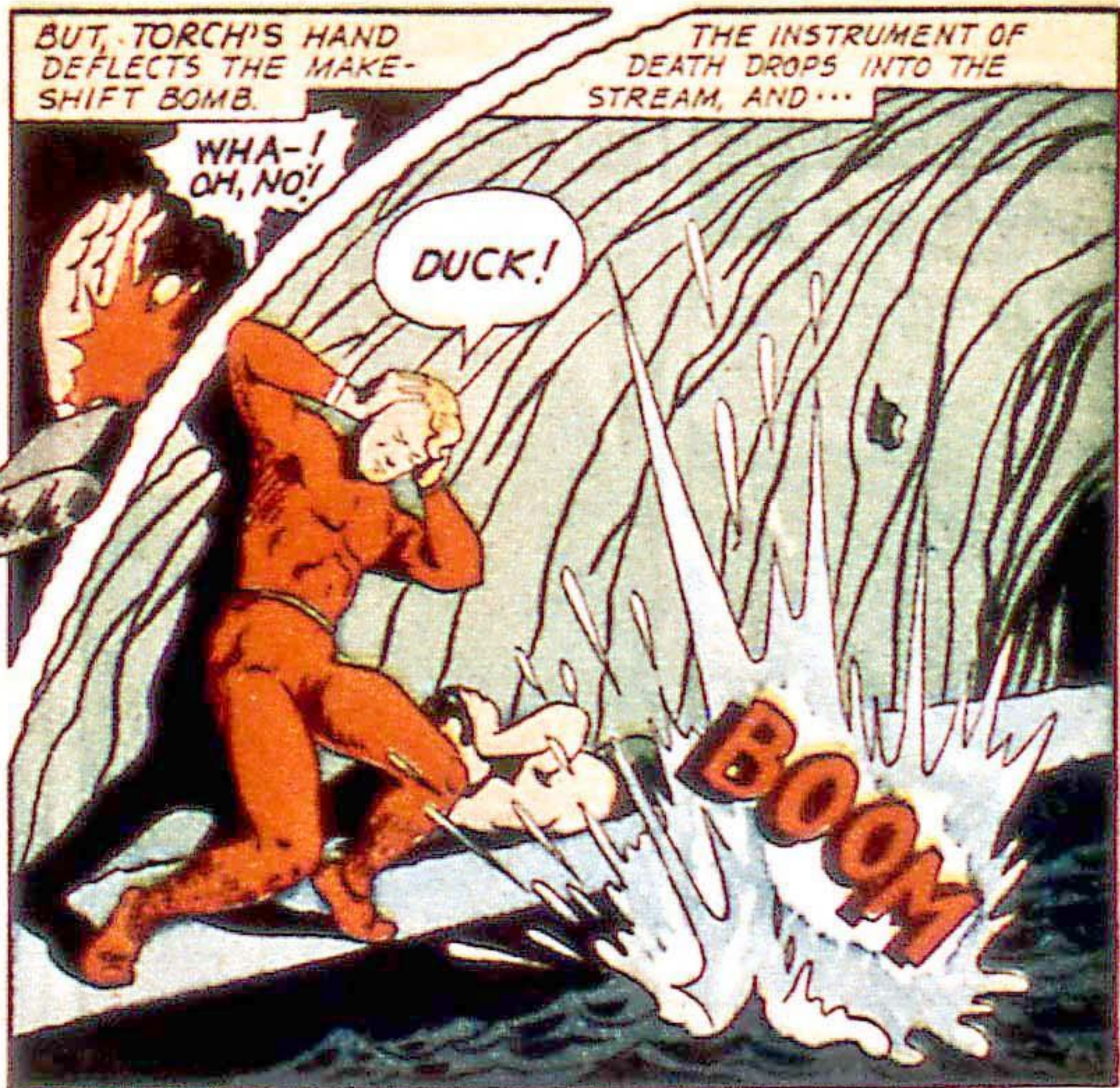


BUT, TORCH'S HAND DEFLECTS THE MAKE-SHIFT BOMB.

WHA-! OH, NO!

DUCK!

THE INSTRUMENT OF DEATH DROPS INTO THE STREAM, AND...



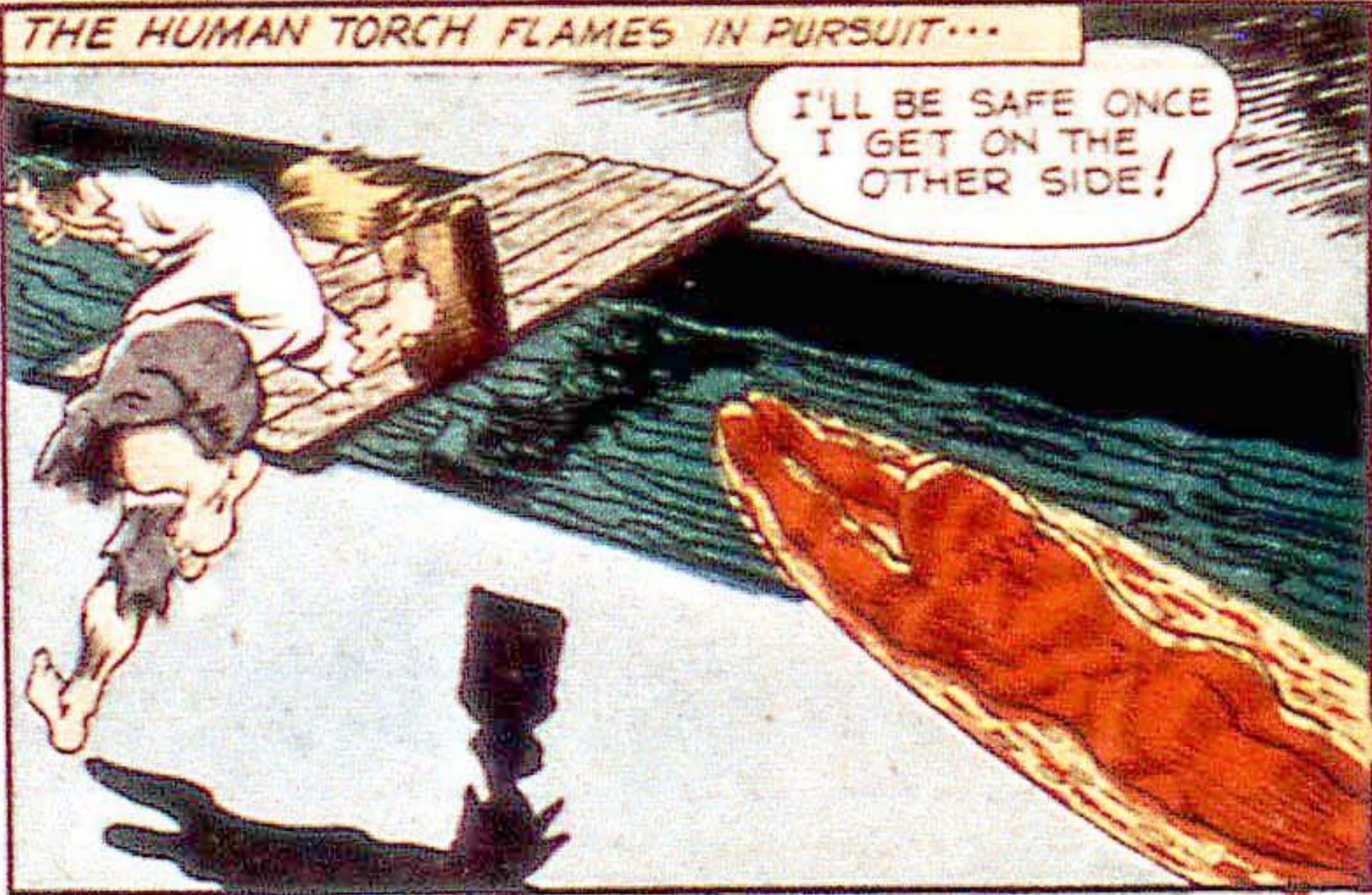
THE WEIRD CRIMINAL, SEEING HIS PLAN HAS FAILED, BECOMES FRANTIC AND ATTEMPTS TO FLEE WITH HIS LOOT!

ARE YOU OKAY, TORO?... THEN I'LL GET SLOPPY JOE!



THE HUMAN TORCH FLAMES IN PURSUIT...

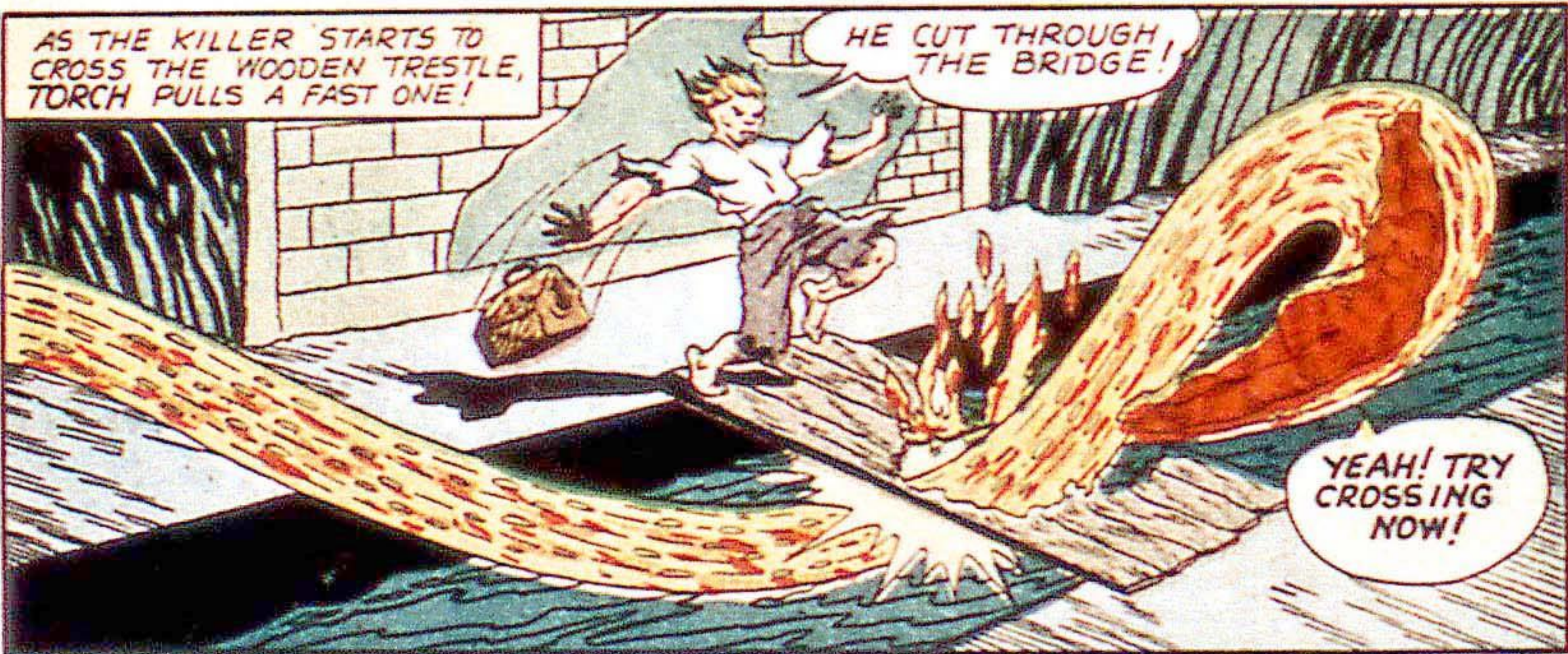
I'LL BE SAFE ONCE I GET ON THE OTHER SIDE!



AS THE KILLER STARTS TO CROSS THE WOODEN TRESTLE, TORCH PULLS A FAST ONE!

HE CUT THROUGH THE BRIDGE!

YEAH! TRY CROSSING NOW!



THE DERANGED MAN PLUNGES TO HIS DOOM!

AIEE! I CAN'T SWIM!

WELL, I'LL BE HANGED IF I'LL DIVE IN AGAIN TO SAVE YOU!



THE CURRENT TOOK HIM RIGHT OUT OF SIGHT, TORCH! HERE'S THE MONEY- IT DROPPED NEAR ME WHEN HE FELL!

THIS WILL SAVE THE STATE A LOT OF MONEY. HE WAS A MURDERER OF THE WORST SORT. ALL THOSE VICTIMS WERE KILLED INSTANTLY BY THAT SNAKE WHIP!



AND, DAYS LATER...

TORCH! THEY FOUND THE SEWER-MAN'S BODY. HE DROWNED, ALL RIGHT!

YEAH! IT WORKED OUT THE RIGHT WAY!



FOLLOW THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO BLAZING INTO ADVENTURE IN *Marvel Comics*

SWELL GUY

THE PARTY had been a huge success. Riding home from it the next morning William Cortlandt told himself that people were fools. Especially the Americans. He was glad, intensely glad, that he had sense enough to be far-sighted, to realize that a new order was sweeping the world, that before long there would be new ways of living, new forms of government, of . . . dictatorship. Perhaps not new entirely, but certainly world wide.

With the car put away in the big garage, Cortlandt let himself into the big mansion perched on the crest of the hill overlooking the river and the town below. Perhaps some day he would rule this world before him. Or this part of it at least. After all, he was to be of tremendous service to the coming order. He should be rewarded generously.

The house was silent, deserted save for the tall thin man who walked leisurely along the deeply carpeted hall, to the library. That was one of the things he prided himself upon . . . his willingness to sacrifice the luxuries of life for the pursuit of his ambition. He had no servants in his house. He had no relatives, no children, no

wife. He was alone. And yet **PORT."**

. . . someday he would be master.

The door bell blurred softly somewhere in the darkness, and with a frown of annoyance, Cortlandt stood up and walked out into the hall and along to the front door. Who could be calling at this time of the morning? Day light was just breaking. . . .

The boy on the porch was no more than half Cortlandt's height. He peered up at the tall man anxiously and, a smile of welcome spread over his small face gleaming dully in the semi-dark. Irritation twisted inside Cortlandt. . . .

"Saw your car coming up the road, Mr. Cortlandt," the boy said breathlessly. "Figured you'd want your paper—"

"I prefer not to be bothered," Cortlandt snapped harshly. "The ideal! Showing up at this time of the morning—"

"It's your paper!" There was unmistakable hurt in the small voice. "I thought—"

"Nonsense! I've been out. I must have some rest. When I want a paper I will buy it from you at the corner as usual!"

WILLIAM CORTLANDT closed the door and turned back into the library. He was tired. His body ached and his mind was dull. Perhaps he had been unduly harsh with the boy.

Cortlandt climbed the gracious stairs to the second floor and turned toward the back, into another room. It was twice the size of any ordinary room and in the center stood a huge desk. Cortlandt stood just inside the door, looking about him. His work-shop, his place of business, the hub of his world lay here before him. Slowly he advanced to the desk. A newspaper lay open there, a column marked with pencil.

"AMERICAN TROOPS EM-
B A R K FOR FOREIGN

Beneath was a further account of the troop movement and in spots it had been circled with red lead pencil. There were other clippings, clippings that had been carefully scrutinized, evaluated and marked. There were many such clippings here in Cortlandt's "office", many clippings on troop movements, on patents issued by the U. S. Government, clippings describing latest anti-aircraft guns, defense armor, explosives. His files were very complete, the thin man assured himself with a tight smile. He had missed nothing. It was his work, his contribution to the coming "change".

No one knew, Cortlandt told himself smugly. No one even guessed that he was other than the retired business man he professed to be. No one guessed that with the special shortwave sending set he had installed here, every item of important news, every descriptive piece on some new invention, some special explosive, was carefully sorted and . . . sent back to headquarters.

Below stairs the softly blurred note of the door bell caught Cortlandt's attention and hurriedly he left the room. He was not so tired any more. Thinking of his accomplishments, thinking of his rich reward had been like a tonic. Besides he had work to do. He must prepare another broadcast, must prove to his superior officers that he was worthy of his office.

"YOU AGAIN?" Cortlandt felt angry words at his tongue. "I thought I told you—"

"M-Mr. Cortlandt," Ted whispered. "I've got to talk to you. I've just got to! Please—"

William Cortlandt stepped grudgingly aside, closed the door behind his unwelcome visitor and led the way angrily into the

library.

"Now!" he said sharply. "Get it over with. Quick!"

"It's here," Ted whispered. "I—here on the front page—"

"Nothing but an account of the party," Cortlandt snapped, snatching the paper and spreading it on the desk. "What's so important about that?"

"Don't you see, Mr. Cortlandt?" Ted pleaded, brushing shaggy hair back from his eyes with an impatient thrust. "It—it's about you, sir. All about you! It—it's terribly important Mr. Cortlandt. It says you came up from the—the—"

"Ranks," Mr. Cortlandt snapped. "Well, what of it?"

"I—I don't know how to explain, sir. But you see—oh, it's so like me. You were just—just no one, sir. But you worked your way up. You became well known—it says here that you are a 'r-e-s-p-e-c-'"

"Respected citizen," William Cortlandt interrupted, his voice changing in tone and shade, softening perceptibly.

"That's it, sir." Ted leaned against the arm of a chair, his small face shining with suppressed excitement. "That's just it! I've got to know how you did it, sir. Because I—I've got to do the same thing. I—"

Cortlandt turned aside. Once more he felt tired, felt as if a great weight rested upon his shoulders, one he wasn't quite able to carry.

"You know all about everything," the youngster stated proudly. "And I've got to know. I don't want to be a newspaper boy all my life. I want to do things. Great things. Like you!"

Cortlandt laughed softly. It wasn't quite a convincing sound and for a moment he dared not turn around, for fear the boy might see and read the truth upon his face. The truth that what Ted was saying hurt. Hurt deeply, penetratingly.

TED SAID, "You can tell me about everything, Mr. Cortlandt. Nobody else knows for sure. Nobody seems to understand—"

"What do you want to know, Ted?"

"Oh — everything. Like—like the war and all, sir. About the people over there. The papers tell about it and I've read 'em all. I've tried to understand but I don't know what to believe!"

Cortlandt asked uncertainly. "What is it you don't understand?"

"The killings and all, sir. The way they shoot people for . . . nothing! The retal—retal—"

"Retaliatory killings!" Cortlandt's mouth was dry. "Yes, there are such things!"

"M-mass murders! And the children, sir, the mothers—"

"I—I've never thought much about that, Ted," Cortlandt confessed. He sat down. His thin legs didn't seem equal to the task of supporting him. Once again he felt very tired. "I've never given that angle much thought. It's disagreeable. . . ."

"Yes, sir. It is." Ted drew near, leaning against the arm of the chair, eyes fixed upon the thin face before him. "And it is true? Men doing things like that. For—nothing! How can they, sir? Why do they do such things?"

Cortlandt said slowly, "I . . . don't . . . know . . ." Cortlandt closed his eyes. His world seemed suddenly shabby and cold about him, future conquests uninteresting. But why should he let a mere child ruin his life for him, alter the course of his career?

"You were born here, sir. In America. Weren't you?"

"Yes," Cortlandt said dully. "Here . . . in America. But I have . . . traveled extensively, Ted. I have lived all over the world. In France and Spain, in

England and in . . . Germany!"

"Yes, sir. So I knew you'd know about them!"

Cortlandt nodded tiredly. "Yes, I know about them. Although . . . I never stopped to think much. It was something—well, sometimes in this world Ted, there are things one prefers not to consider. They are—wicked, cruel, painful. . . ."

"I want to be like you, Mr. Cortlandt," Ted murmured softly.

"I have little, Ted. Look about you. An empty house. A few bits of furniture—"

"People respect you. I've listened to them all over town. And the paper says so. Right here!"

"Yes, yes. I know. But people can be wrong—"

Ted asked, "What is best for me to do? How shall I begin?"

Cortlandt drew a deep breath. "Later, Ted. You come back . . . this afternoon. We will talk then. You and I. We'll decide what is best for you. And for me. We'll make our plans and carry them out together. Will that do?"

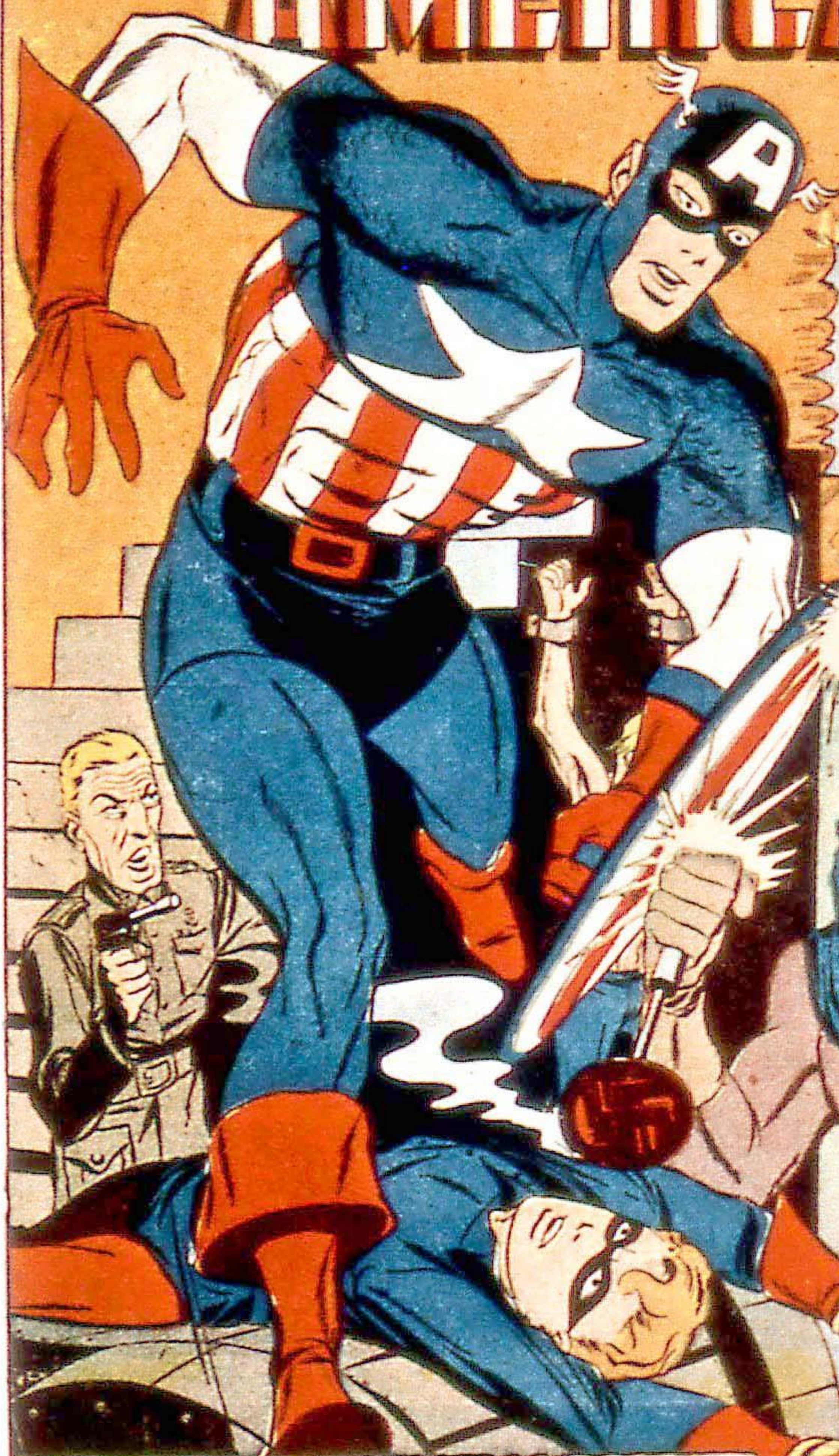
"Oh, of course, sir." Ted thrust out a small, moist hand. "That'll be . . . jake!"

CORTLANDT CLOSED the door, stood for a moment with closed eyes. Life had been empty for him. But life was only half done. He still had a chance for some of the things which, underneath, he'd always longed for, really wanted. Perhaps it was not too late.

Slowly he mounted the stairs. He walked into his "office" tensing his muscles carefully. It wouldn't take long. It would be but the work of a few hours to destroy his files, the transmitting set. Perhaps he could measure up yet, measure up in the eyes of a small boy who thought he was . . . swell!

The End.

CAPTAIN AMERICA



OFF ON THE MOST DANGEROUS
ADVENTURE OF THEIR LIVES -
CAPTAIN AMERICA
and **BUCKY**
COMBINE WITH FRENCH
SLAVE LABOR TO BLOT
OUT THE CURSE OF THE
SWASTIKA!

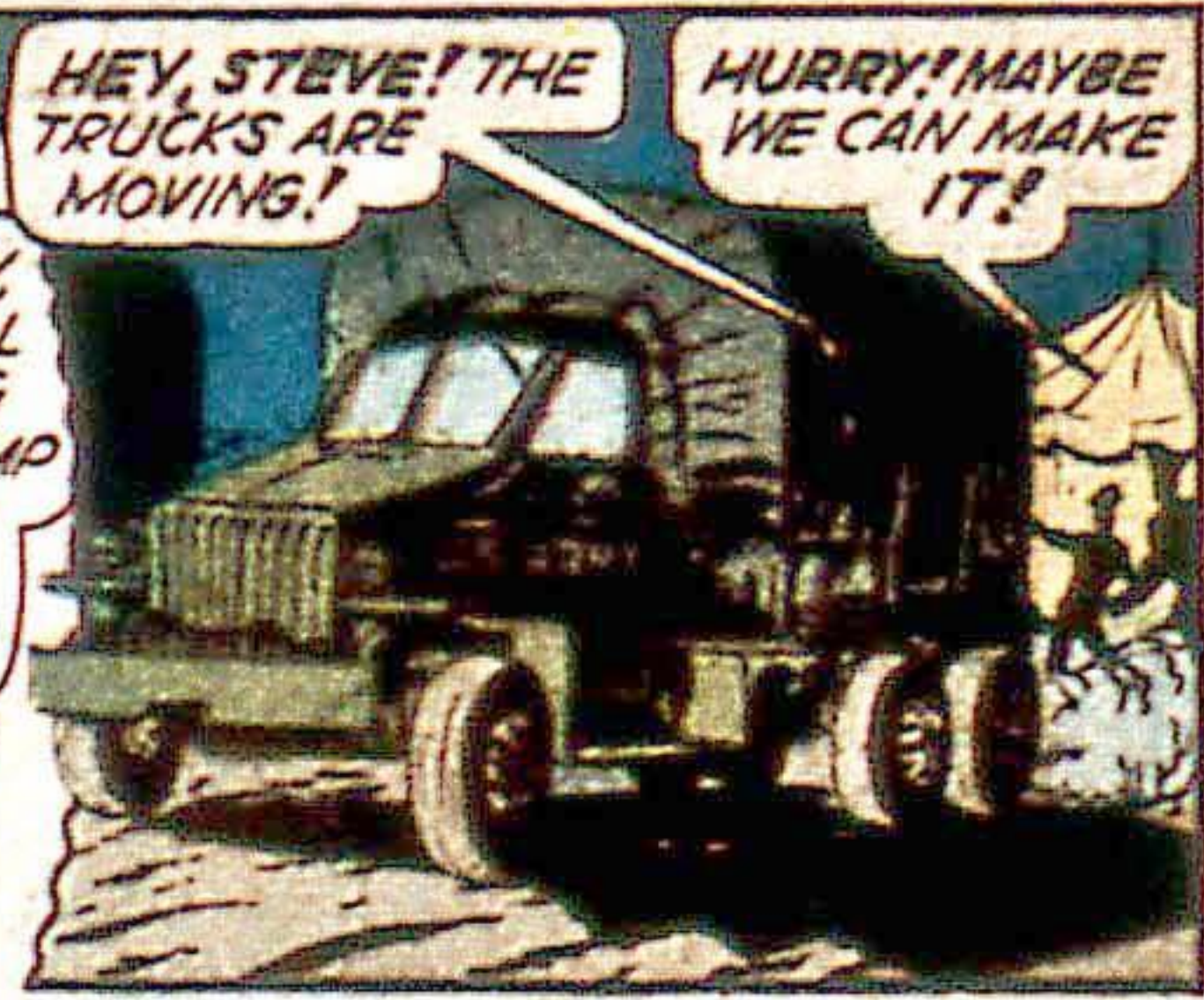
BLITZKRIEG TO BERLIN!



OUR STORY OPENS AT A U.S.O. CIRCUS SHOW BEING GIVEN FOR THE MEN IN THE ARMED FORCES ---

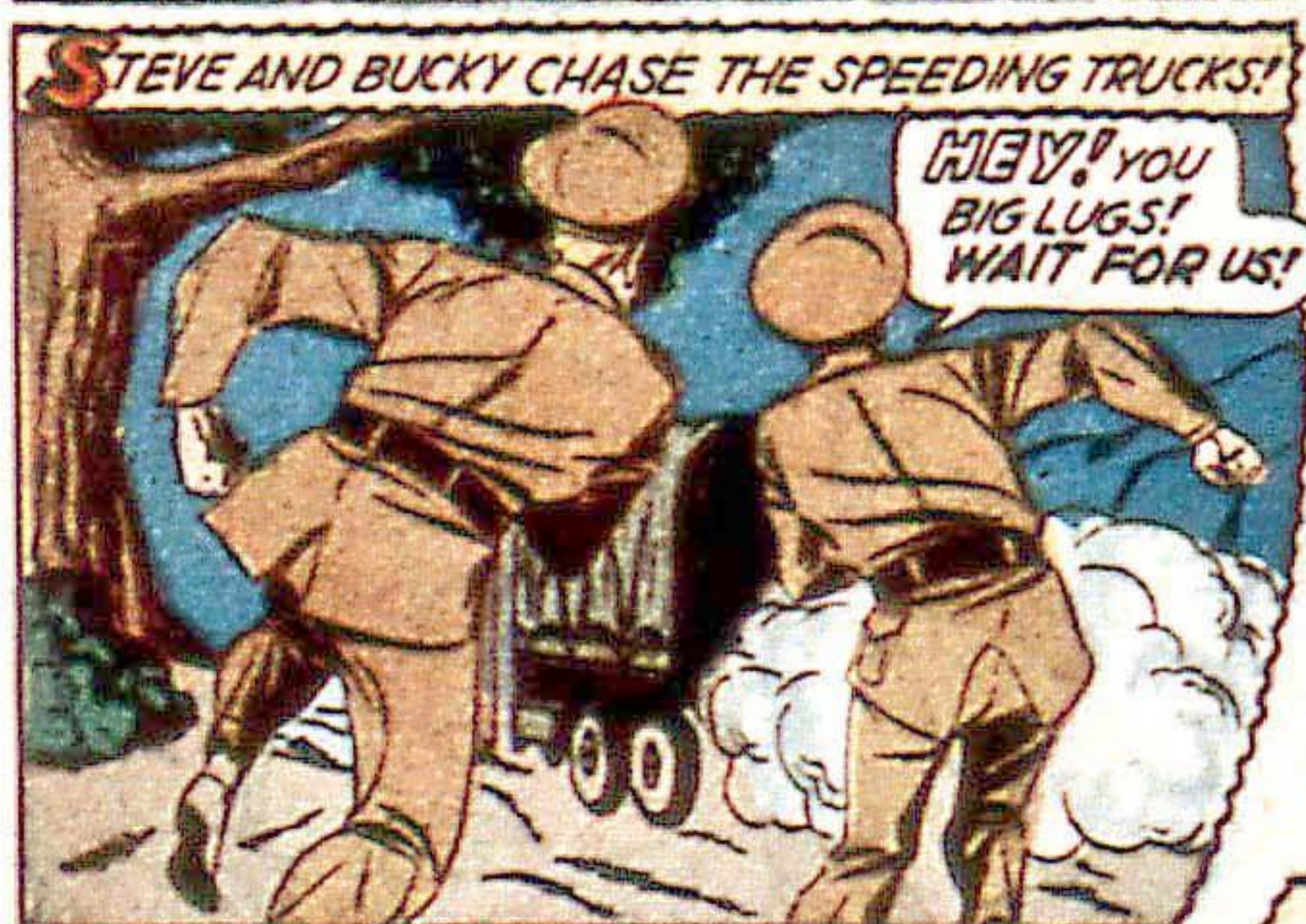
THAT WAS A PRETTY SWELL SHOW, EH, STEVE?

RIGHT, KID! SAY, THE TRUCKS WILL BE STARTING BACK TO CAMP SOON! WE BETTER HURRY!



HEY, STEVE! THE TRUCKS ARE MOVING!

HURRY! MAYBE WE CAN MAKE IT!



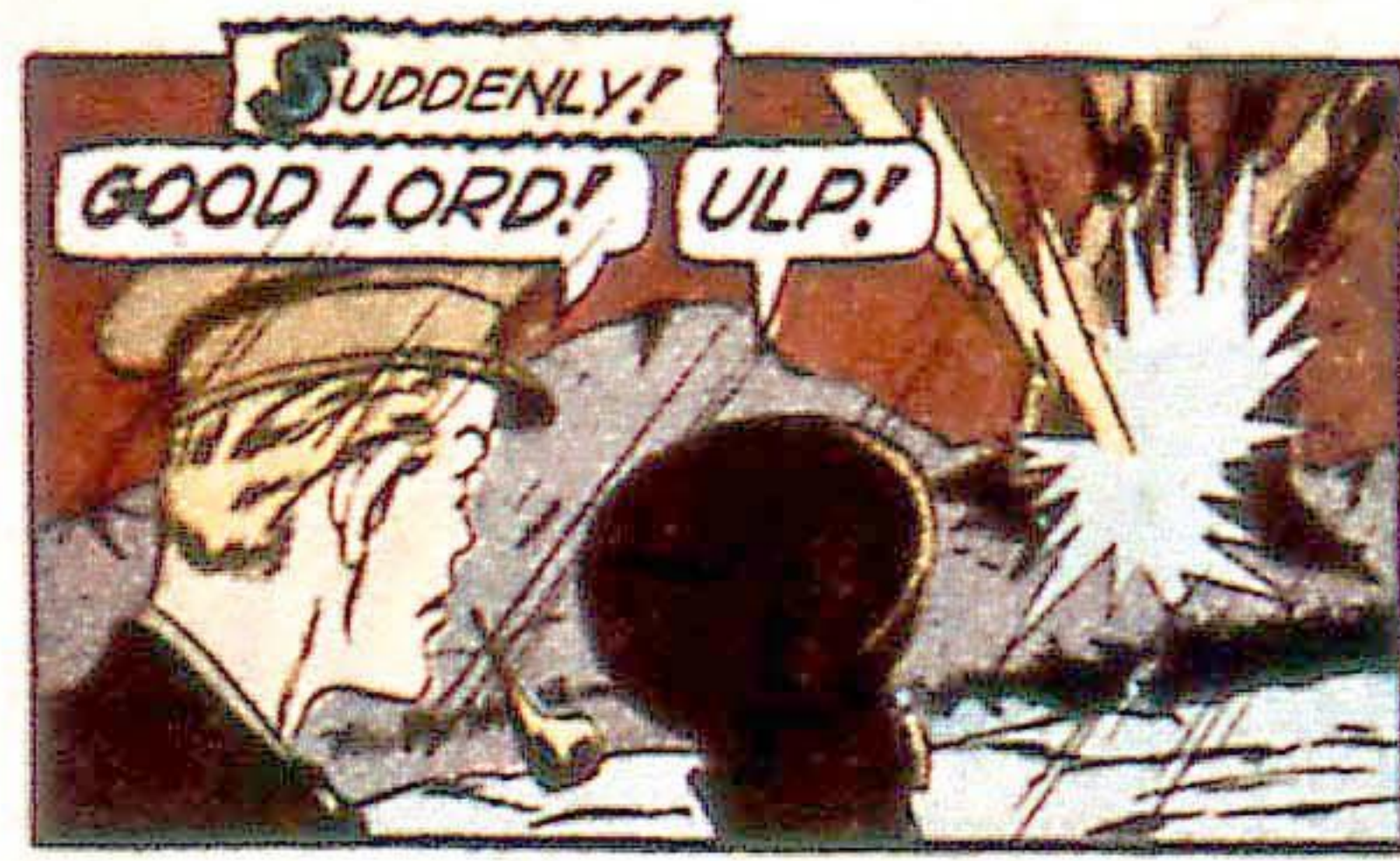
STEVE AND BUCKY CHASE THE SPEEDING TRUCKS!

HEY! YOU BIG LUGS! WAIT FOR US!



AFTER A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CATCH THE SPEEDING TRUCKS, STEVE AND BUCKY TAKE TO WALKING ---

I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU'RE SO HAPPY ABOUT! IT LOOKS LIKE A STORM IS BREWING!



SUDDENLY!

GOOD LORD!

ULP!



THE STARTLED PAIR RACE DOWN THE ROAD!

QUICK, BUCKY! HEAD FOR THAT HOUSE!

OKAY, STEVE-- I'LL BEAT YOU THERE!



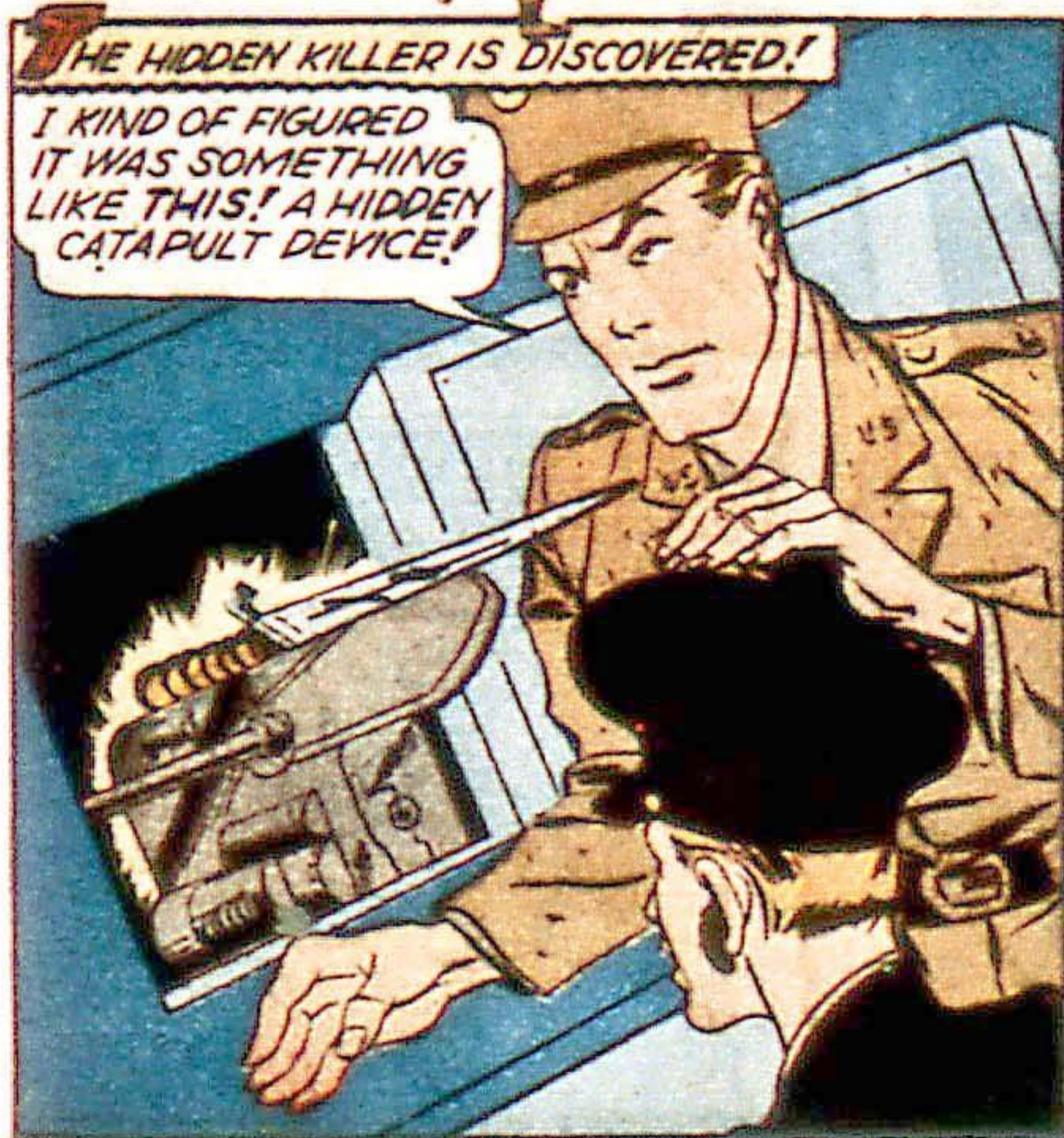
IT ISN'T LIKE HOME, BUT--

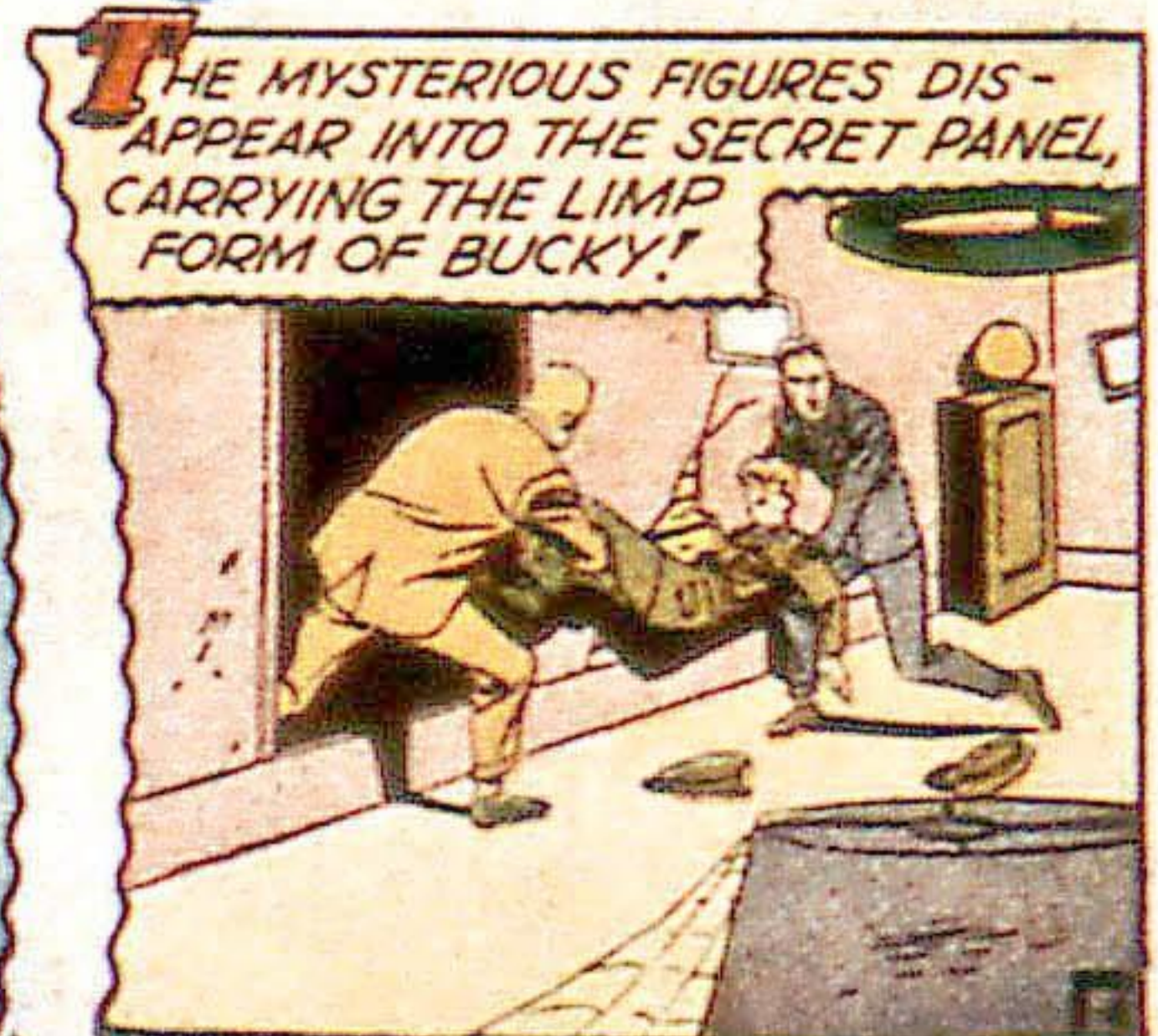
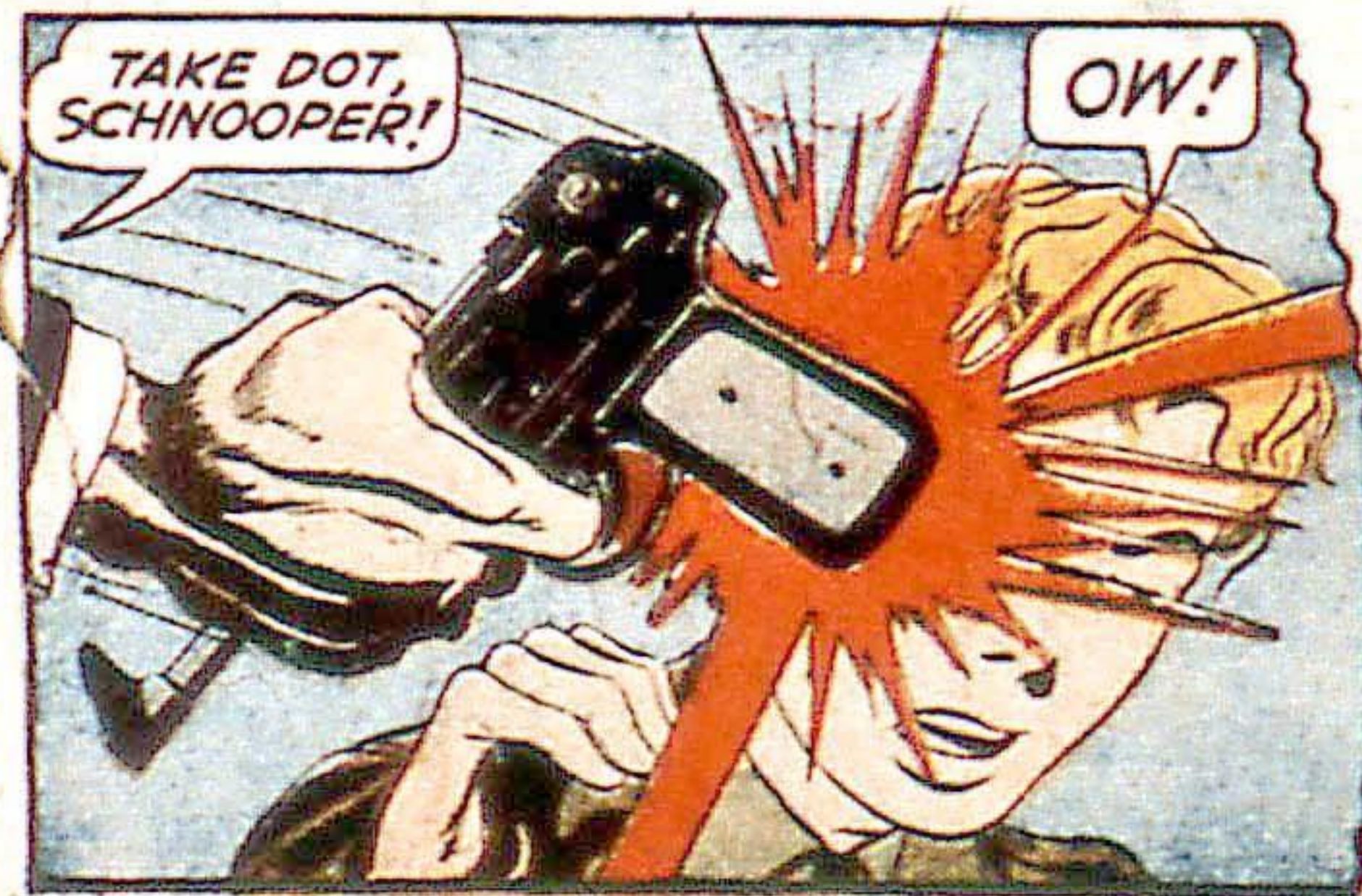
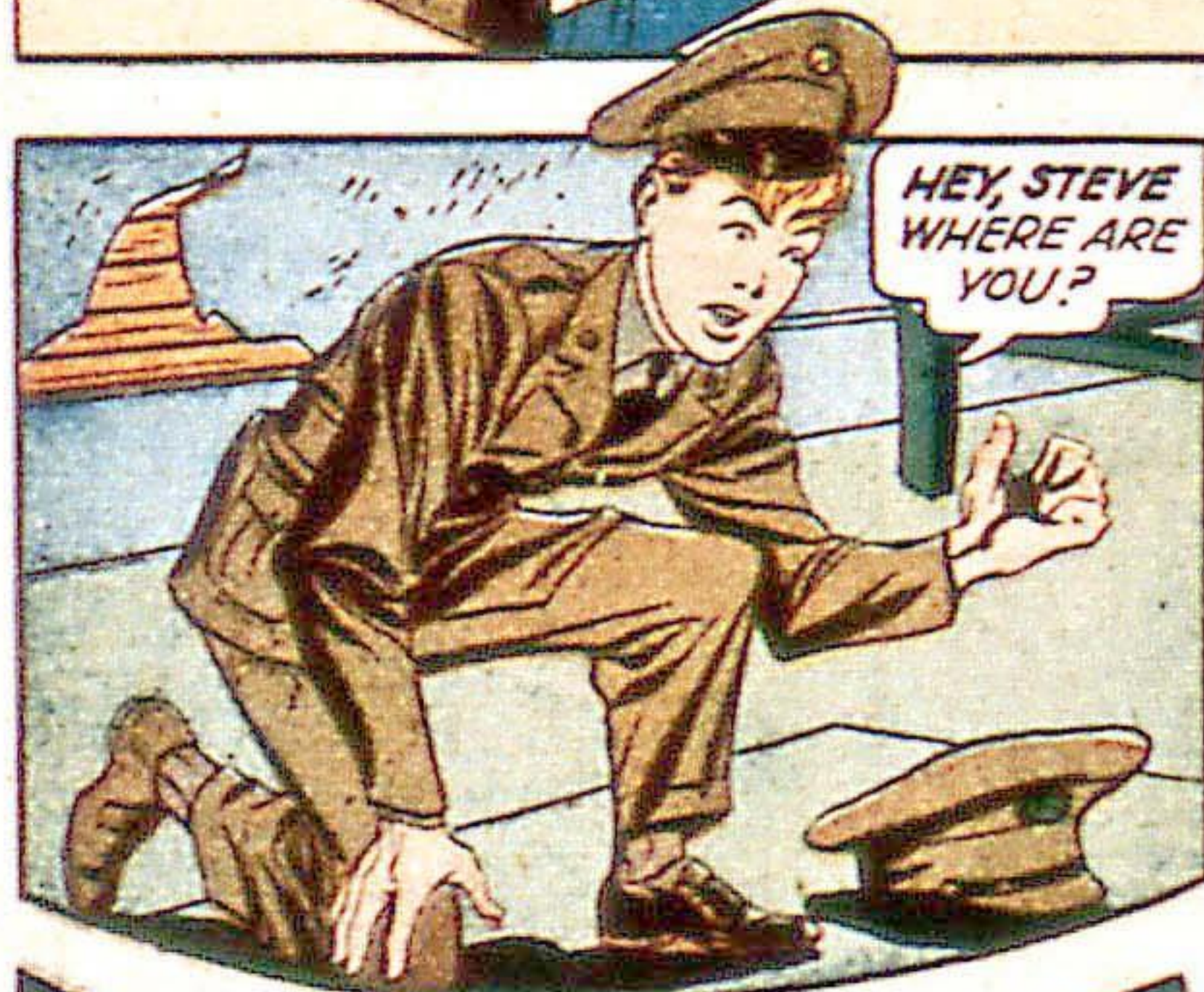
COME ON--LET'S GO IN! I'M DRIPPIN' WET!



AS STEVE OPENS THE DOOR---

WHAT IN--?





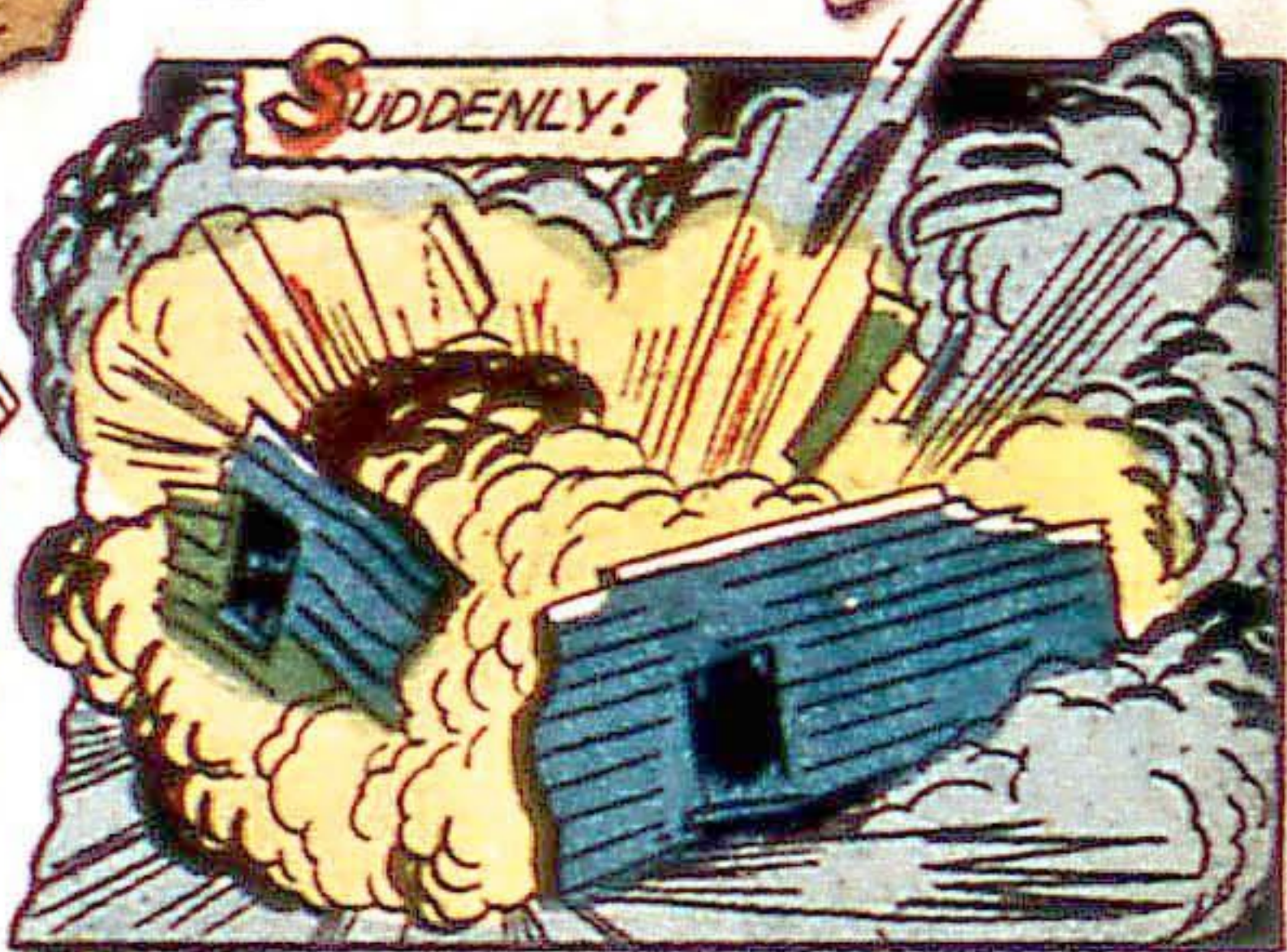


QUICKLY, BUCKY GNAWS AWAY AT STEVE'S BONDS!



WITH HIS HANDS FREE, STEVE QUICKLY THROWS BUCKY OVER HIS SHOULDER AND MAKES FOR THE STAIRCASE!

HURRY, STEVE! IT'S DUE ANY SECOND!



JUST MADE IT!

WOW! I FEEL LIKE A PANCAKE!



AFTER CHANGING TO THEIR FIGHTING REGALIA -- CAP AND BUCKY RACE DOWN THE ROAD!

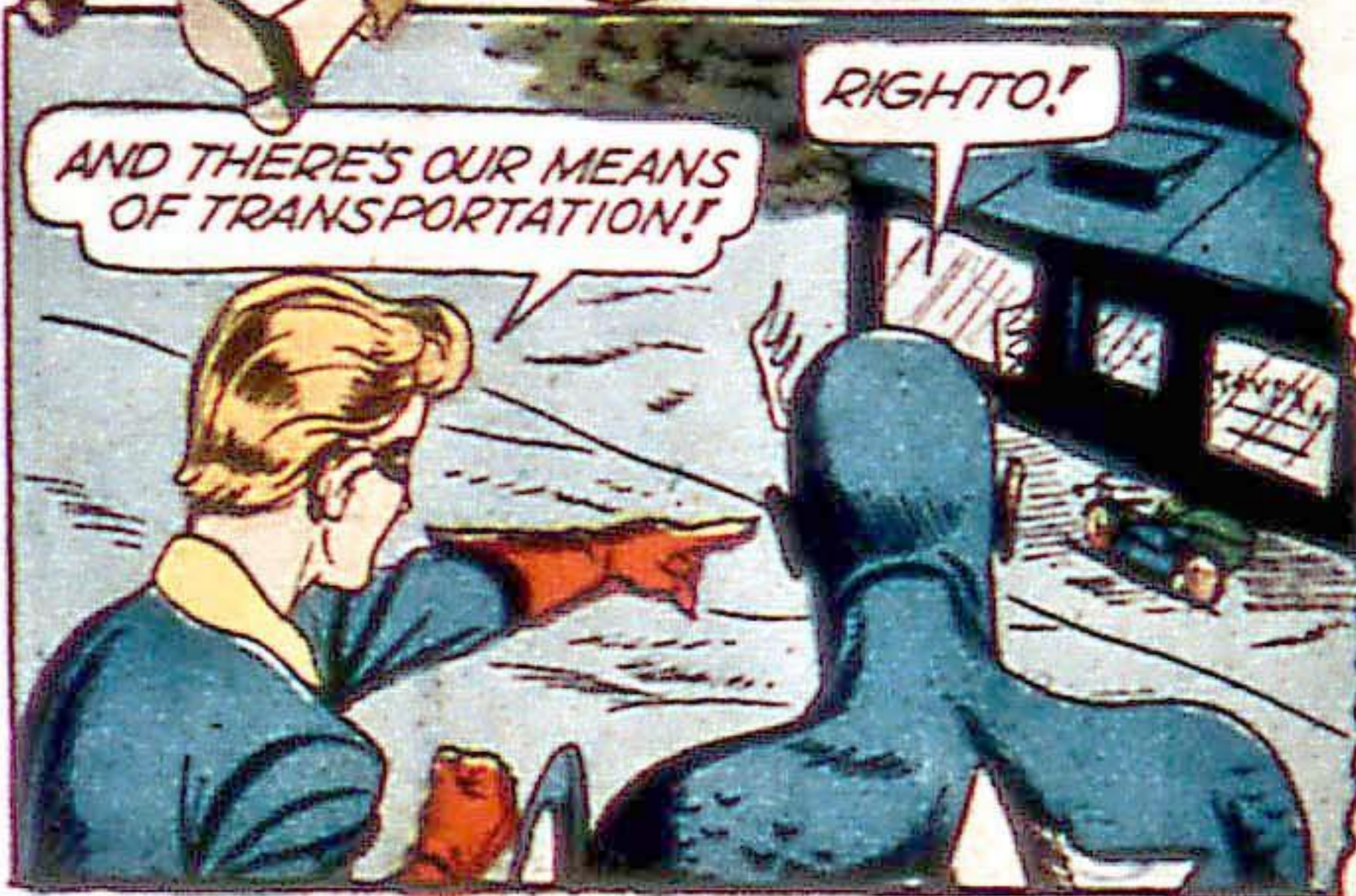
YEAH, THE RATZIS SAID THEY WERE GOING TO MEET THE SUB OUT ON LONG ISLAND!

WE BETTER GET OUT THERE-- FAST!



AND THERE'S OUR MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION!

RIGHTO!



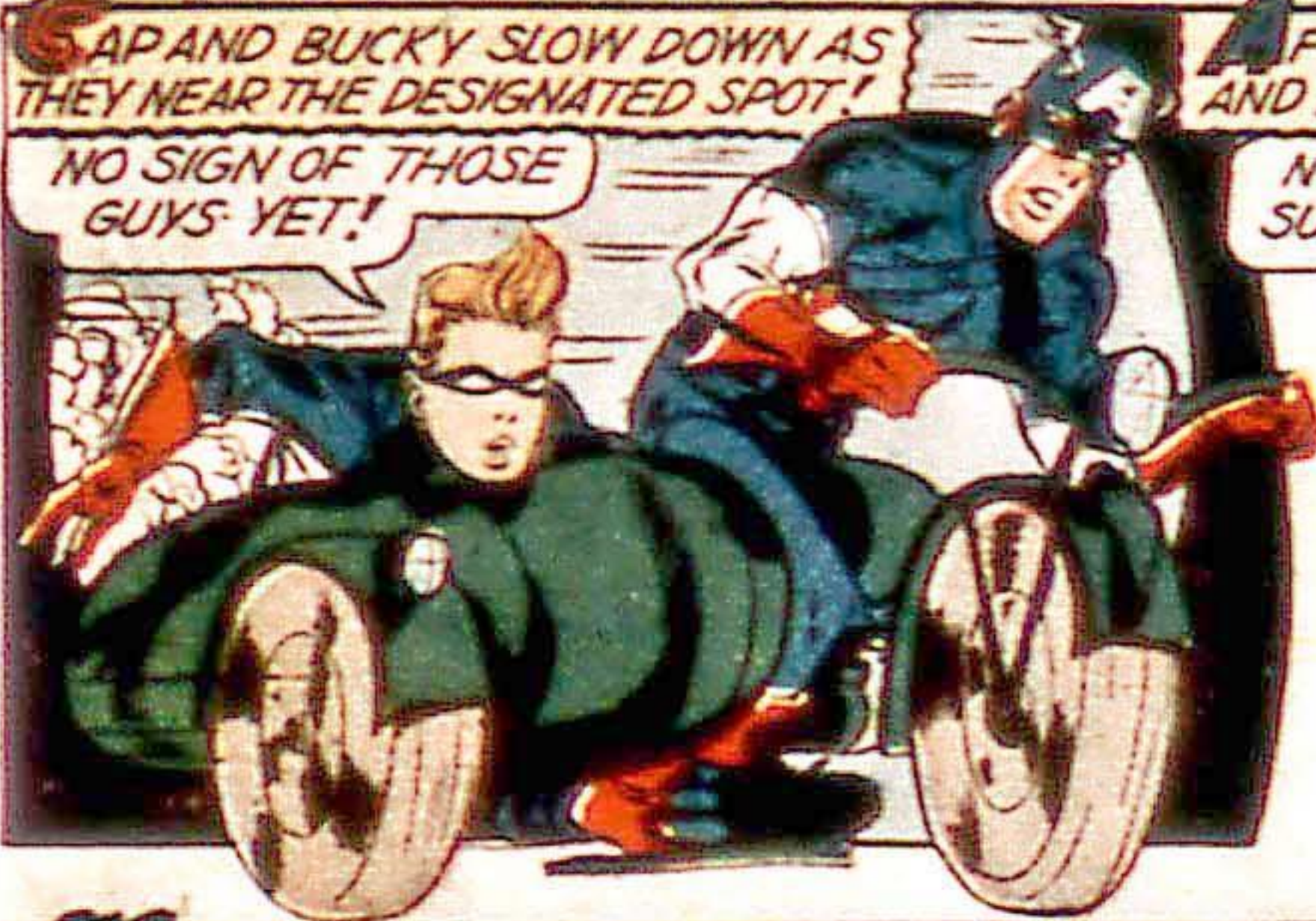
QUICKLY-- CAP AND BUCKY HOP ON THE MOTORCYCLE AND HEAD FOR THEIR DESTINATION!

HANG ON, BUCKY!



CAP AND BUCKY SLOW DOWN AS THEY NEAR THE DESIGNATED SPOT!

NO SIGN OF THOSE GUYS YET!



AFTER DISPOSING OF THE MOTORCYCLE, CAP AND BUCKY CONTINUE THEIR SEARCH OF NAZIS!

NO SIGN OF THE SUB OR SPY RING!

IT'S GETTING DARK! THEY'LL SHOW UP ANY MINUTE!



WITHOUT WARNING, A DARK SHAPE EMERGES FROM THE WATERY DEEP!



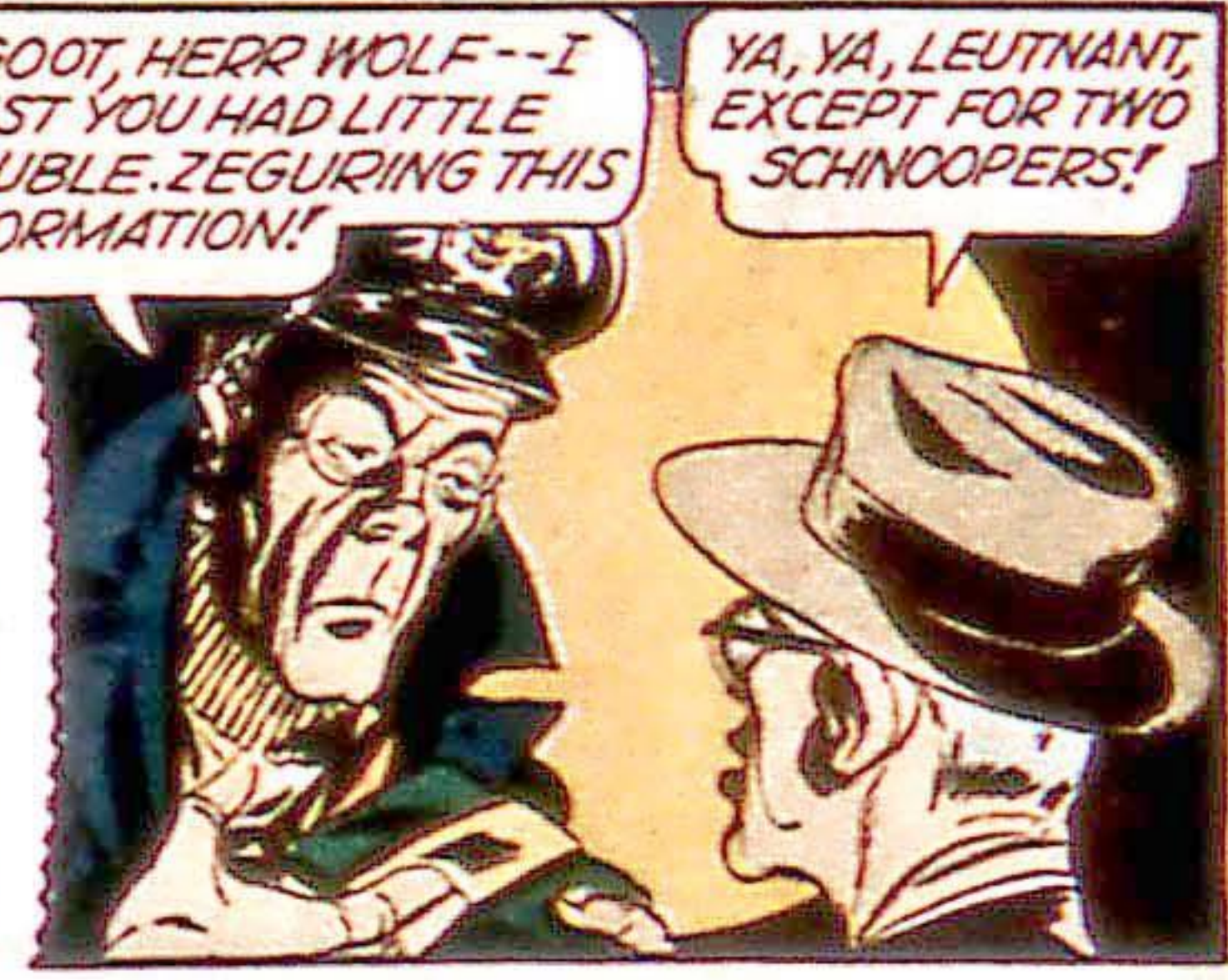
HEIL HITLER!

HEIL HITLER!



GOOT, HERR WOLF--I TRUST YOU HAD LITTLE TROUBLE ZEGURING THIS INFORMATION!

YA, YA, LEUTNANT, EXCEPT FOR TWO SCHNOOPERS!



CAP AND BUCKY DIVE FOR THE NAZIS!

HERE WE COME-- READY OR NOT!

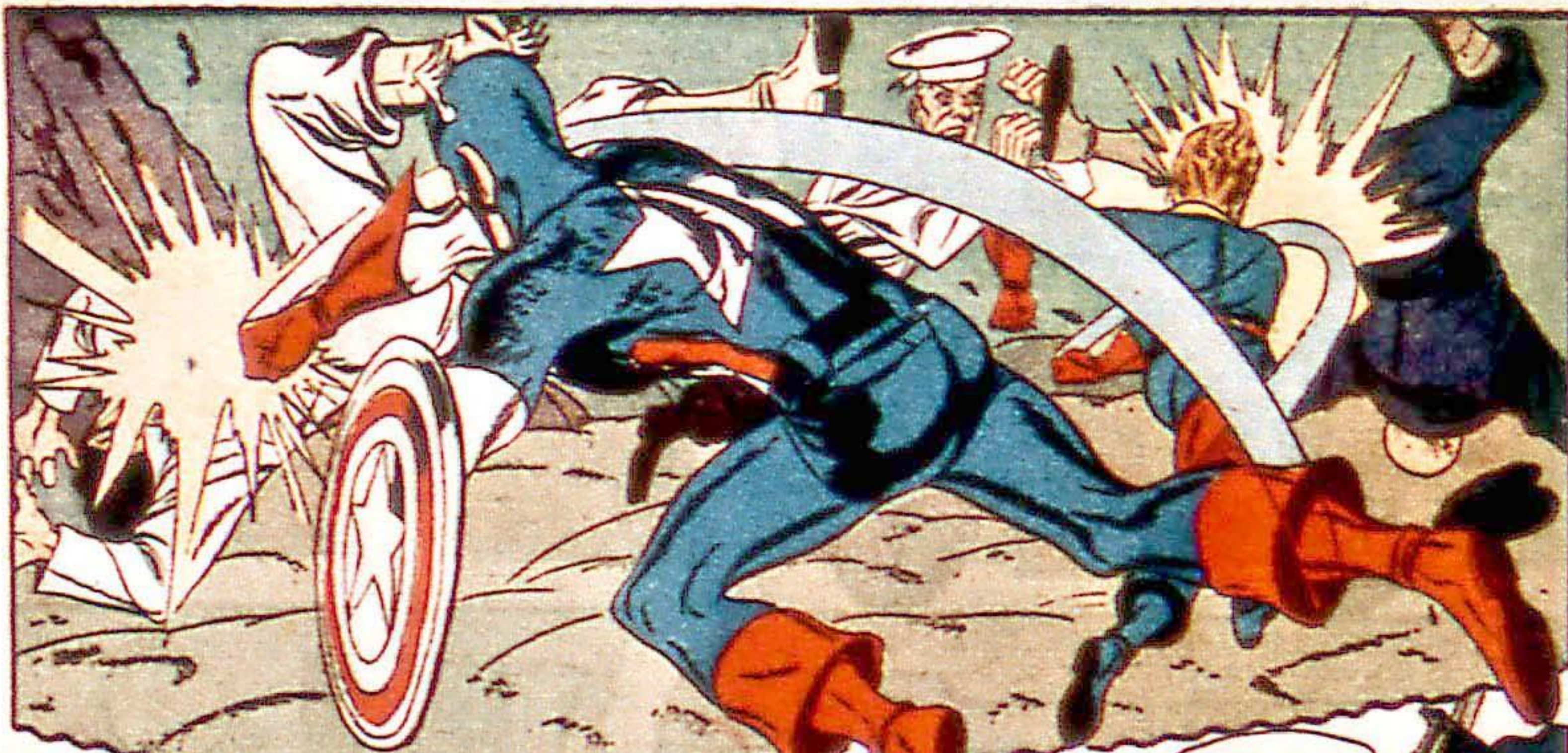
GANGWAY!

HIMMEL! VOTT ISS! CAPTAIN AMERICA!



HIYA, SAUR-KRAUT! WHATTAYA HEAR FROM THE MOB?





AMERICA'S FIGHTING DUO
ARE FINALLY OVERCOME BY
FORCE OF NUMBERS!



ACH, VOT VILD MEN! VE VILL
TAKE DEM TO DER FEUHRER,
VERE DEY VILL BE
TAUGHT OBEDIENCE!

JAWOHL,
MEIN
KAPITAN!



MUCH, MUCH LATER-- IN GERMANY--
GOOT EVENING CHENTLEMEN! I HAFF
SCHPLENDID NEWS FOR YOU -- IN VUN
HOUR YOU VILL MEET DER FEUHRER! I
HOPE YOU CAN WAIT DOT
LONG! HA! HA!



SEVERAL SAILORS RUSH IN AS THE CAPTAIN BELLOWS AN ORDER!

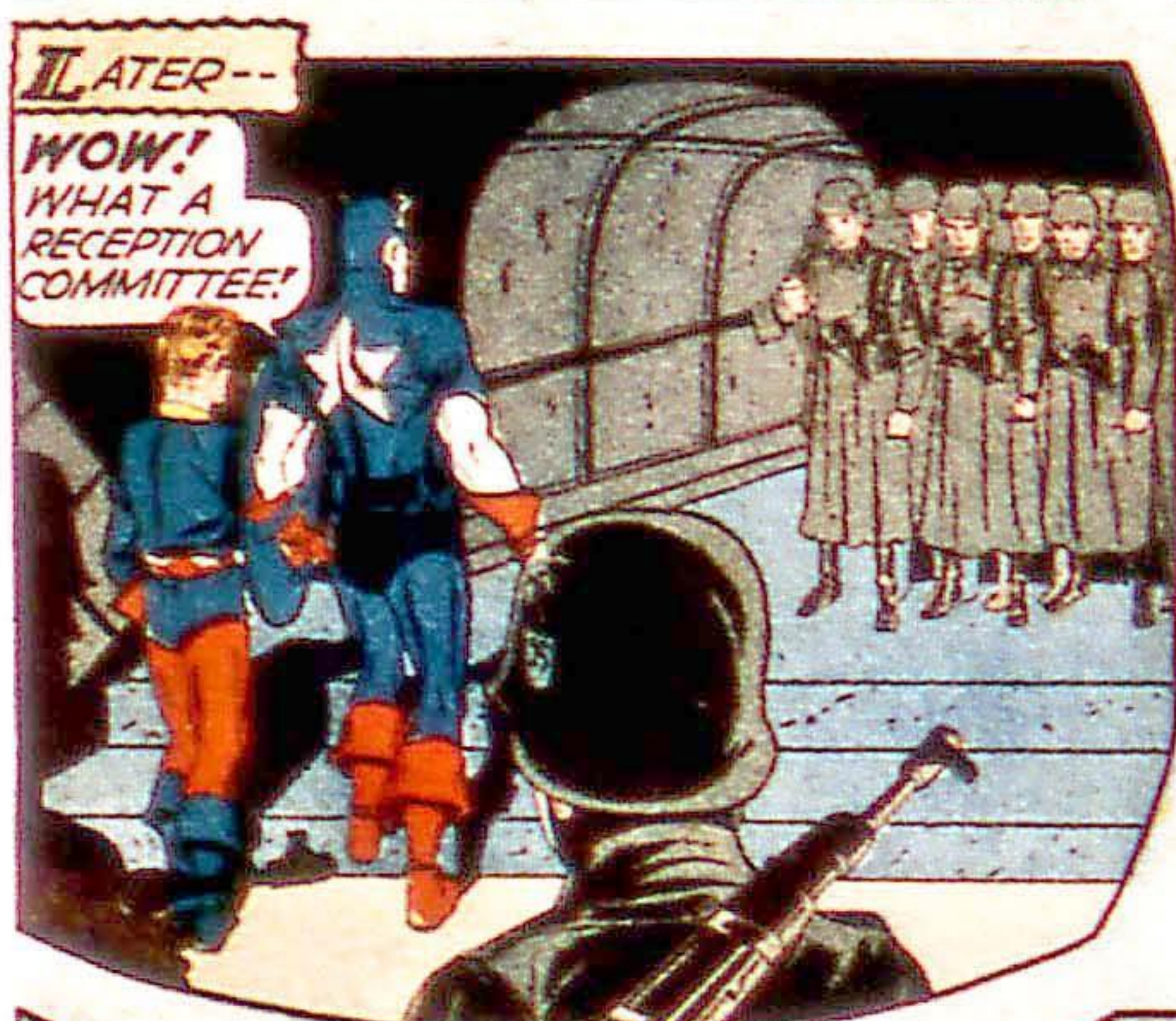
QUICK, DUMKOPFS! BRING DEM UP TO DER STAFF CAR!

JAWOHL!



CAP AND BUCKY ARE THROWN INTO A STAFF CAR WHICH HEADS FOR THE FEUHRER'S CASTLE ---

JUST IMAGINE, BUCKY, WE'VE TRAVELED ALL THIS WAY AND IT HASN'T COST US A DIME!



LATER--

WOW! WHAT A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!



BOY! SOME CLASSY DUMP!



THE DYNAMIC DUO IS BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH THE FEUHRER!

AH! CHENTLEMEN, I AM HONORED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE! TSK, TSK, IT IS SORROWFUL TO THINK THAT SUCH A BRILLIANT, SUCCESSFUL CAREER AS YOURS MUST COME TO AN END! YES-- TIME AND TIME AGAIN, YOU HAVE UPSET MY PLANS, BUT NOW I HAVE YOU IN MY POWER, AND AS YOU MAY HAVE GUESSED, YOUR DEATH WON'T BE AN EASY ONE!

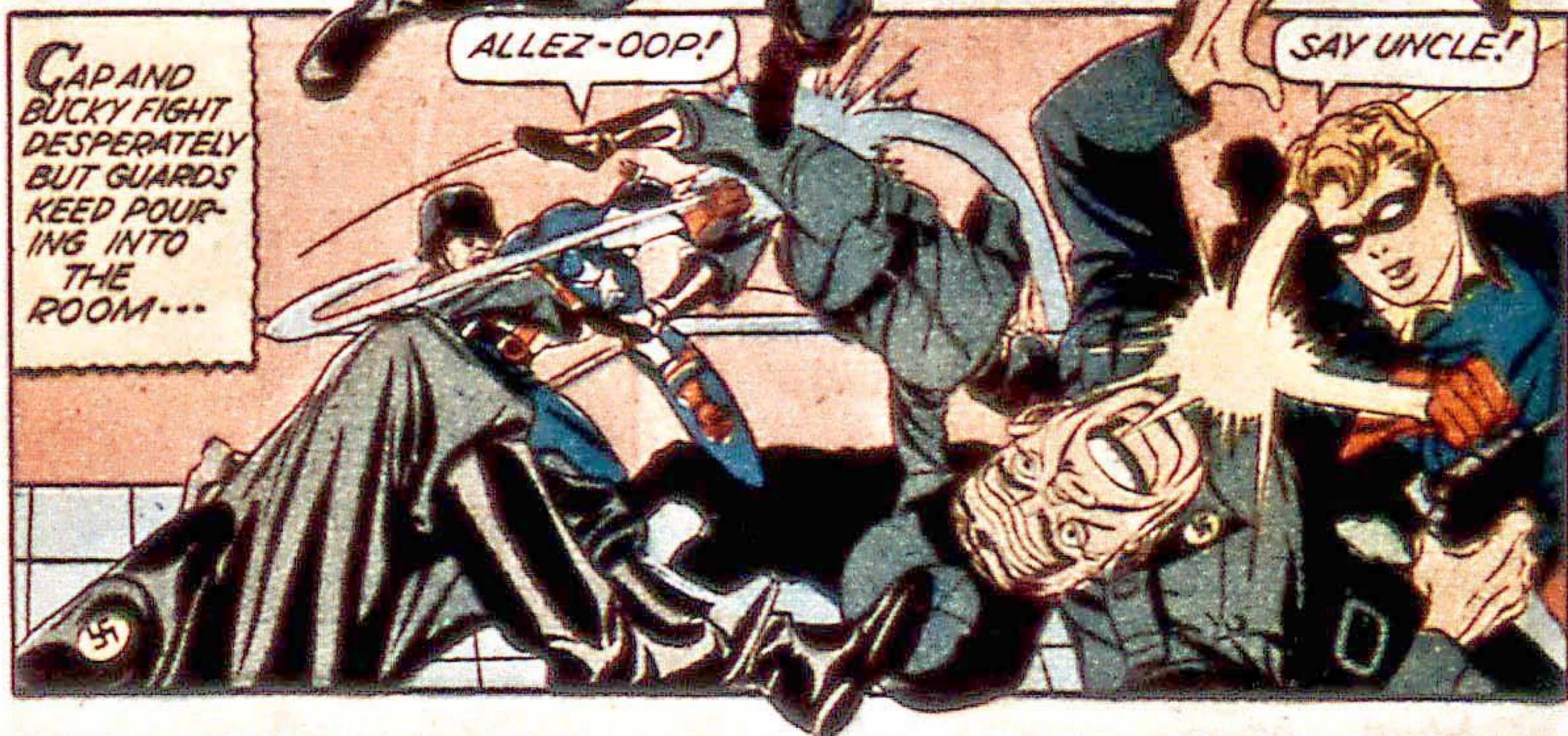


SUDDENLY!

YEAH-- WELL, THIS ROUND ISN'T OVER YET!

EVERY AMERICAN HAS DREAMED OF A CHANCE TO GIVE YOU ONE OF THESE!

HELP!





QUICK, BUCKY! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM LATER!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

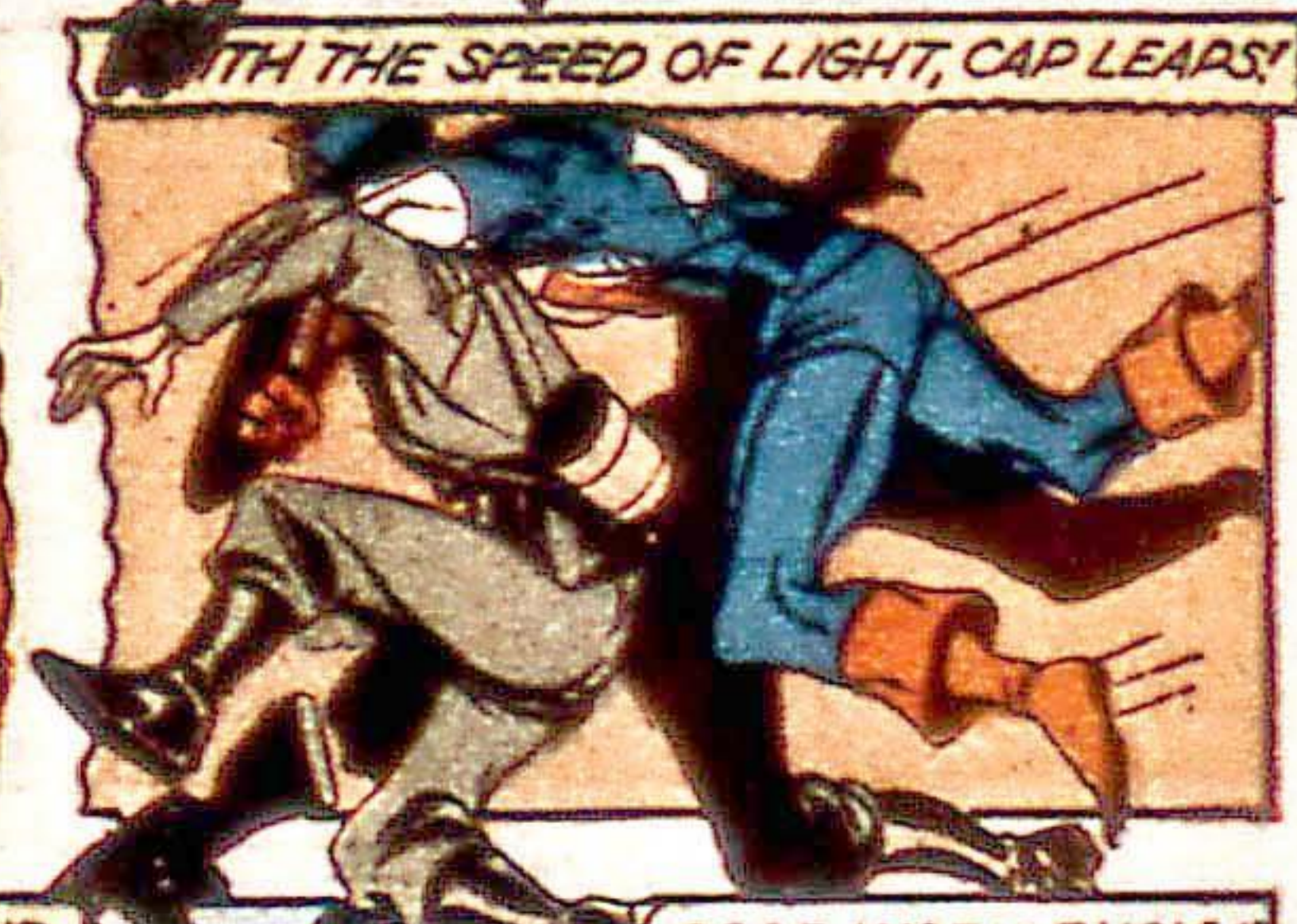
WHEW! SAFE FOR AWHILE!

WONDER WHERE THIS LEADS TO?



AS THEY DESCEND A WINDING STAIRCASE---

SH, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO!



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, CAP LEADS!



AFTER OVERPOWERING THE GUARDS, AND DONNING THEIR UNIFORMS, CAP AND BUCKY PROCEED DOWN THE CORRIDOR!

BOY! THIS UNIFORM IS A PERFECT FIT

BUCKY, LOOK WHAT'S AHEAD! WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THEM FIRST!



GOOD WORK, BUCKY! I'LL TAKE THIS ONE!



QUICKLY--CAP FINDS THE SWITCH WHICH OPENS THE GREAT STEEL DOOR WHICH BARS THEIR WAY!

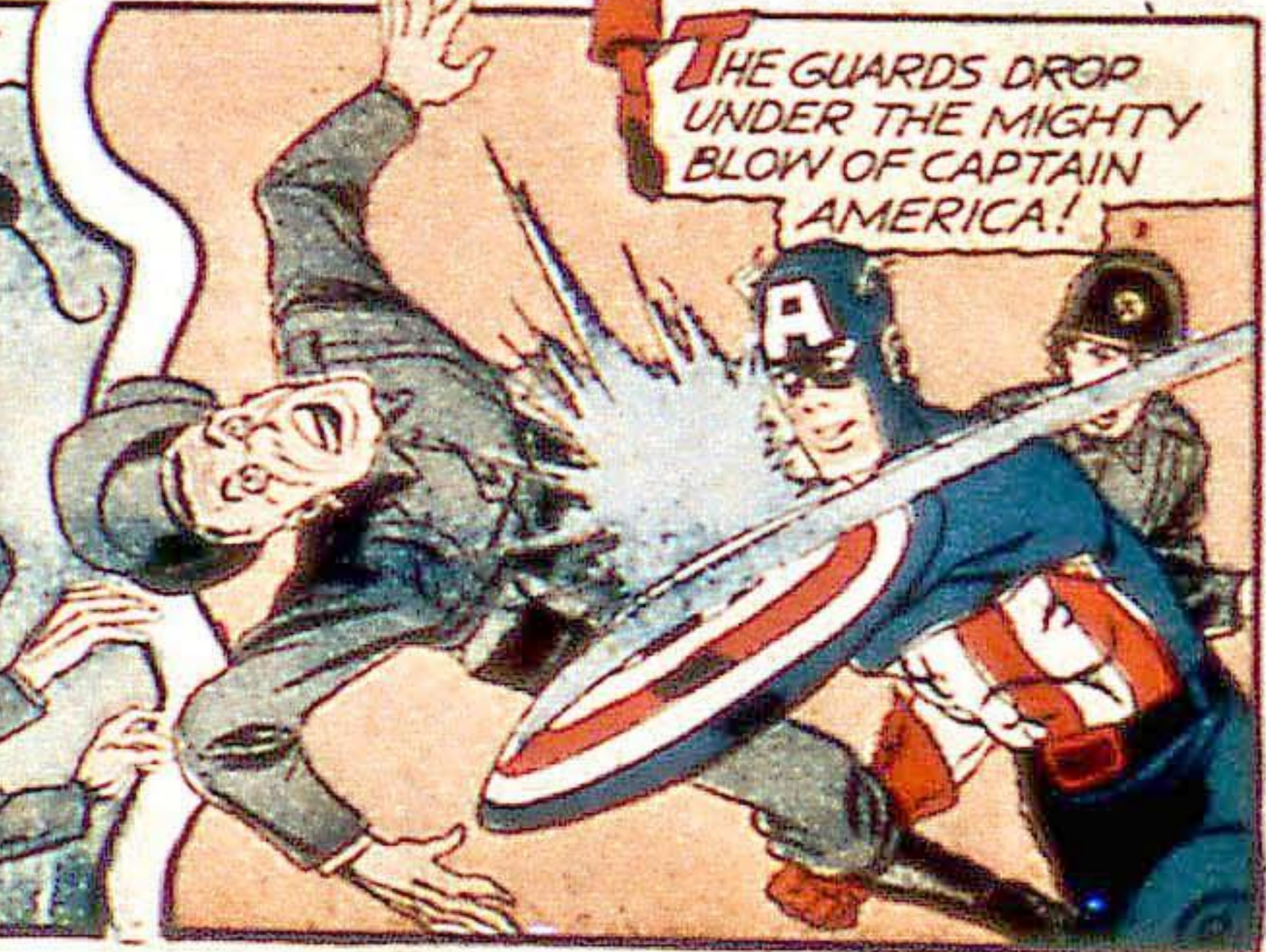
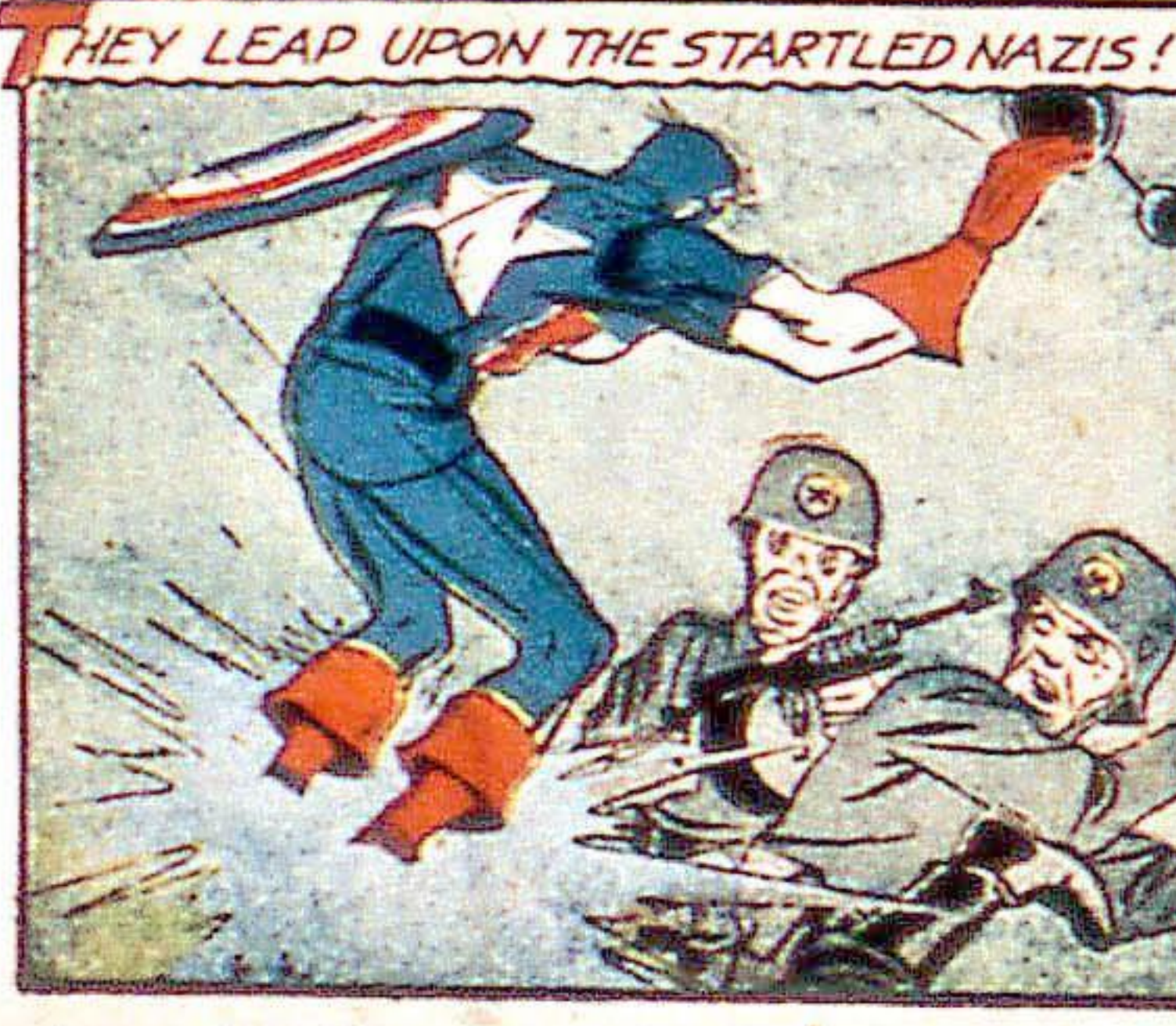
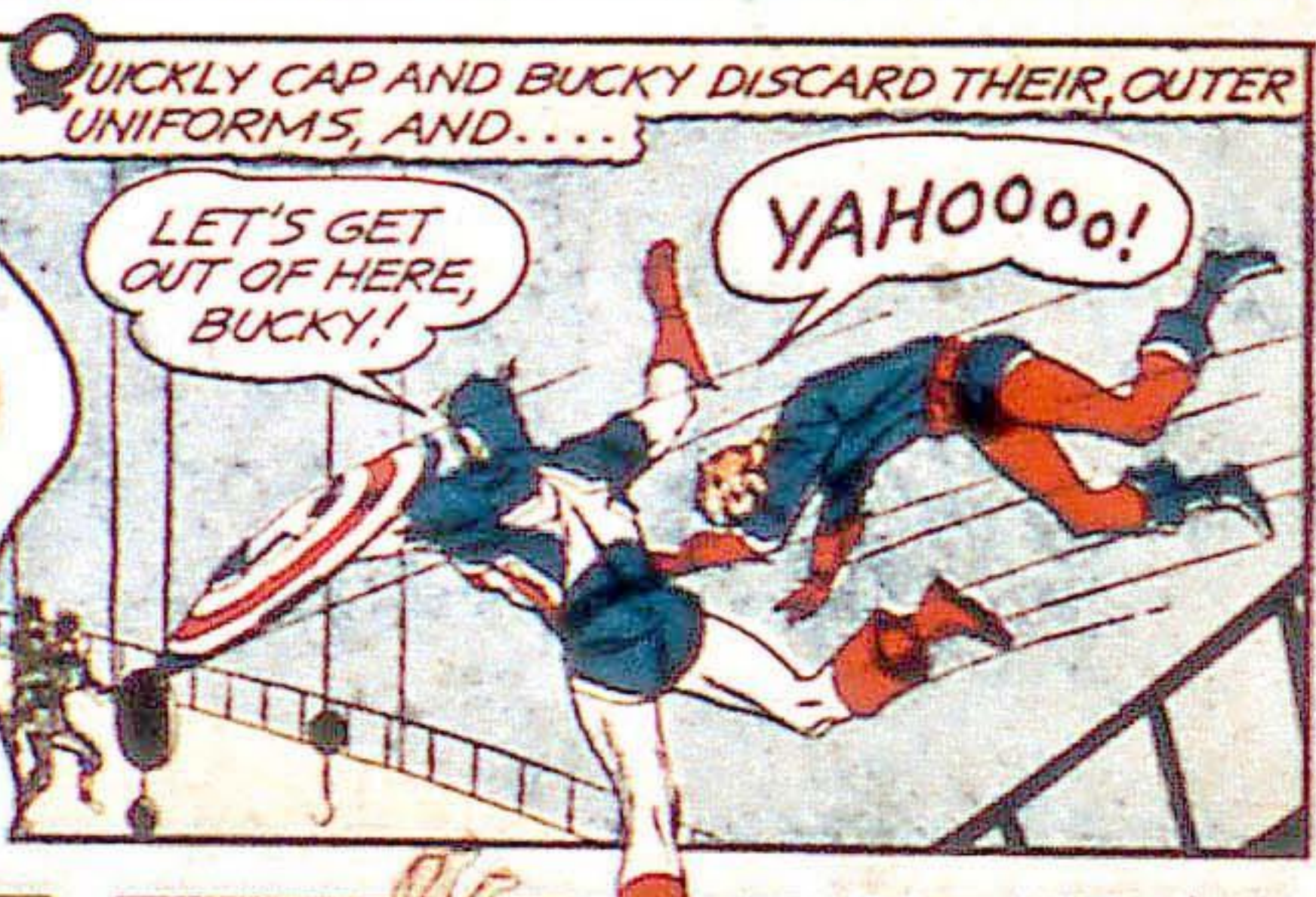
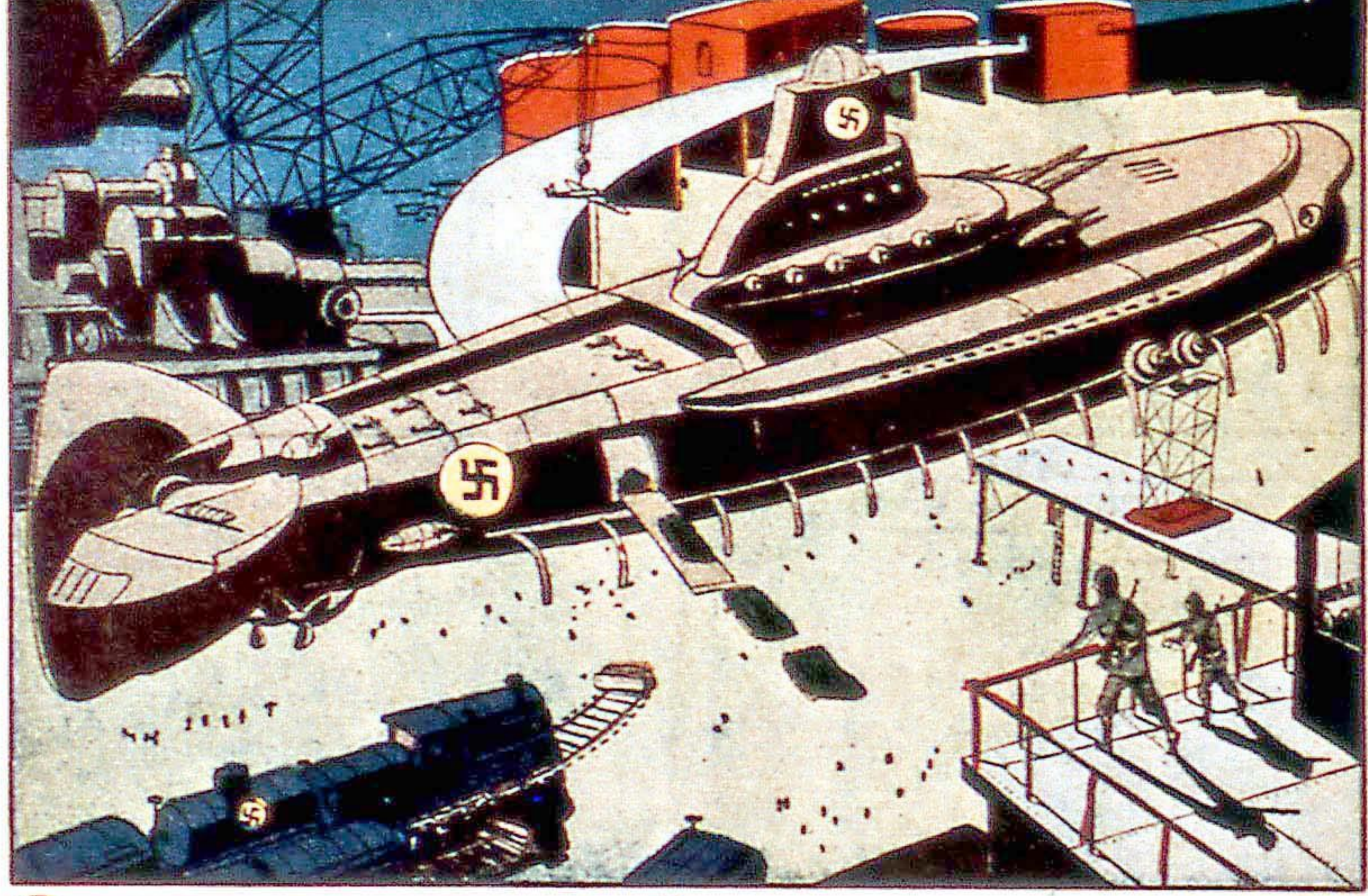
THE DOORS ARE OPENING!

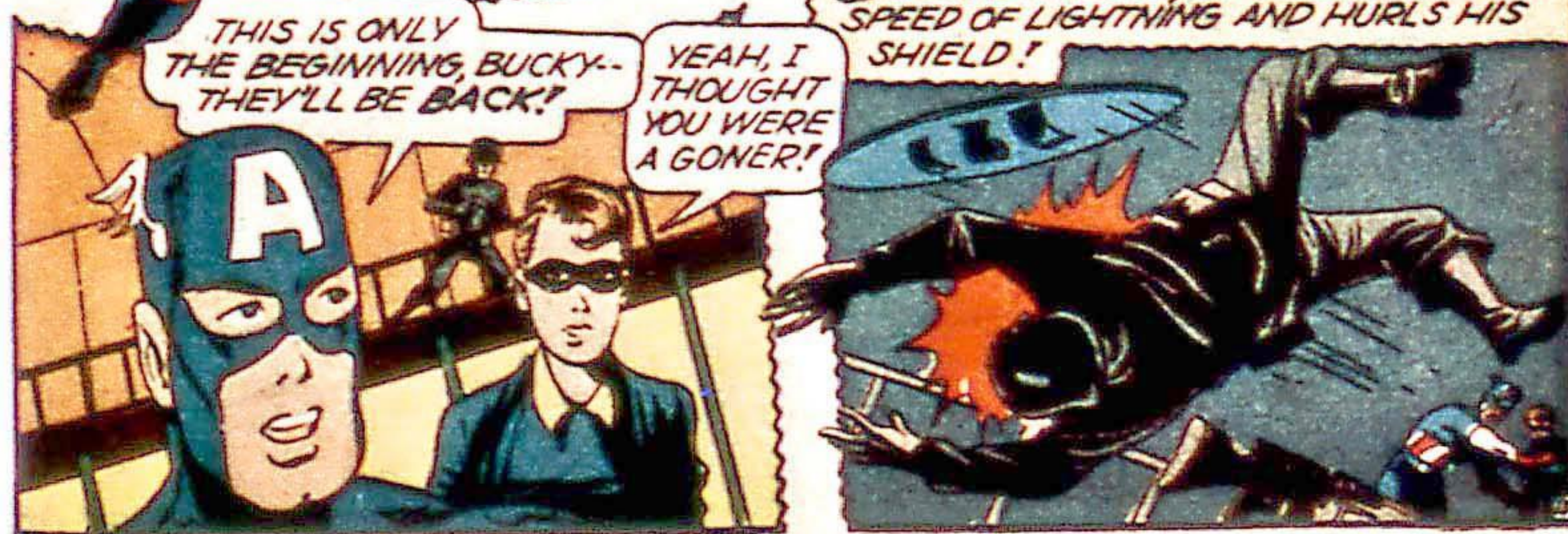
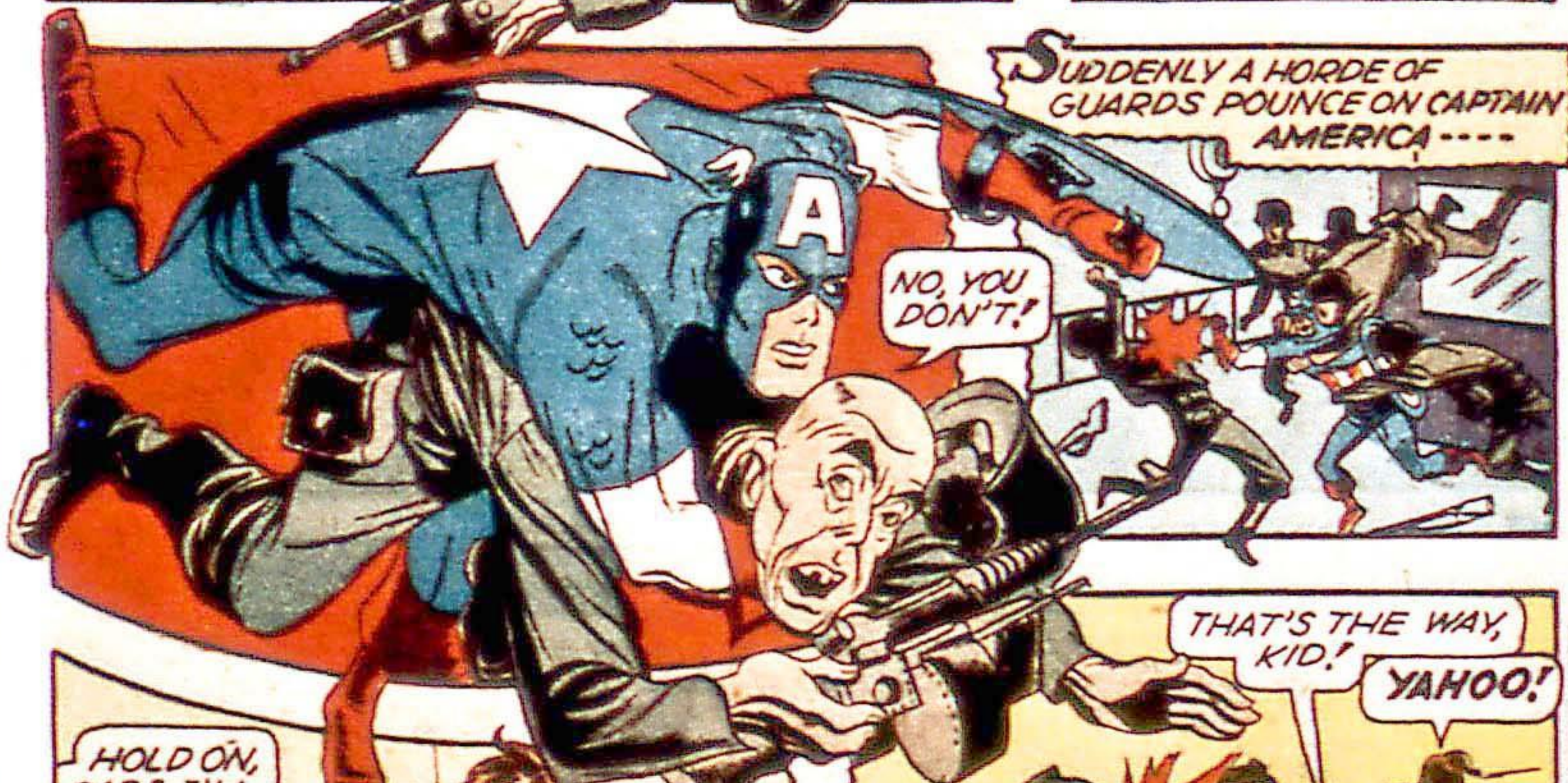
AH, THAT DID IT!

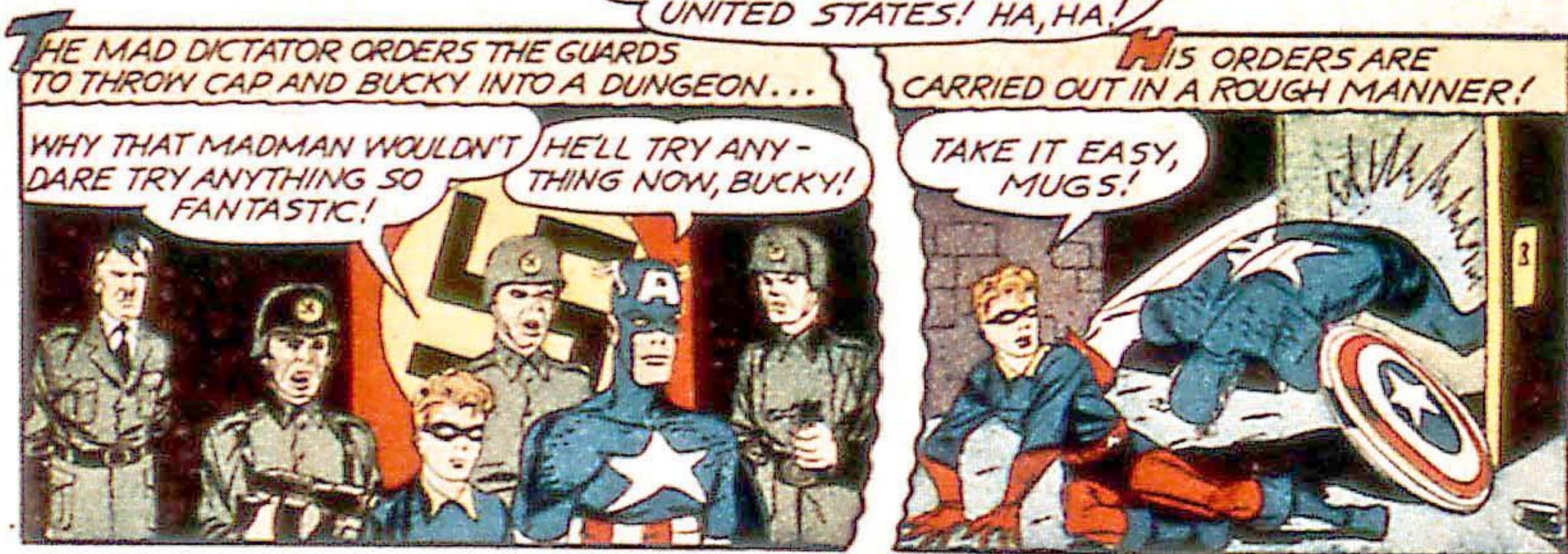
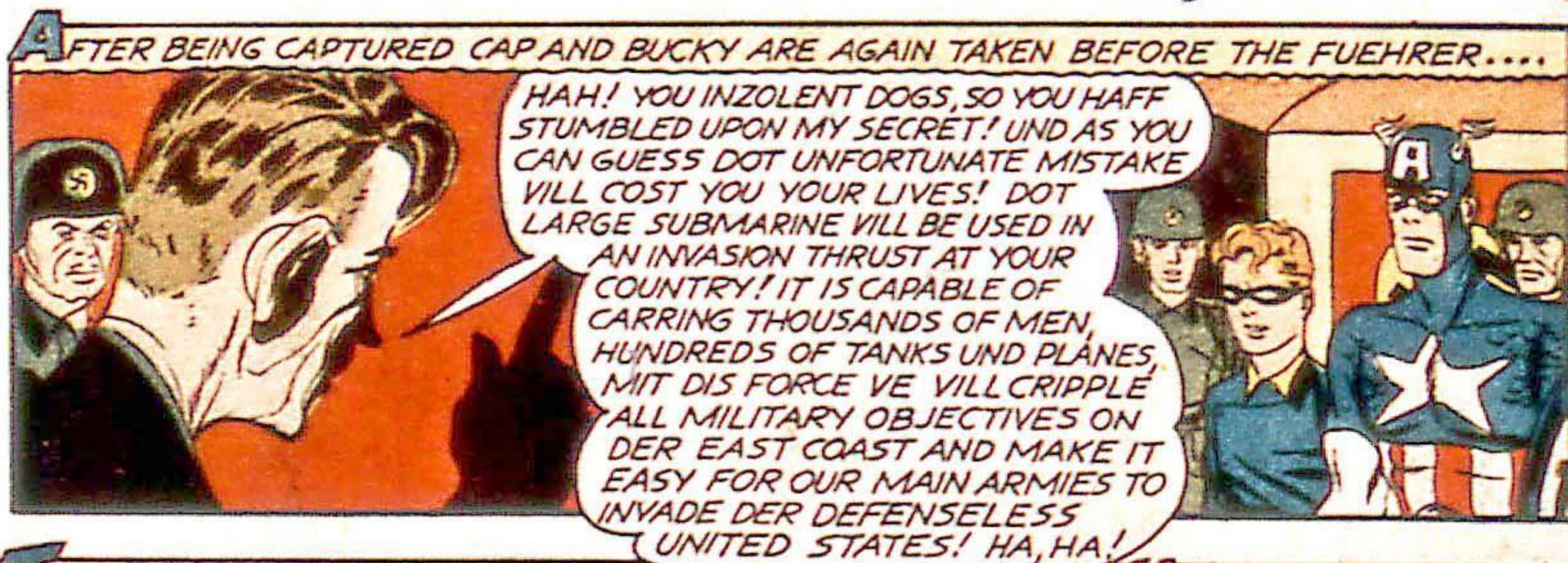
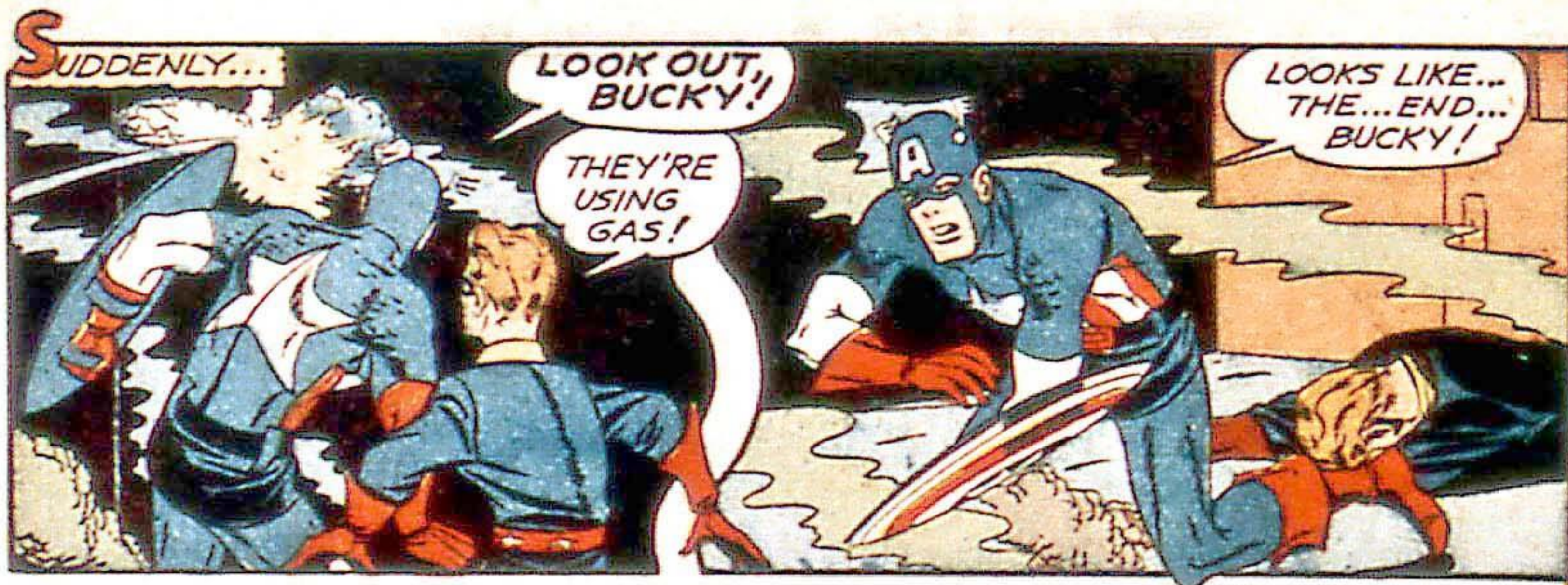


LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN HERE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE ASTONISHED AT THE SIGHT BEFORE THEM ...







CAP AND BUCKY DESPERATELY LOOK FOR A WAY TO ESCAPE AS THE FLOOR SLOWLY DISAPPEARS... BENEATH IT AN INFERNO OF FLAME RAGES...

WHEW! WHAT A HOT SPOT TO BE IN!

BOY, I FEEL LIKE A BAKED POTATO!

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END, CAP!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, BUCKY!

SUDDENLY, A TRAP DOOR OPENS IN THE CEILING REVEALING A MAN... QUICKLY HE THROWS A ROPE TO THE STARTLED PAIR...

WHAT'S THIS?

IT'S A MIRAGE!

MES AMIS, QUICK, GRAB ZE ROPE!

HANG ON, KID!

CAP LEARNS THE IDENTITY OF THE STRANGER...

WE'RE GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SAVING US, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

MY FRIENDS, I AM PIERRE LEROUX! I AM A FRENCH PRISONER WORKING AGAINST MY WILL IN THE REICH! AND YOU ARE CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, NO?

YOU ARE WONDERING WHERE WE ARE, NO? WE ARE IN AN OLD DESERTED CORRIDOR, ZIS CORRIDOR HAS A SECRET PASSAGE LEADING TO ZE HUGE FACTORY! WE FRENCH PRISONERS QUIETLY STORED AWAY TONS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES IN A SECRET PLACE... OUR PLAN IS TO STAGE A REVOLT, GAIN POSSESSION OF THE FACTORY LONG ENOUGH TO PLANT OUR EXPLOSIVES IN THE MOST VITAL SPOTS! THEN WE SHALL BLOW ZIS ACCURSED NAZI FACTORY OFF ZE FACE OF ZIS EARTH!

MES AMIS, WE NEED YOUR HELP, ZE REVOLT WILL START IN A FEW MINUTES, THE SECRET PASSAGE IS RIGHT HERE!

YOU CAN COUNT ON US! HERE'S WHERE WE SHOW THESE NAZIS SOME REAL FIGHTING!

BOY, I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

AS PIERRE PRESSES A BRICK IN THE WALL, AN ENTRANCE REVEALS ITSELF!

WE ARE NOW IN THE FACTORY! MY COMRADES ARE WAITING FOR MY SIGNAL! AS YOU NOTICE MON CAPTAIN, THEY HAVE PLACED THEMSELVES STRATEGICALLY AMONG THE NAZI SWINE GUARDING ZEM!



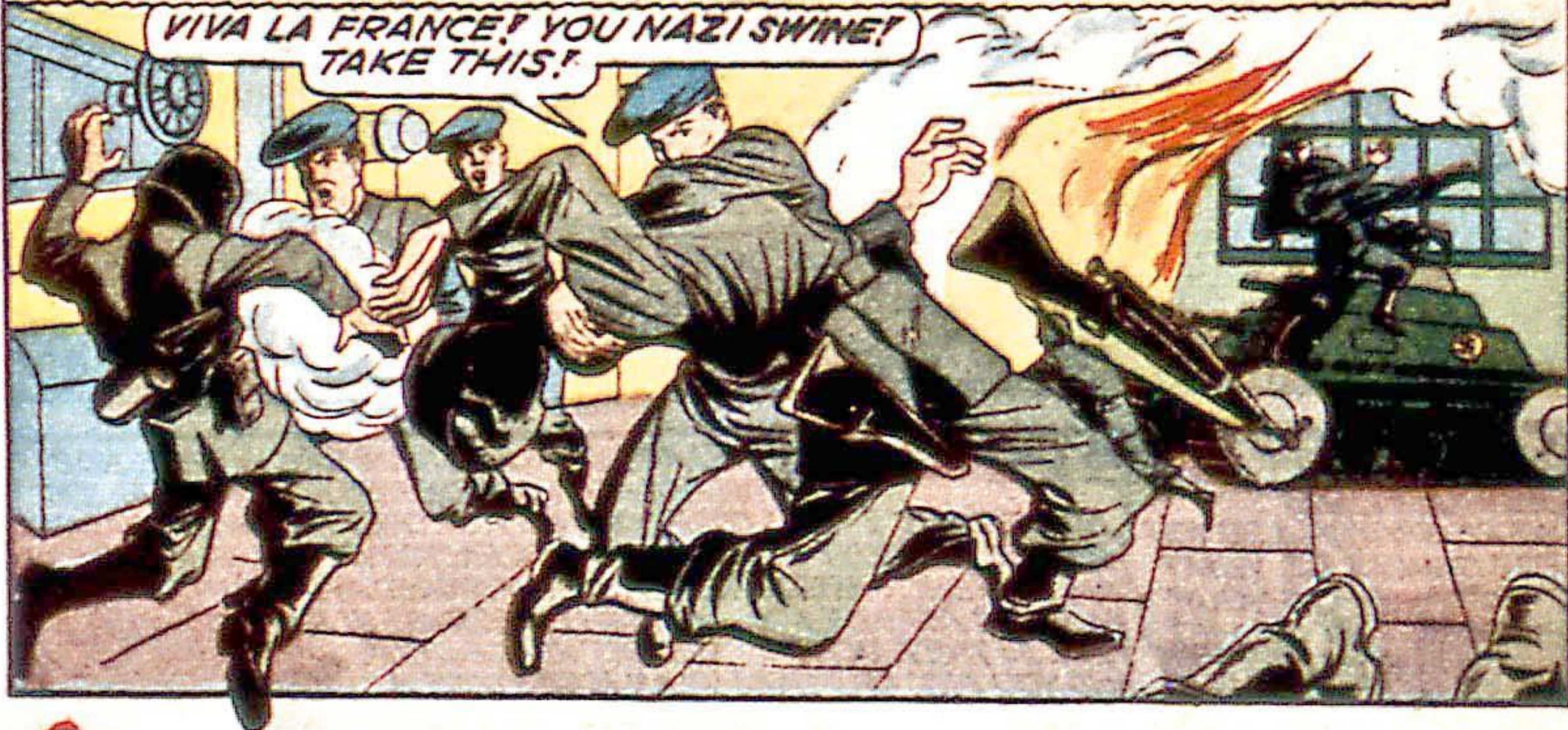
OKAY, PIERRE-- GIVE THE SIGNAL! WE'RE RARIN' TO GO!

COMRADES! THE HOUR HAS ARRIVED! STRIKE! STRIKE HARD FOR FREEDOM AND LIBERTY!



THE FRENCH PRISONERS ARISE, AND STRIKE WITH DEVASTATING FORCE!

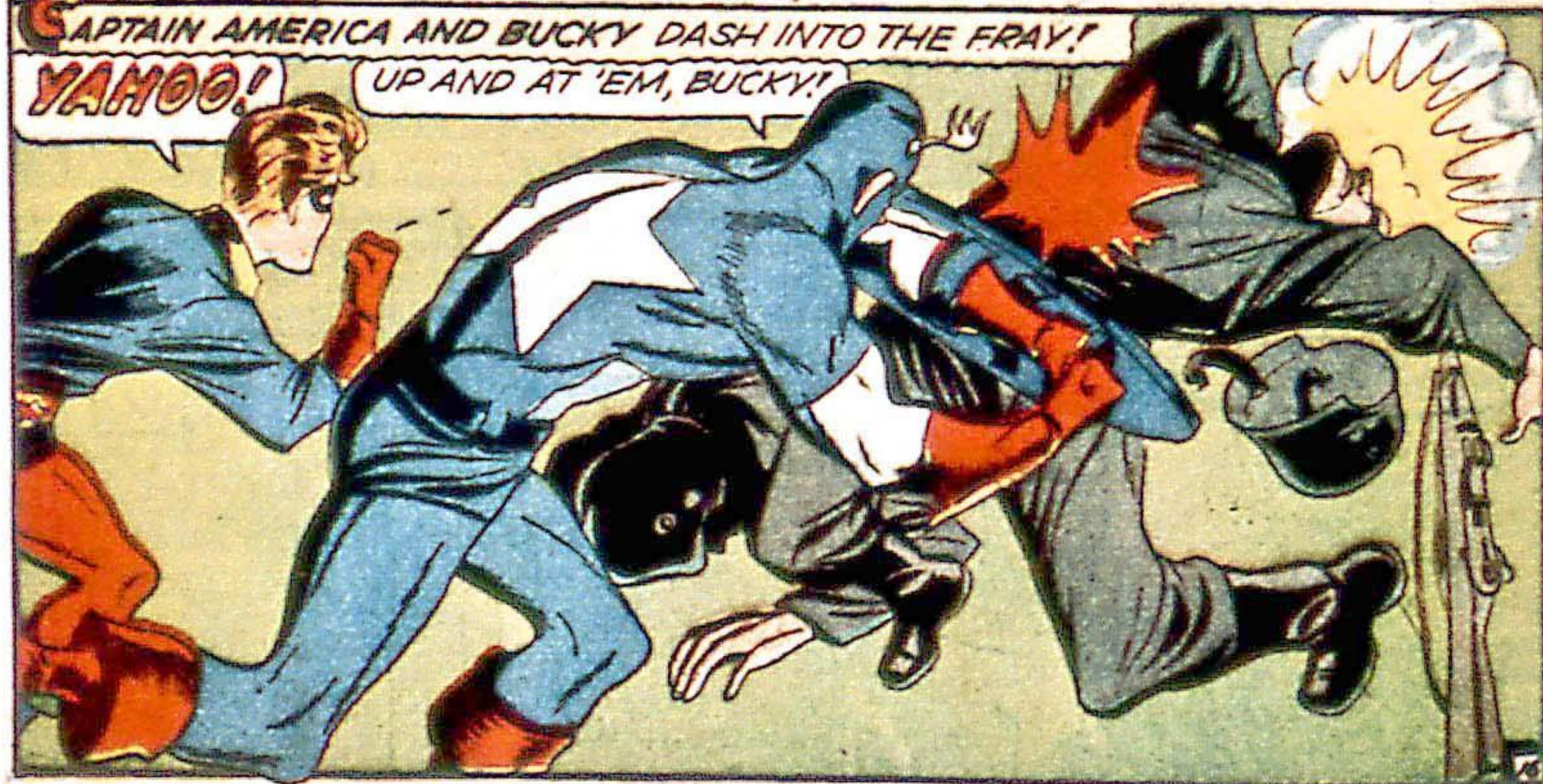
VIVA LA FRANCE! YOU NAZI SWINE! TAKE THIS!



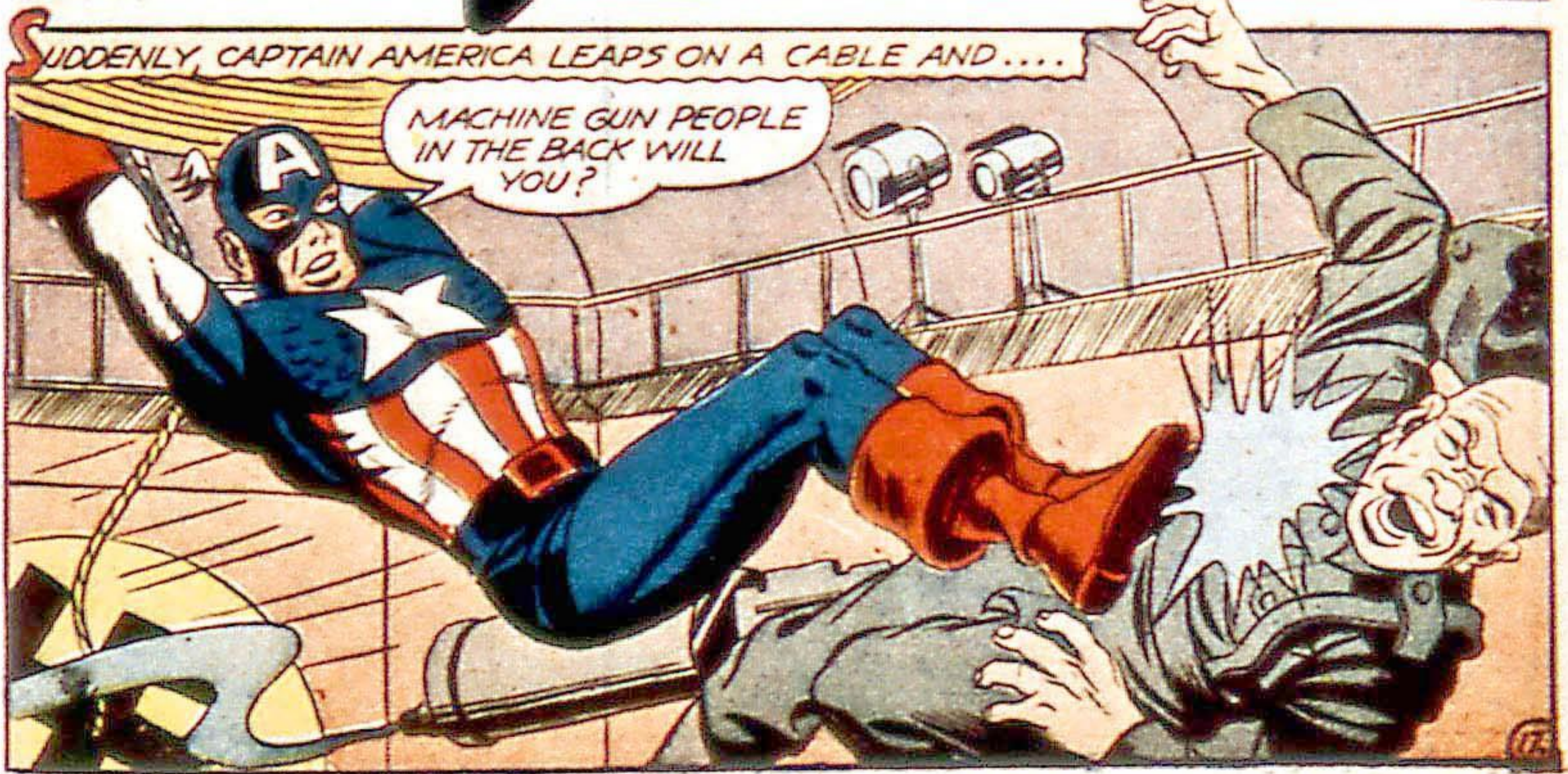
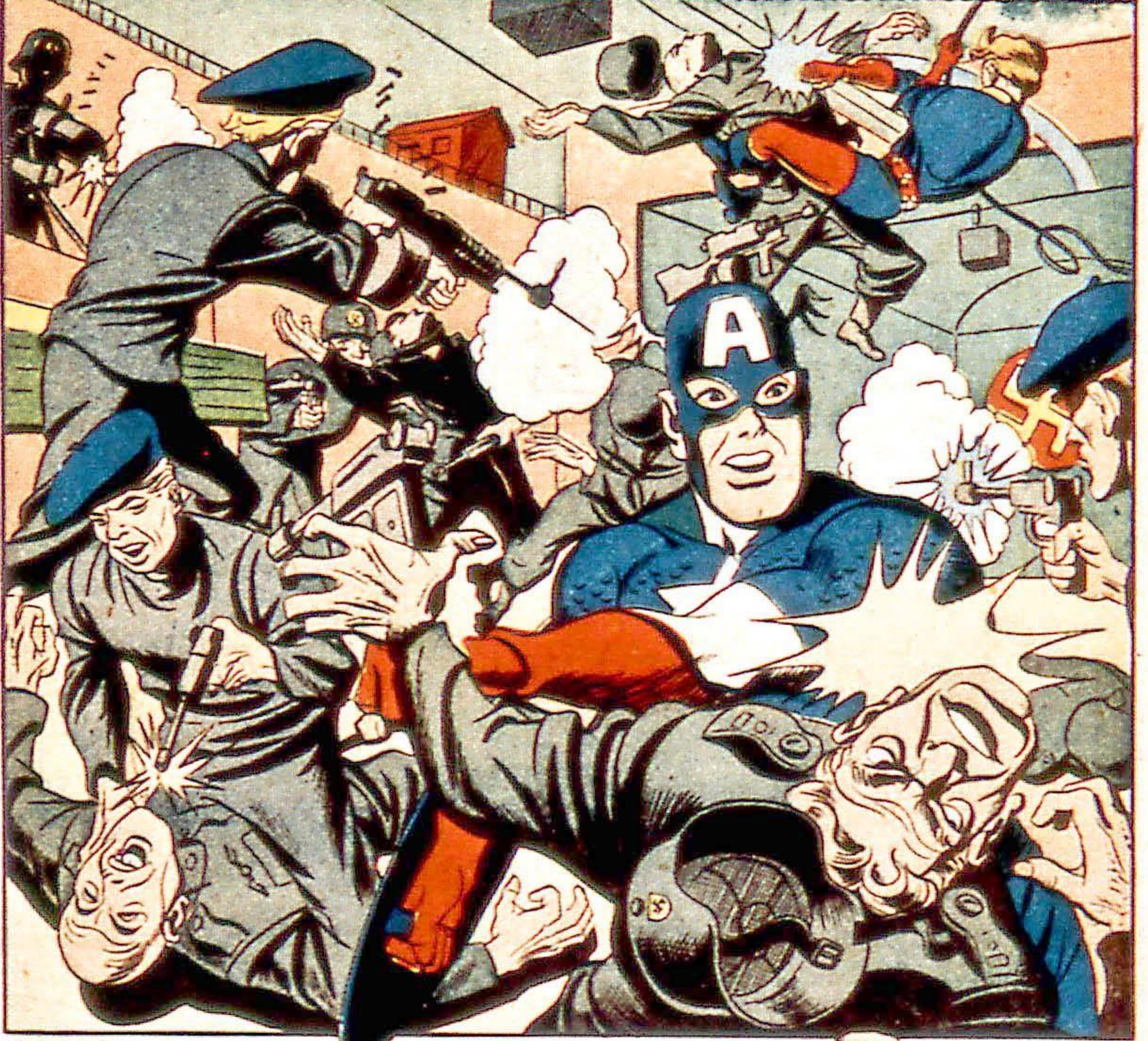
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DASH INTO THE FRAY!

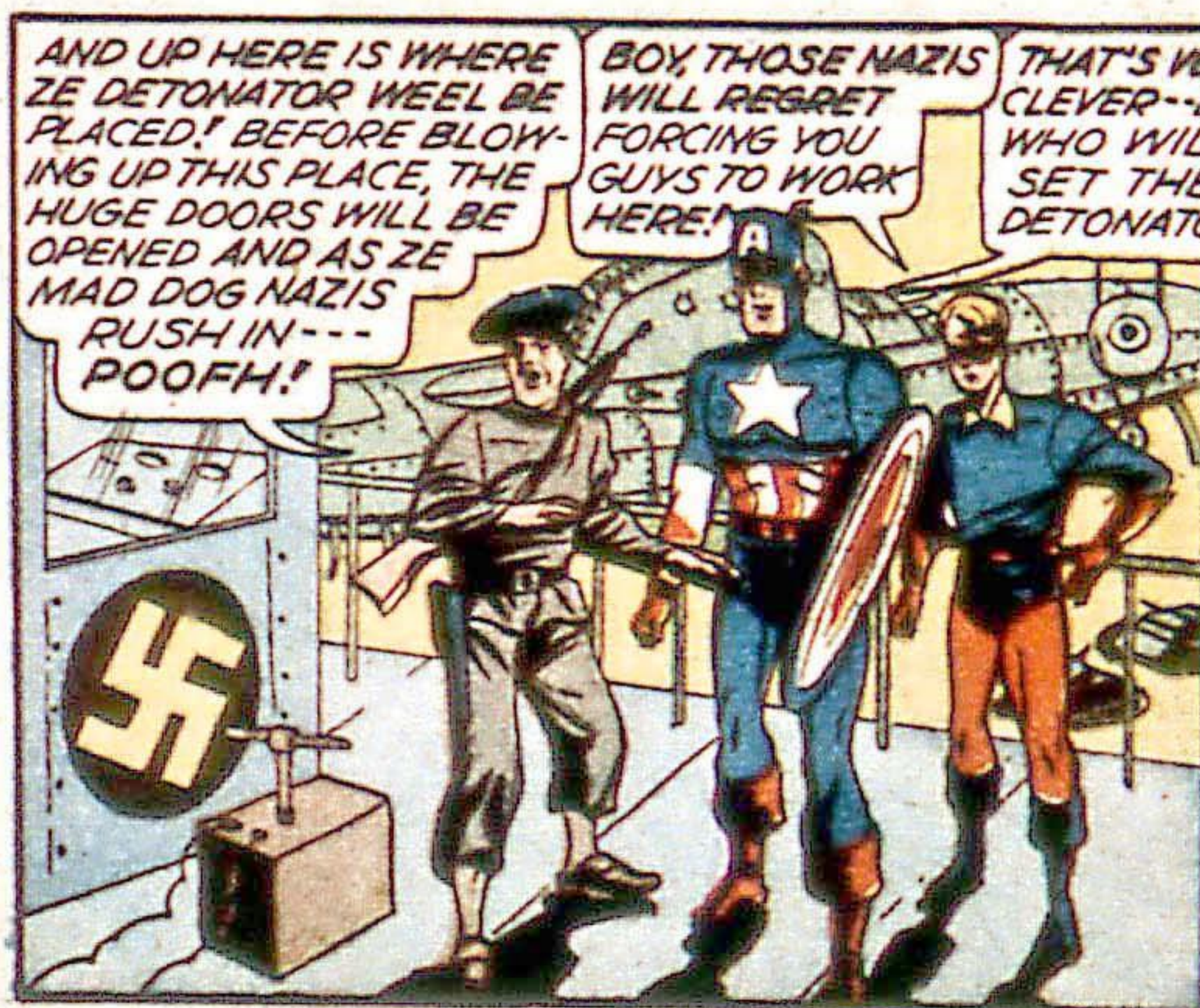
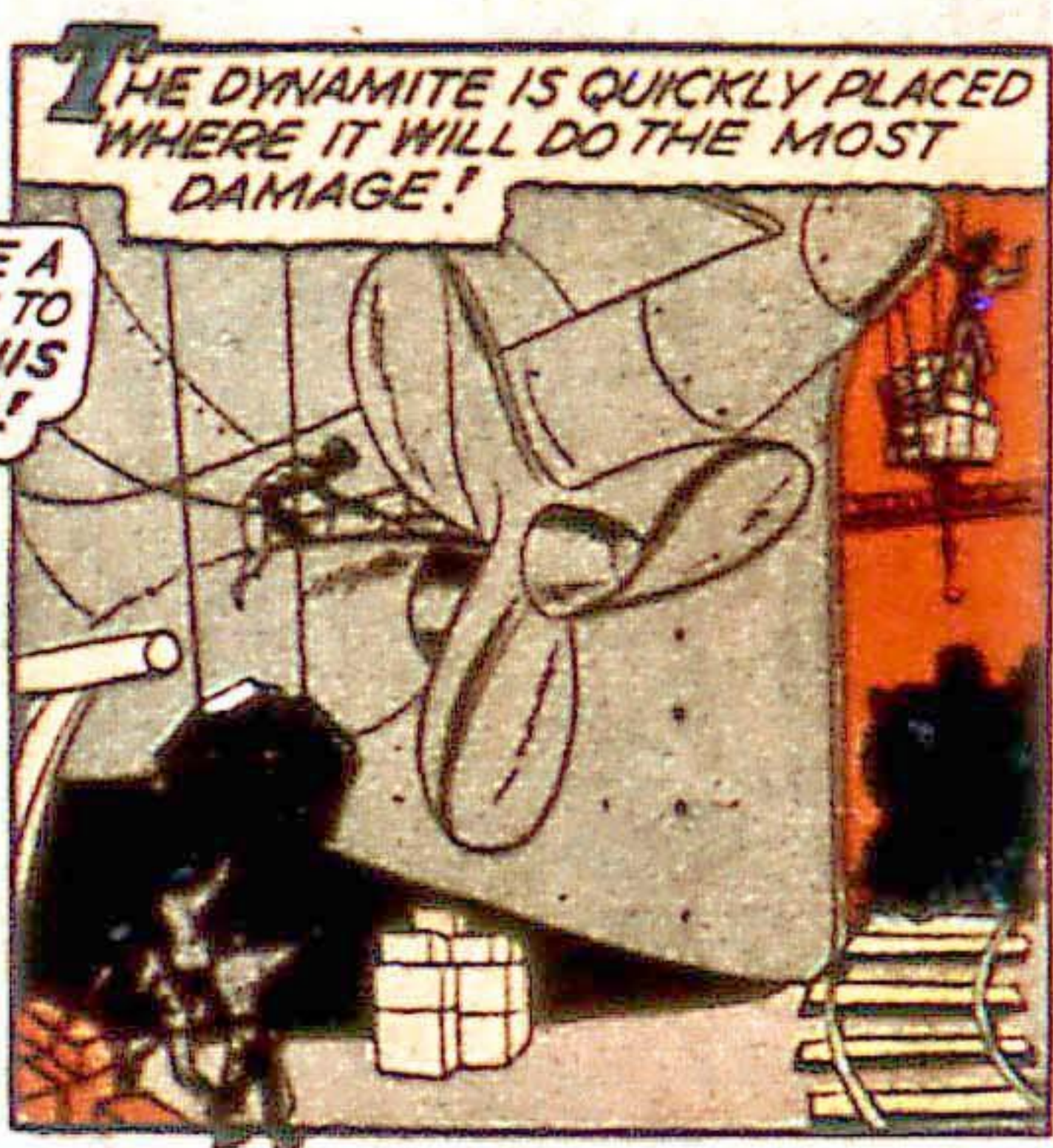
YAHOO!

UP AND AT 'EM, BUCKY!



NAZI GUARDS ARE NO MATCH FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE INFURIATED FRENCHMEN...







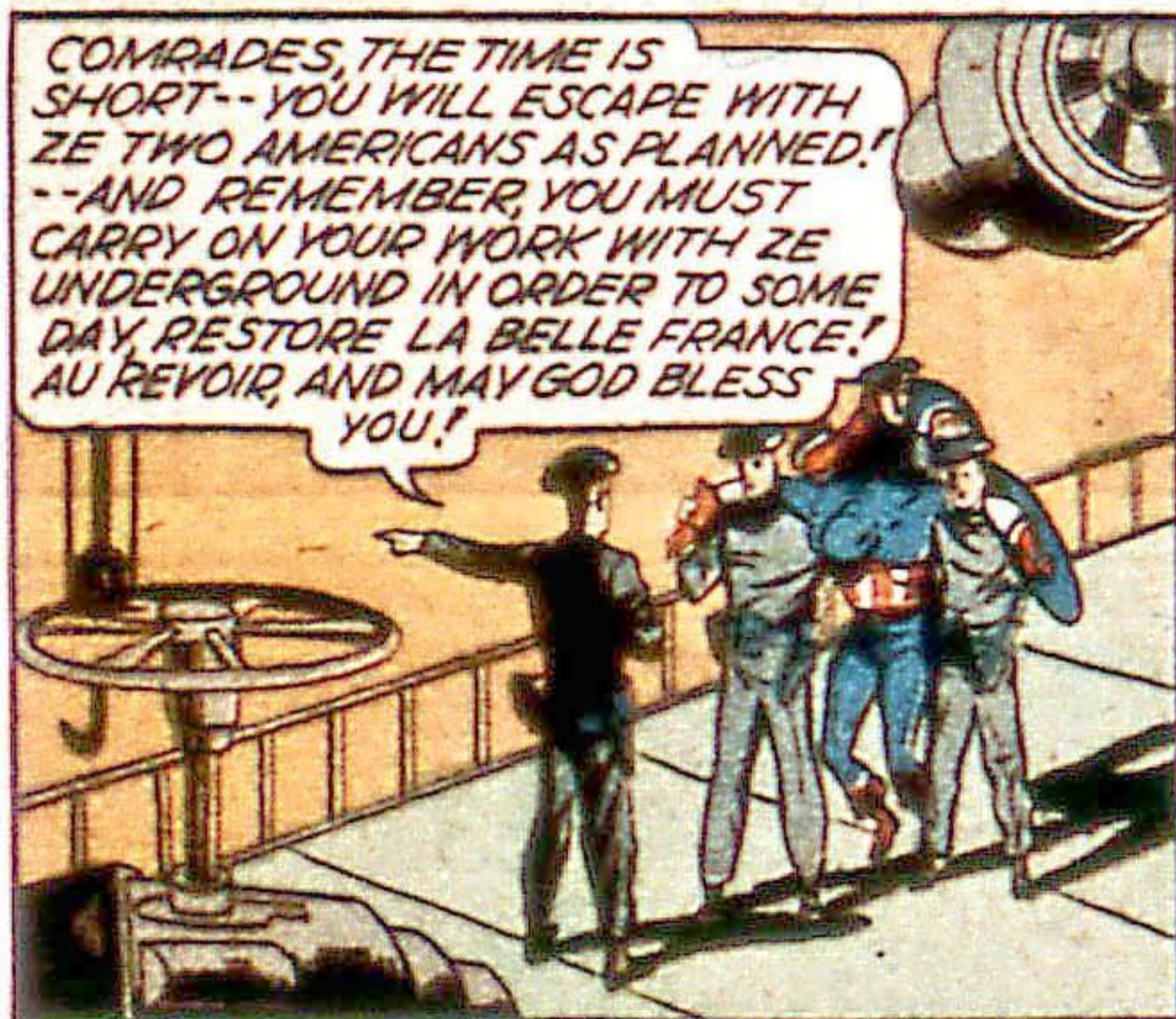
YES, BUT IF ANYONES BLOWING UP THIS PLACE -- I WILL!

AND ME, TOO!

HENRI, PHILIPPE, JACQUES, QUEECK!

WHAT TH---!

HEY! LET ME GO!



COMRADES, THE TIME IS SHORT-- YOU WILL ESCAPE WITH ZE TWO AMERICANS AS PLANNED! --AND REMEMBER, YOU MUST CARRY ON YOUR WORK WITH ZE UNDERGROUND IN ORDER TO SOME DAY RESTORE LA BELLE FRANCE! AU REVOIR, AND MAY GOD BLESS YOU!



AS THE OTHERS LEAVE, PIERRE CLIMBS TO THE CONTROL BOX!

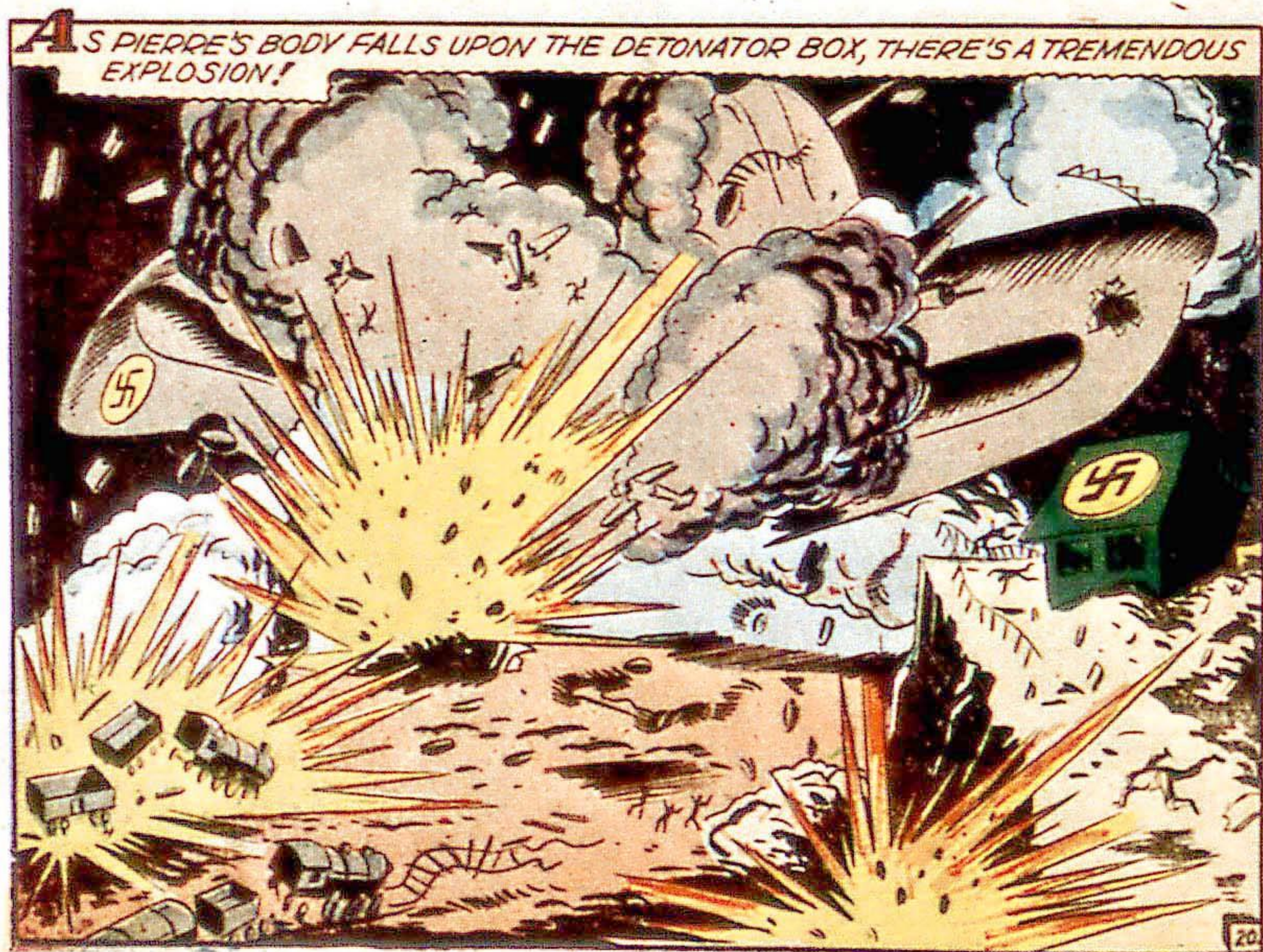
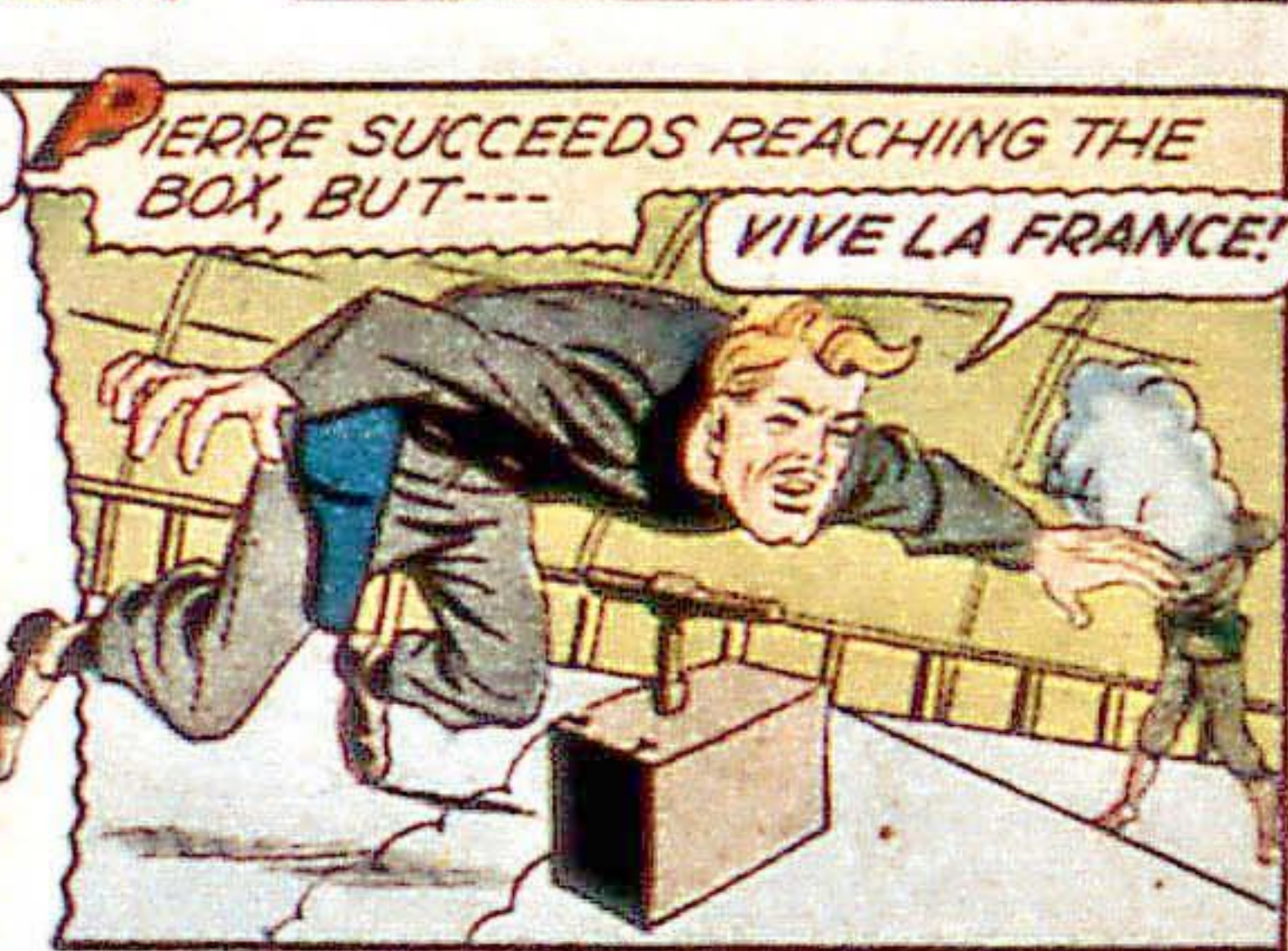
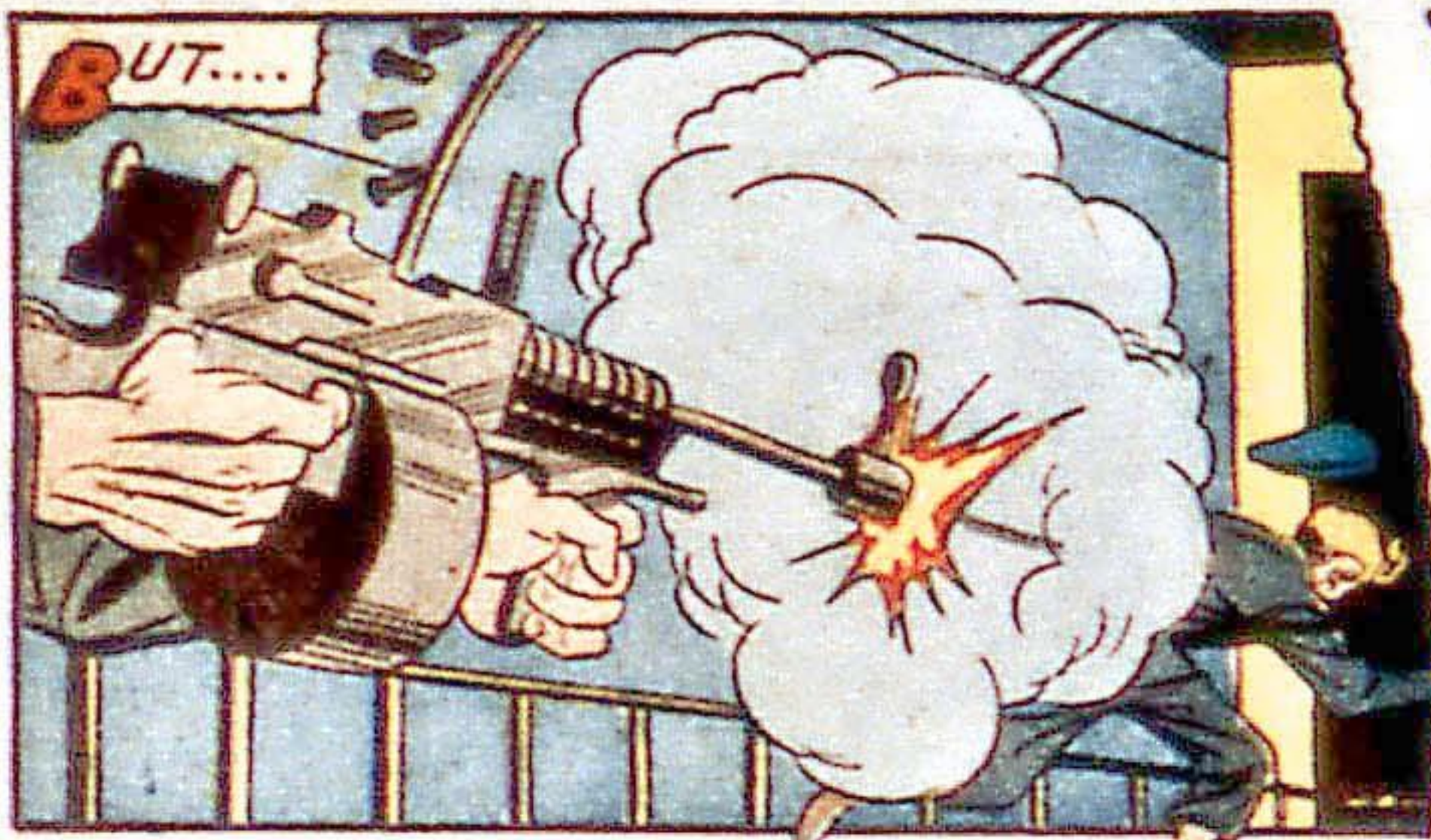


HE ENTERS THE SMALL COMPARTMENT AND OPENS THE HUGE DOORS LETTING THE NAZIS INTO THE GREAT UNDERGROUND FACTORY ONCE MORE!

COME IN YOU NAZI SWINE AND TASTE DEATH!



AND THEN WITH THE SPEED OF A DEER, HE RUNS TOWARDS THE DETONATOR!



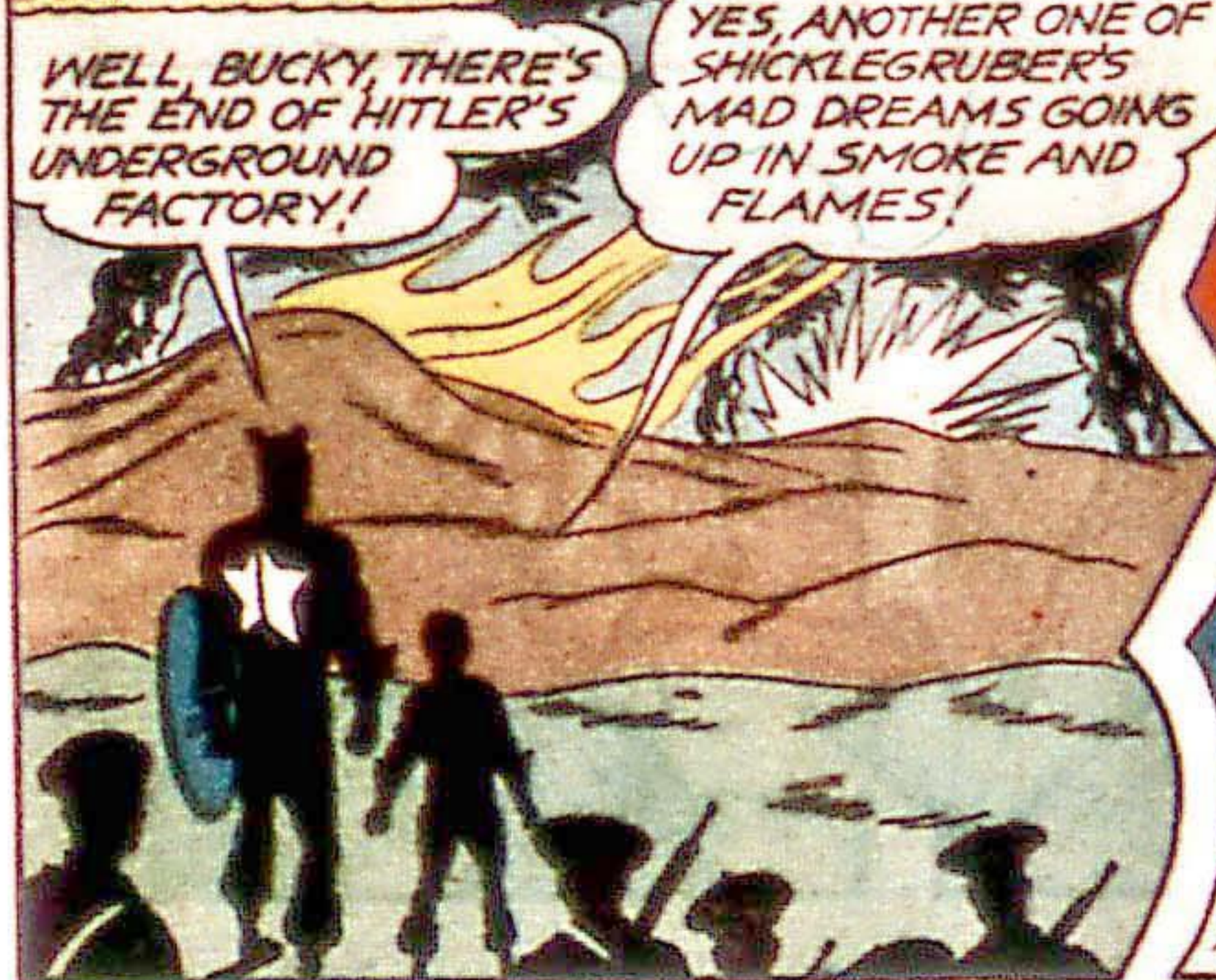
THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE UNDERGROUND FACTORY, CAUSING ITS CEILING TO COME HURTLING DOWN UPON THE REMAINING PANIC STRICKEN NAZIS!



AND ALL THAT REMAINS IS A HUGE PILE OF TWISTED METAL AND DEBRIS....



WHILE OUTSIDE...



WELL, BUCKY, THERE'S THE END OF HITLER'S UNDERGROUND FACTORY!

YES, ANOTHER ONE OF SHICKLEGRUBER'S MAD DREAMS GOING UP IN SMOKE AND FLAMES!

NOW TO GET OUT OF GERMANY...

WE FRENCH, ARE NOT LEAVING GERMANY, CAPTAIN AMERICA, WE ARE STAYING...

STAYING! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR HOMES IN FRANCE?



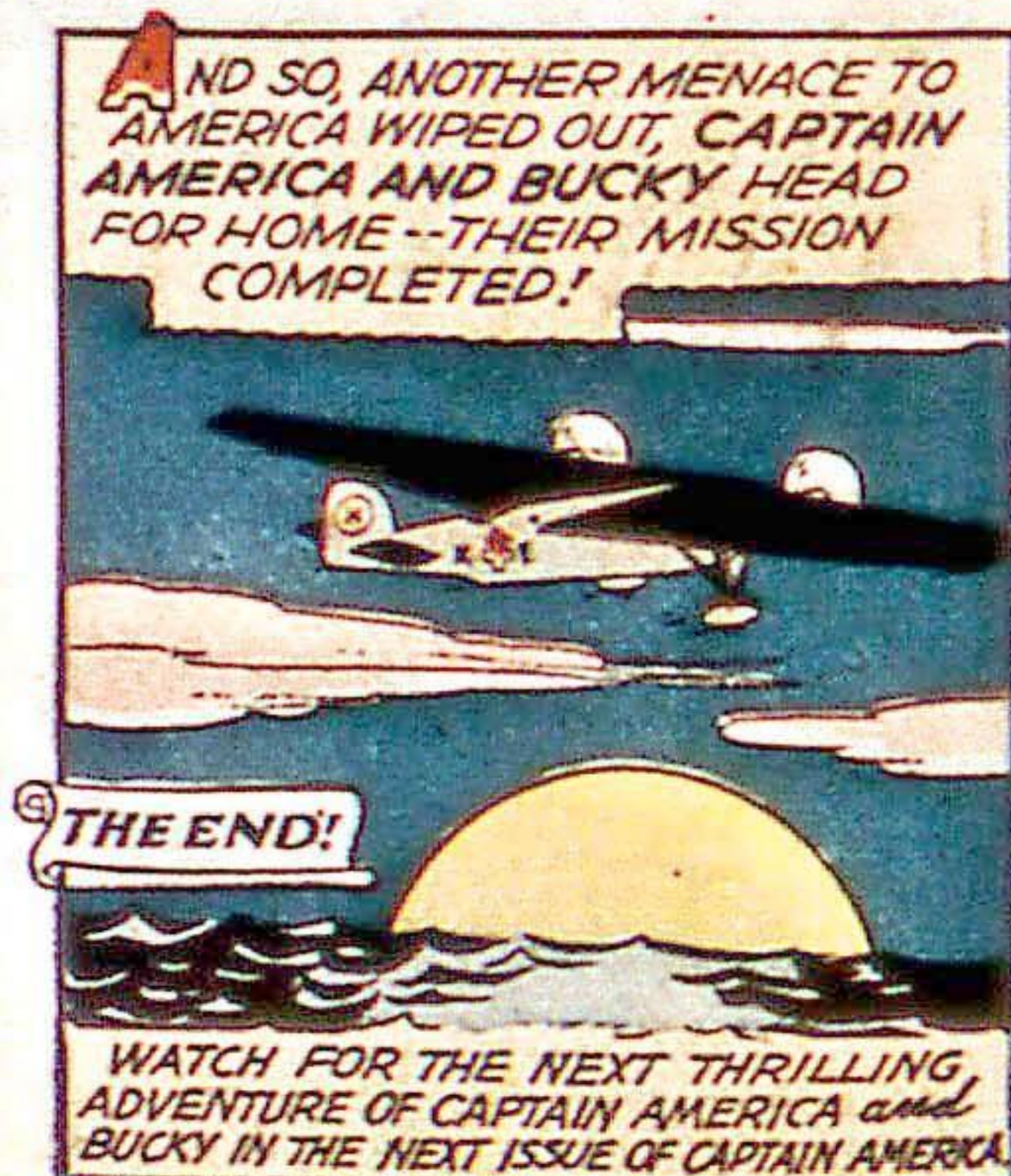
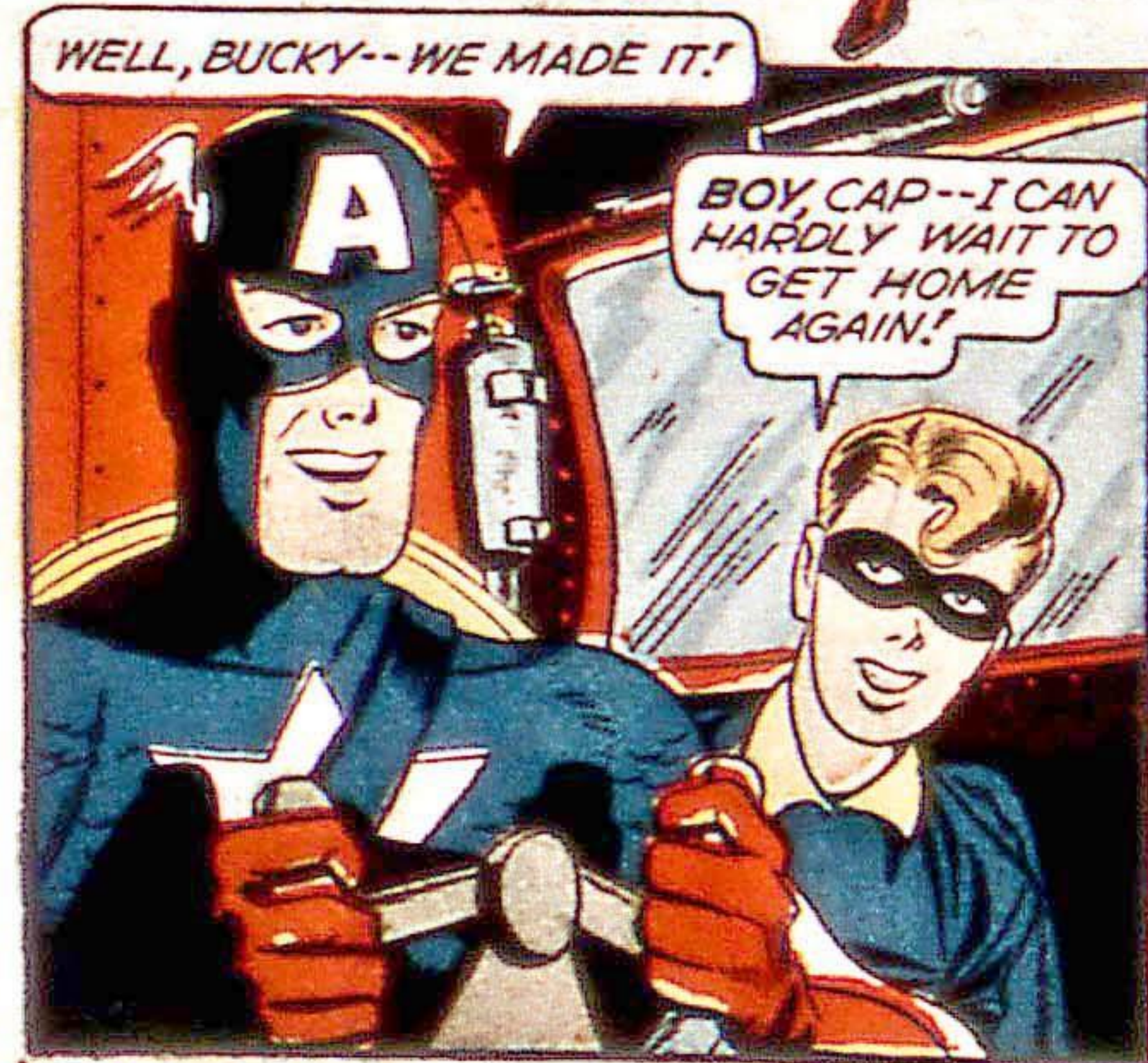
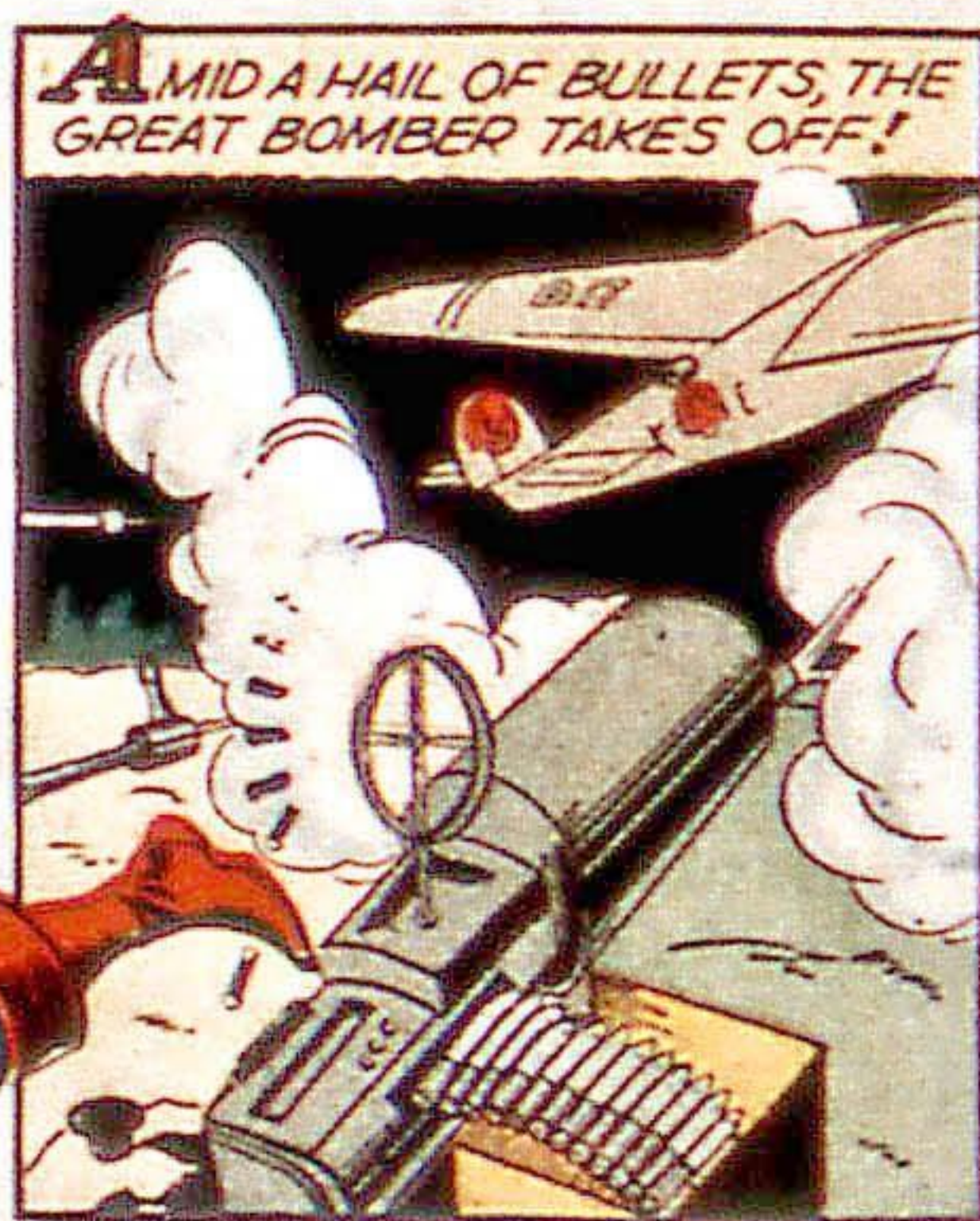
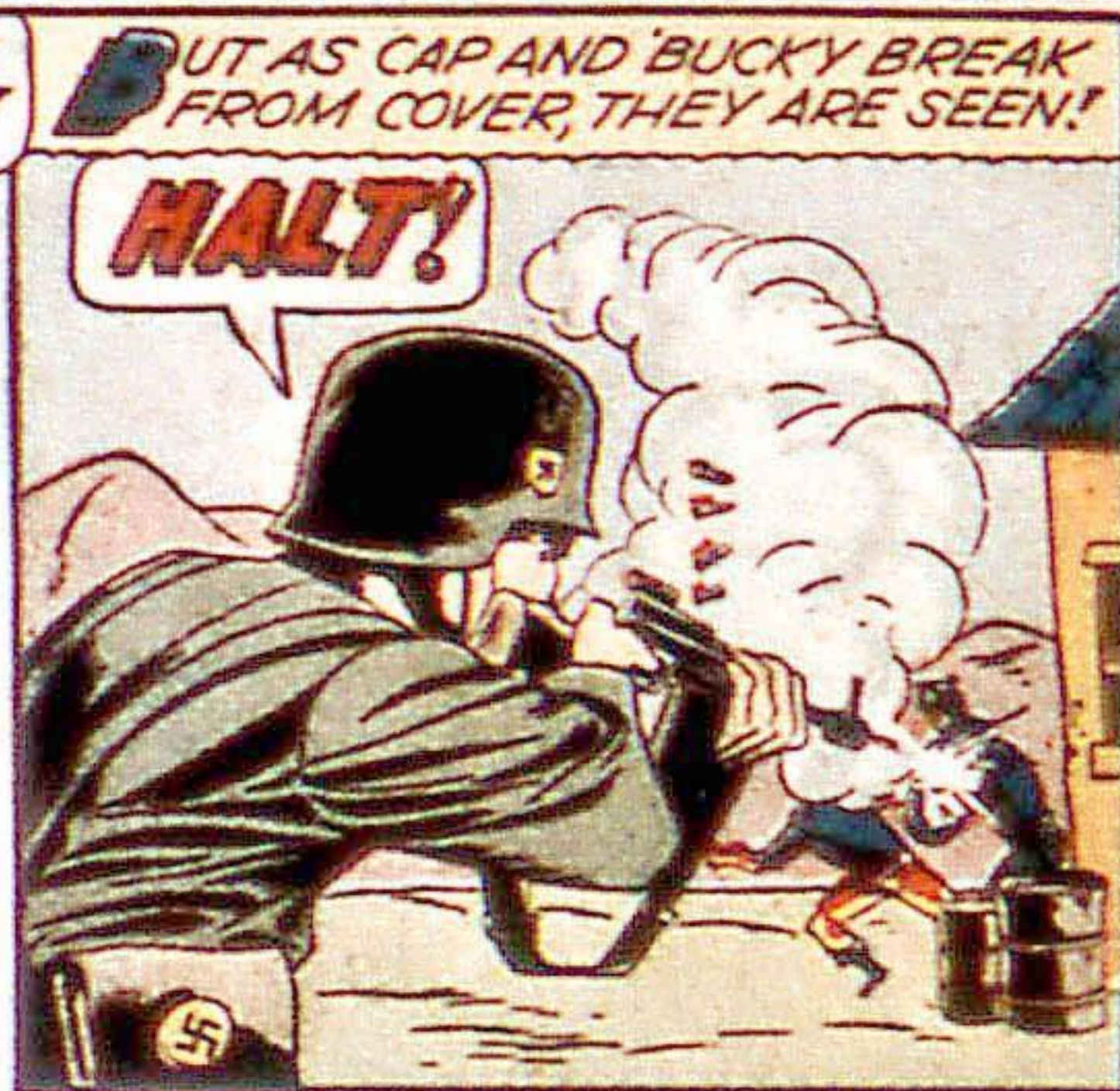
HOMES? WE HAVE NO HOMES! THE NAZI SWINE HAVE DESTROYED THEM ALL! NO, WE ARE STAYING HERE, INSIDE GERMANY... HERE WE SHALL HARASS, DESTROY AND KILL THE NAZI FIENDS! HERE WE SHALL FIGHT UNTIL THE LAST ONE OF US IS DEAD! VIVE LA FRANCE!



THERE GO SOME OF THE BRAVEST MEN I EVER SAW, BUCKY!

HERE IS A NAZI AIRFIELD ABOUT TWO MILES DOWN THE ROAD... IF I KNOW YOU TWO PERHAPS YOU CAN STEAL A PLANE TO FLY YOU BACK TO AMERICA... AU REVOIR MY FRIENDS!





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THE SECRET



STAMP

RODDY COLT
STEPS
OUT

AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE LOCAL AIR RAID WARDEN MESSAGERS IS ANNOUNCED BY RODDY COLT...

HEY! JACKIE! BILL! COME ON... THERE'S A MEETING!

RIGHT WITH YOU, PAL!

AT THE A.R.W. POST...

THE LOCAL CHAPTER OF THE U.S.O. HAS ASKED FOR THREE RUNNERS. THEY'RE HOLDING A SPECIAL MEETING! RODDY! BILL! JACK! OTHERS DISMISSED!

YES, SIR!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE'RE THE RUNNERS, SIR!

OH, YES! COME IN... THE MEETING IS ABOUT TO START!

I WANT IT UNDERSTOOD THAT WHAT IS SAID HERE WILL GO NO FURTHER!... FELLOW MEMBERS... FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS HAS BEEN **STOLEN** FROM OUR TREASURY!

OH!

OOOH!

I SAY CALL THE POLICE!

I KNOW! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

WHY MAY I ASK?

BECAUSE WE'D BE TEARING DOWN THE VALUABLE STOCK OF MORALE WE'VE SO TEDIOUSLY BUILT UP!

THE SECRET



STAMP

NO PUBLICITY!... AND I'M AFRAID WE'RE ALL SUSPECTS SINCE NO OUTSIDERS WERE PRESENT AT THE LAST MEETING!



WHY... WE REPRESENT SOME OF THE MOST PATRIOTIC FAMILIES IN THE CITY!

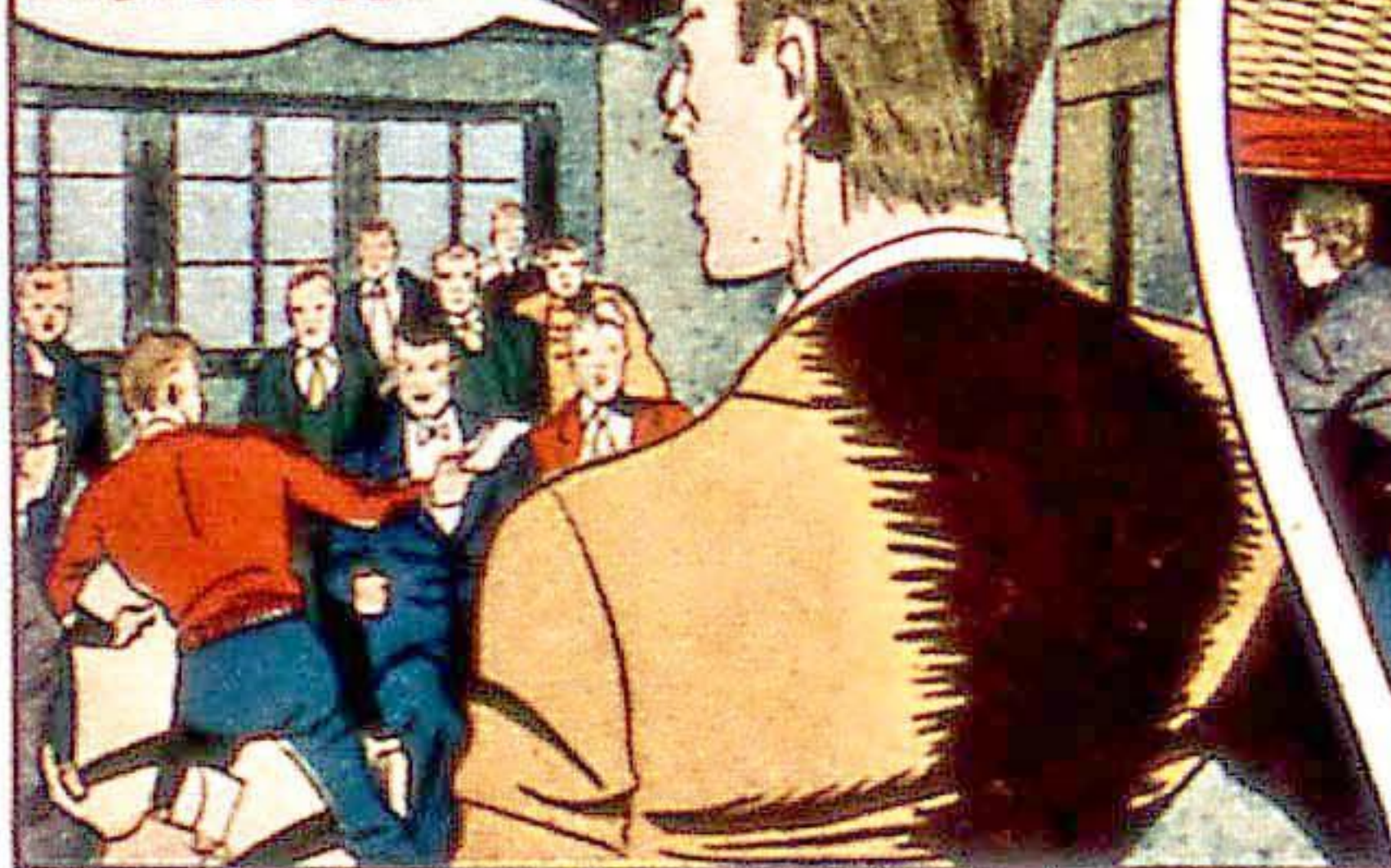


THAT CAN'T BE HELPED UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES! HERE, BOYS, PASS OUT THESE WHITE ENVELOPES, PLEASE!



YES, SIR!

THESE ENVELOPES ARE FOR THE PURPOSE OF RETURNING THE MONEY...WITH NO QUESTIONS ASKED! I PROPOSE A FIFTEEN MINUTE RECESS, FOR THIS PURPOSE!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

TIME'S UP! COLLECT EVERY ENVELOPE, BOYS. I TRUST OUR PROBLEM WILL BE SOLVED!



ANY LUCK, SIR?

NOT YET, RODDY... NOT YET!



DID YOU...?

I'M SORRY TO REPORT... THAT IT DIDN'T WORK. THERE IS ONLY ONE OTHER WAY...



THE SECRET STAMP



THE NEXT MORNING...

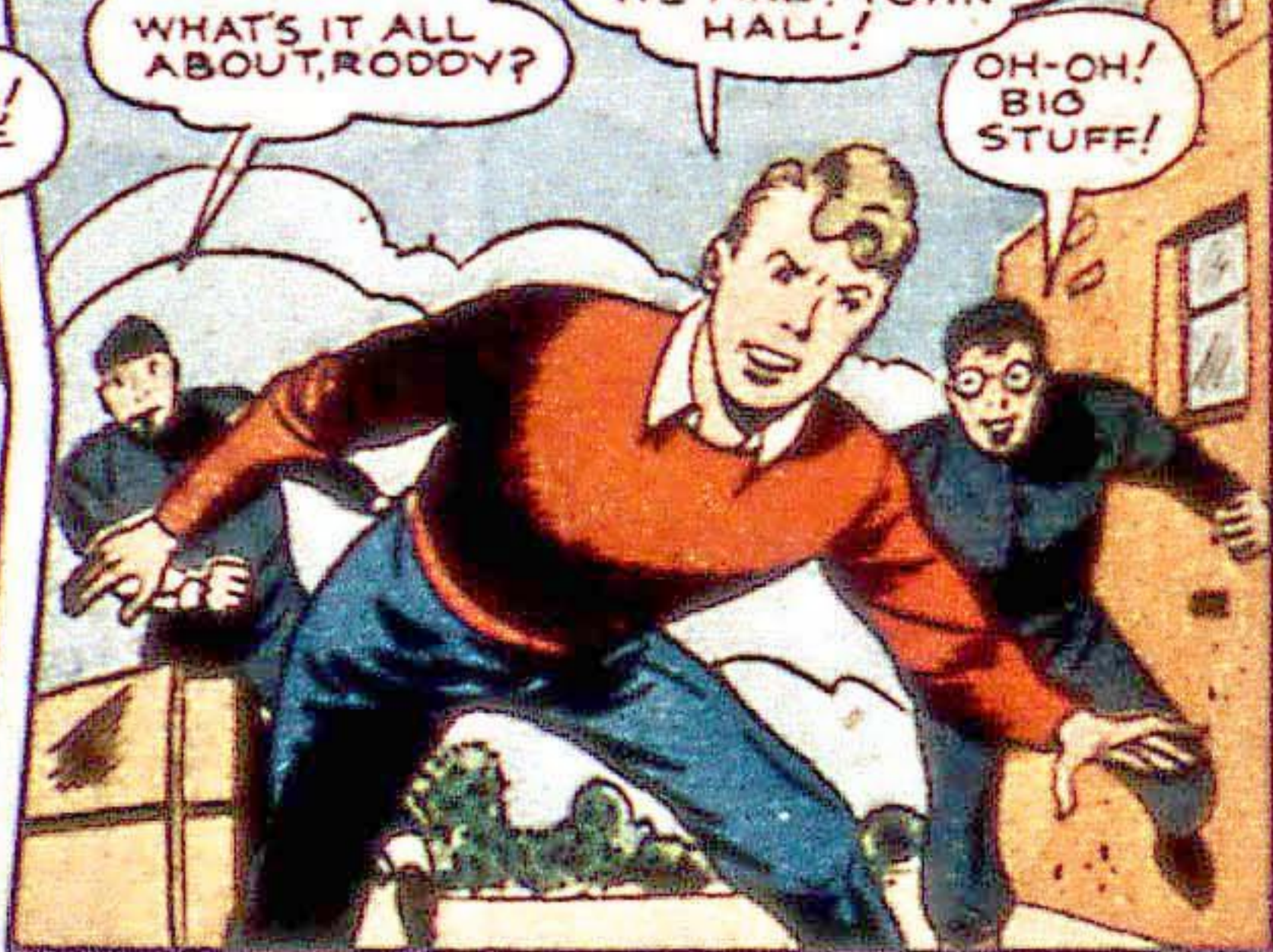
HEY, FELLOWS! COME ON! IMPORTANT!

THAT'S ALL, GANG! WE CAN FINISH THE GAME WHEN THE WARS OVER! HA, HA!

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, RODDY?

YOU'LL SEE... HERE WE ARE! TOWN HALL!

OH-OH! BIG STUFF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER.

WE'VE DECIDED TO STAGE A PLAY IN TOWN HALL TO MAKE UP FOR THE STOLEN FUNDS! THE PLAY WILL BE ABOUT THE USO, AND HOW \$3,000 WAS STOLEN FROM THE TREASURY!

BUT RODDY!

WON'T THAT BE LETTING THE SECRET OUT?

NO ONE WILL KNOW, IT'S TRUE BUT US!

I SEE, BUT HOW WILL IT END?



WELL, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE SECRET STAMP?

THAT'S RIGHT, JOE...

IS HE THE YOUNG PATRIOT WHO SOLVED SO MANY FIFTH COLUMN MYSTERIES?

EXACTLY. WELL, AT THE END I WILL IMPERSONATE HIM... AND THERE WILL BE A BIG SURPRISE!

I DON'T KNOW...

PLEASE, SIR. IT WILL WORK OUT FINE!

RODDY'S RIGHT. I SAY LET HIM HANDLE IT, IT'S HIS SHOW!



THE SECRET



STAMP

REHEARSALS PASS SWIFTLY... WE FIND RODDY BACKSTAGE FIVES MINUTES BEFORE THE CURTAIN GOES UP.

EVERYONE IN TOWN IS HERE! GEE! I'M NERVOUS!

OUT FRONT...

I STILL SAY WE SHOULD HAVE CHECKED OVER THE WHOLE SCRIPT!

NOW, JONES... THAT SURPRISE ENDING HAS PACKED THE HOUSE FOR US! DON'T BE SO NARROW!

THEN...

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE PLAY YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE IS FICTITIOUS. HOWEVER, YOU MAY RECOGNIZE CERTAIN, AH... PLAYERS! ON WITH THE SHOW!

BLAST THOSE KIDS. ONE OF THEM, LOOKS LIKE ME!

HA, HA, THEY'RE GOOD... WHY I CAN EVEN RECOGNIZE MYSELF.

I CALL THIS MEETING TO ORDER!

...AND SO, WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS BACK!

HOW, MR. PRESIDENT?

I SAY CALL IN THE SECRET STAMP! HE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS!

HOORAY!

GREAT!

AT THE END OF THE FIRST ACT...

BRAVO!

TERRIFIC SHOW! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THAT SECRET STAMP! HA, HA!

HMMPH!

THE SECRET STAMP



FINALLY... THE LAST SCENE...
LAST ACT!

IT'S THE SECRET
STAMP!

PERFECT
IMITATION!

...I HAVE BEEN
CALLED HERE TO
SOLVE A CRIME!

ISN'T HE
GOOD!

HMM... A LITTLE
TOO GOOD! I ONCE
SAW A PICTURE
OF THE
STAMP!

NO...

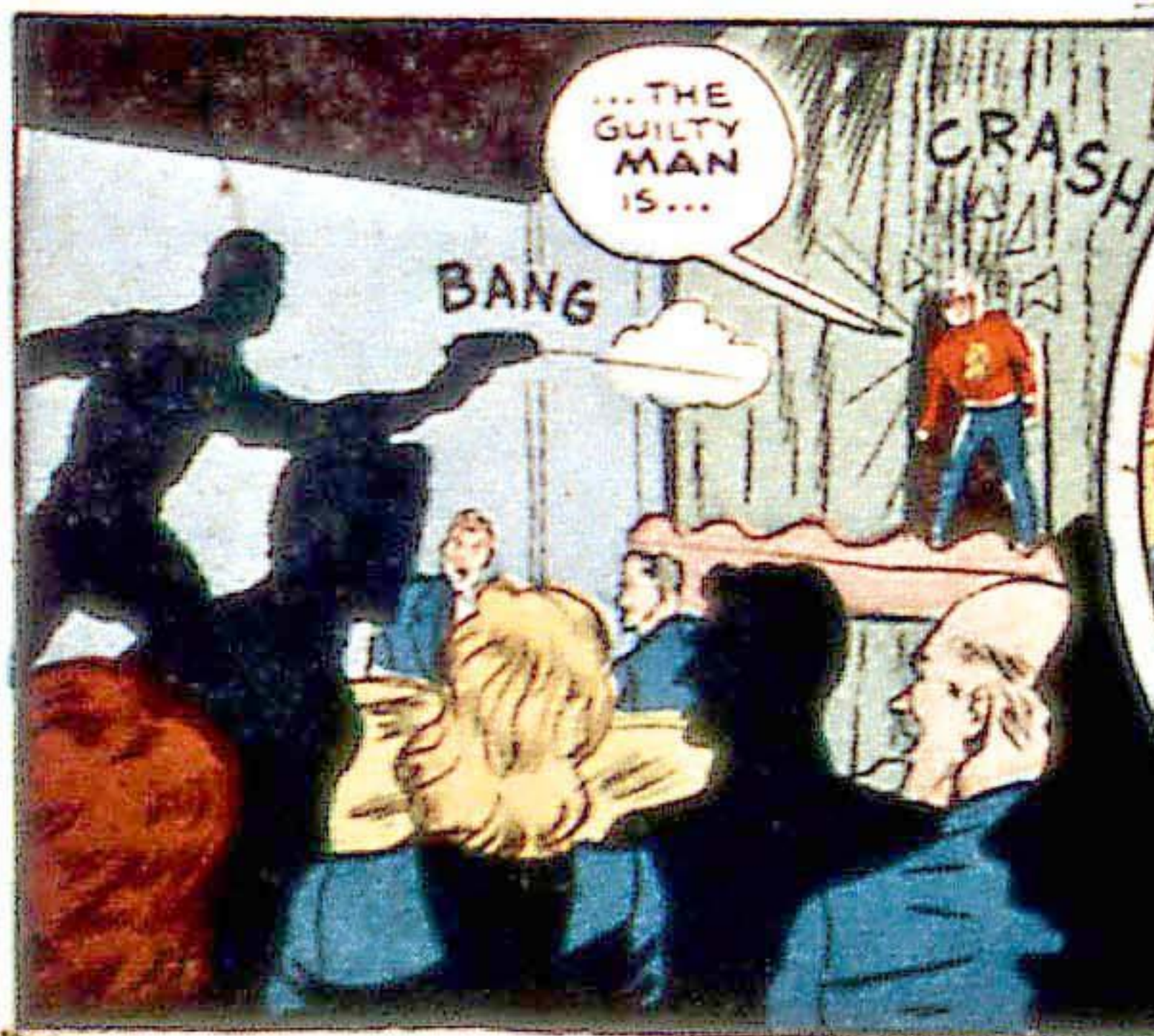


TWELVE
PEOPLE ARE
SUSPECTED, BUT
ELEVEN ARE
INNOCENT!

SAY! I THINK THAT'S
REALLY THE STAMP!

I KNOW THE
GUILTY PERSON...

SHH!



...THE
GUILTY
MAN
IS...

A FEW SECOND LATER!

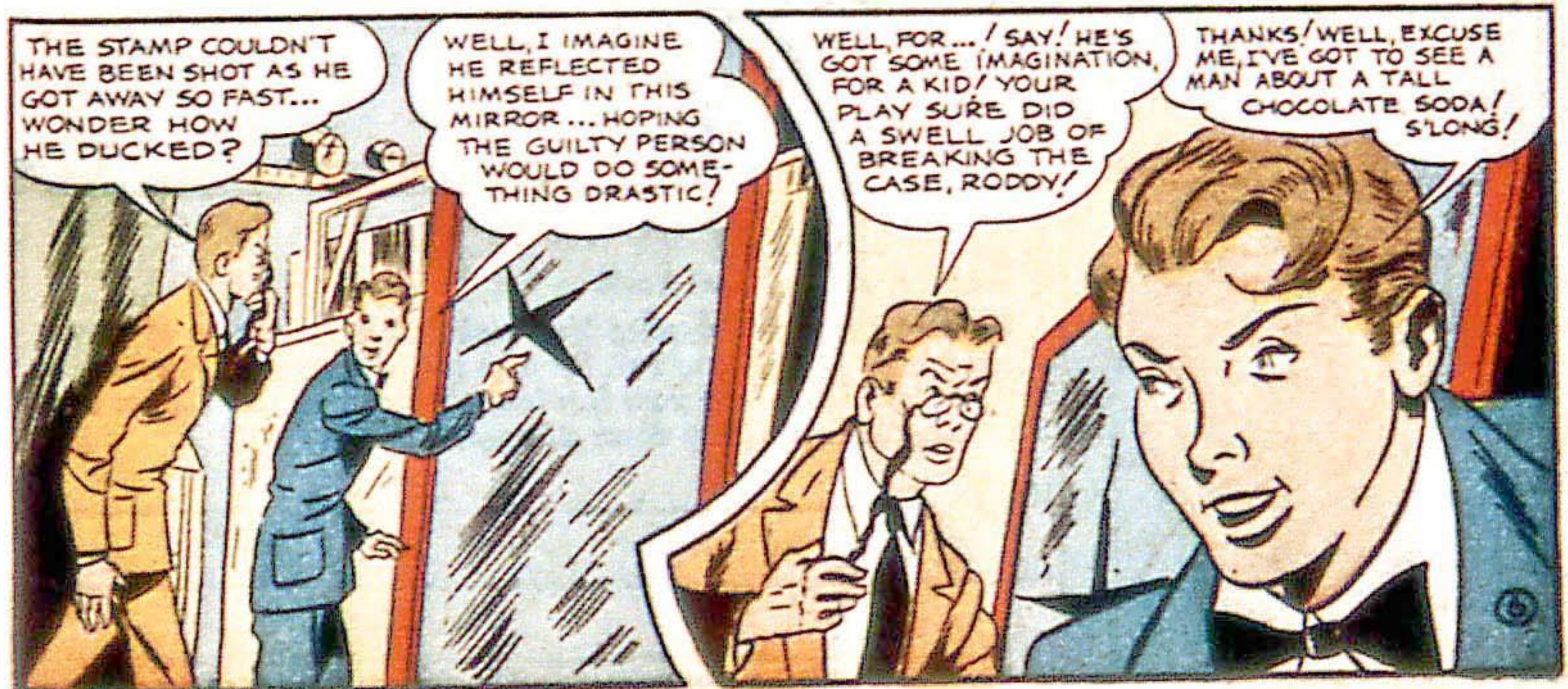
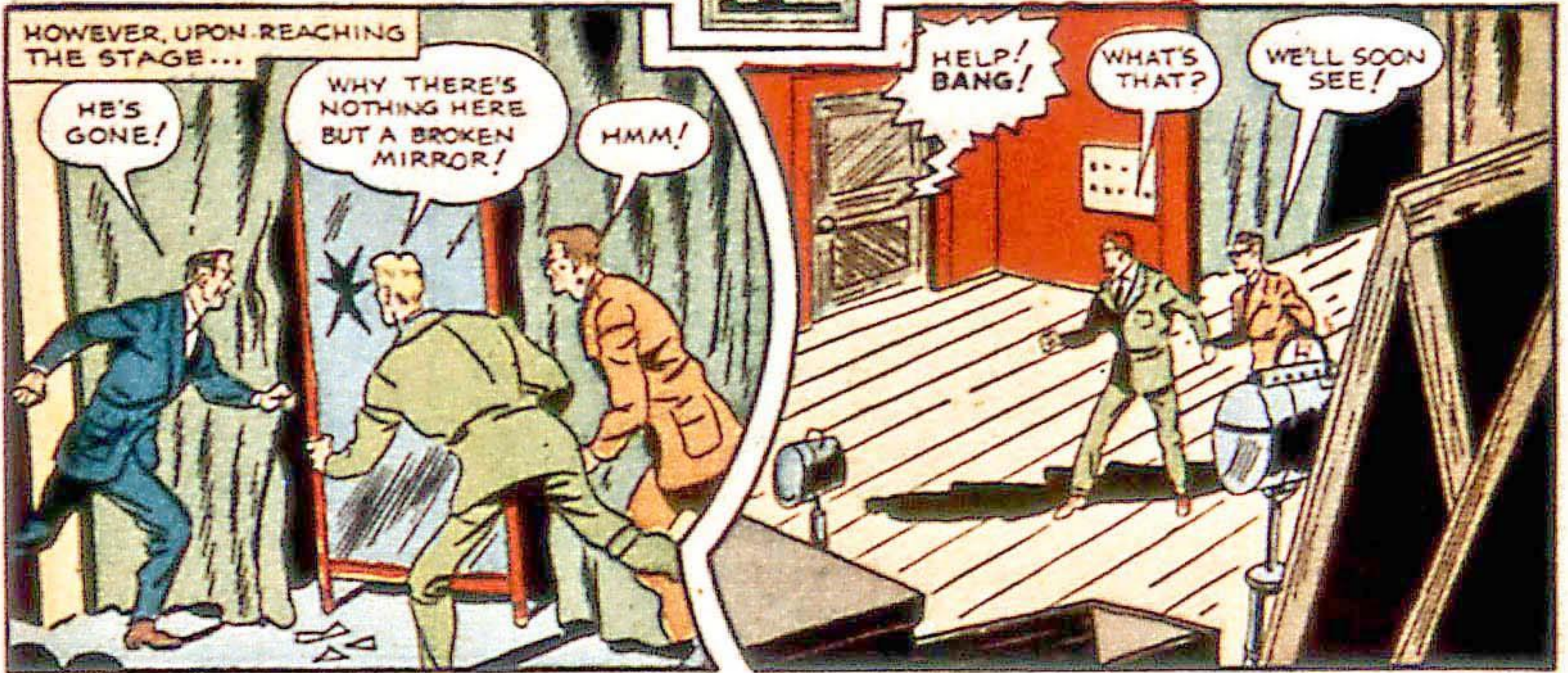
I HAVE
HIM!

COME ON, THAT SHOT
MUST HAVE HIT THE
STAMP!

THE SECRET



STAMP



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ORDERS SIX MORE

I received my enlarged and colored photos today and was pleased with them. Will you please send me as soon as you can six more enlargements?

T.M. Fort Devens, Massachusetts

WANTS THREE MORE

I just received the two 5x7 enlargements made by you for me and I am very much pleased with them. I am enclosing three more snapshots and would like one 5x7 enlargement of each, hand colored, leatherette frame.

H.B. Mandusky, Ohio

PLEASED AT EXPERT QUALITY

I received the pictures I had enlarged at your company and was very much pleased at the expert quality work you turn out. I'm enclosing two more pictures for enlargement. I want one of each 5x7, hand colored, and leatherette frame.

L.P. Fort Benning, Georgia

SURE WAS GOOD

I received my picture last week and it sure was a good one. I certainly do think you are doing a nice job on pictures and I am sending you another picture to hand color for me.

S.V. Baldwin, Georgia

DELIGHTED WITH BABY PICTURE

I received my two pictures of my baby and am sure delighted with them.

L.M. Clinton, Wisconsin

A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF ART

As you remember I just had a picture enlarged 5x7 and tinted and framed. It was a beautiful piece of art, and I am really very much pleased with it. I would like to have one more made like it.

J.Z. Baltimore, Maryland

PLEASED WITH SERVICE

As you probably know I have been doing business with your firm quite a while and have been very much pleased with the service; so I am hoping you will do a very good job on these negatives.

L.D. Camp Shelby, Mississippi



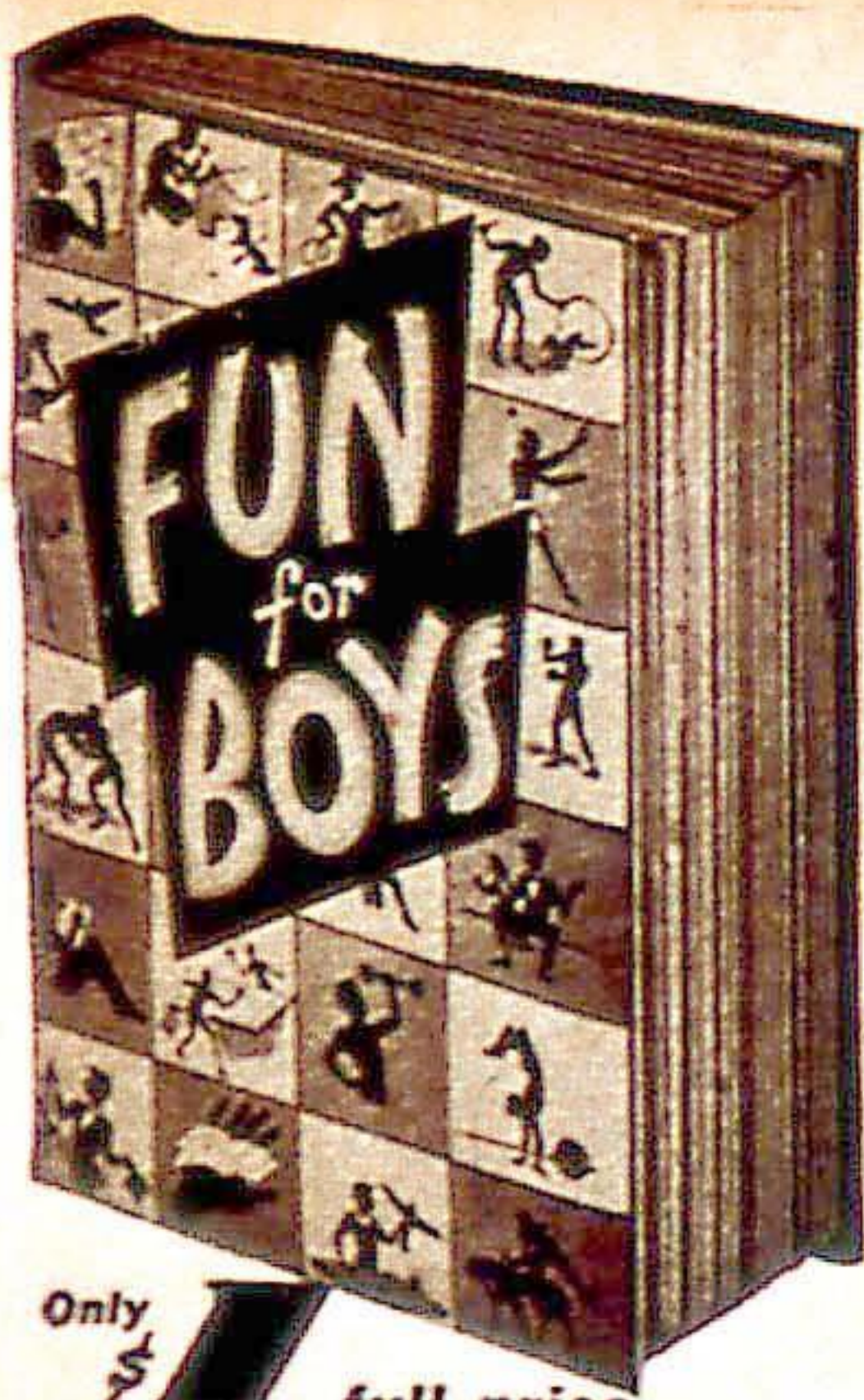
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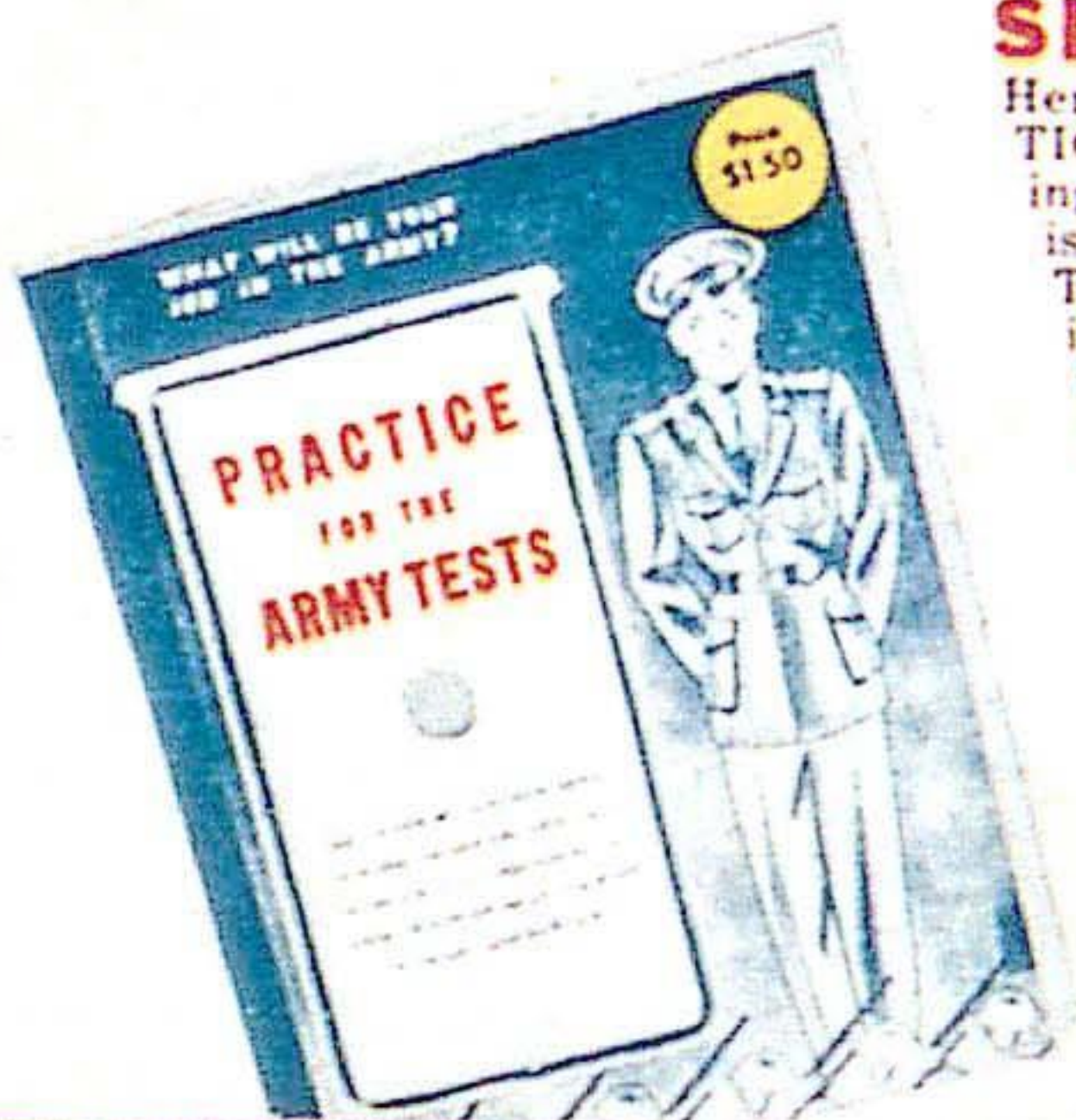
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